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John J. Coincidence—By Irvin S. Cobb

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JOHN J. COINCIDENCE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

SOMEBODY said once that facts are stubborn things, which is a lie. Facts are almost the most flexible things known to man. The historian appreciates the truth of this just as the fictionist recognizes and is governed by the opposite of it, each according to his lights. In recording the actual, the authentic, the definite, your chronicler may set down in all soberness things which are utterly inconceivable; may set them down because they have happened. But he who deals with the fanciful must be infinitely more conventional in his treatment of the probabilities and the possibilities, else the critics will say he has let his imagination run away with him. They'll tell him to put ice on his brow and advise sending his creative faculty to the restcure.

Jules Verne was a teller of most mad tales which he conjured up out of his head. The Brothers Wright and Edison and Holland, the submarine man, worked out their notions with monkey wrenches and screw drivers and things, thereby accomplishing verities far surpassing the limit where common sense threw up a barrier across the pathway of Verne's genius. H. G. Wells never dreamed a dream of a world war to equal the one which William Hohenzollern loosed by ordering a flunky in uniform to transmit certain dispatches back yonder in the last week of July and the first week of August, 1914.

So always it has gone. So always, beyond peradventure, it must continue to go.

If in his first act the playwright has his principal characters assembled in a hotel lobby in Chicago and in Act II has them all bumping into one another—quite by chance—in a dugout in Flanders, the reviewers sternly will chide him for violating Rule 1 of the book of dramatic plausibilities, and quite right they will be too. But when the identical event comes to pass in real life—as before now it has—we merely say that, after all, it's a small world now, isn't it? And so saying, pass along to the next preposterous occurrence that has just occurred. In fiction coincidence has its metes and bounds beyond which it dare not step. In human affairs it has none.

Speaking of coincidences, that brings me round to the matter of a certain sergeant and a certain private in our American Expeditionary Force which is a case that is a case in point of what I have just been saying upon this subject. If Old Man Coincidence had not butted into the picture when he did and where he did and so frequently as he did, there would be—for me—no tale to tell touching on these two, the sergeant and the private. But he did. And I shall.

To begin at the remote beginning, there once upon a time was a fight in front of the public school in Henry Street over on the East Side, in which encounter one Pasquale Gallino licked the Semitic stuffings out of a fellow-pupil of his—by name Hyman Ginsburg. To be explicit about it, he made the Ginsburg boy's somewhat prominent nose to bleed extensively and swelled up Hyman's ear until for days thereafter Hyman's head, viewed fore or aft, had rather a lop-sided appearance, what with one ear being so much thicker than its mate. The object of this mishandlement was as good as whipped before he started

The Thought Took Root in the Minds of the Men That They Had Been Caught in the Drop Curtain of Their Own Barrage

by reason of the longer reach and quicker fist play of his squat and swarthy opponent. Nevertheless, facing inevitable and painful defeat, he acquitted himself with proper credit and courage.

Bearing his honorable wounds, Master Ginsburg went home from battle to a tenement in Allen Street, there to be licked again for having been licked before; or, speaking with exactitude, for having been in a fight, his father being one who held by the theory that diplomacy ever should find the way out to peace when blows threatened to follow on disputation. With view, therefore, to proving his profound distaste for physical violence in any form he employed it freely upon the body of his son, using to that end a strap. Scarred in new places, the victim of two beatings in one day went weeping and supperless to bed.

Now this fight in Henry Street took place some sixteen years ago, and in sixteen years a great deal of water runs under the bridges provided for that purpose and for other purposes. Two separate currents of the water that flowed caught up Hyman Ginsburg and Pasquale Gallino and carried them along differing channels toward differing destinies. While Hyman was in the grammar grades, a brag pupil, Pasquale was in the Protectory, a branded incorrigible. While Hyman was attending high school, Pasquale was attending reform school. When Hyman, a man grown, was taking his examinations with the idea of getting on the police force, Pasquale was constructing an alibi with the idea of staying out of Sing Sing. One achieved his present ambition—that was Hyman.

The next period of their respective developments found this pair in a fair way each to achieve a definite niche in his chosen profession. Patrolman Hyman Ginsburg, after walking post for some months, had been taken out of uniform and put into civilian garb as a plain-clothes man on the Headquarters staff. Here he was making good. Having intelligence and energy and the racial persistence which is as much a part of his breed as their hands and their feet are, he was looked upon in the department as a detective with a future ahead of him.

As for him who had once been Pasquale Gallino, he now occupied a position of prominence amid congenial surroundings while following after equally congenial pursuits. There was a gang. Despite the fact that it was such a new gang, this gang before the eyes of law and order stood high upon a pinnacle of evil eminence, overtopping such old-established gangs as the Gas House and the Gophers, the Skinned Rabbits and the Pearl Button Kids. Taking title from the current name of its chieftain, it was popularly known as the Stretchy Gorman gang. Its headquarters was a boozing den of exceeding ill repute on the lower West Side. Its chief specialties were loft robberies and dock robberies. Its favorite side lines were election frauds and so-called strike-breaking jobs. The main amusement of its members was hoodlumism in its broader and more general phases. Its shield and its buckler was political influence of a sort; its keenest sword was its audacious young captain. You might call it a general-purposes gang. Contemporary gangsters spoke of it with respect and admiration. For a thing so young it gave great promise.

A day came, though, when the protection under which the Stretchy Gormans had flourished ceased to protect. It is not known, nor yet is it written, what the reason for this was. Perhaps there was a breaking off of the friendly relations theretofore existing between one of the downtown district leaders and one of the powers—name deleted—higher up. Perhaps the newspapers had scolded too shrilly, demanding the house-cleaning of a neighborhood which had become a bad smell in the sensitive nostrils of honest taxpayers and valued advertisers. Certainly burglaries in the wholesale silk district had occurred so numerously as to constitute a public scandal.

Then, besides, there was the incident of the night watchman of a North River freight pier, a worthy enough person though a nonvoter and therefore of small account from the viewpoint of ward politics, who stood up in single-handed defense of his employer's premises and goods against odds of at least four to one. Swinging a cold chisel, someone chipped a bit of bone out of the watchman's skull as expeditiously and almost as neatly as a visiting Englishman chips the poll of his breakfast egg; so that forever after the victim nursed an achesome and slightly addled brain. Then there were other things.

Be the cause what it may, it certainly is the fact that on a pleasant autumnal afternoon Inspector Krogan summoned to his presence two members of the Central Office staff and told them to go get Stretchy Gorman. Stretchy was to be gone after and got on the blanket charge—the rubber blanket charge, as one might say, since it is so elastic and covers such a multitude of sins—of being a suspicious character.

Now Stretchy Gorman had no character to speak of; so therein the accusation appeared faulty. But equally was it true as Holy Gospel that he was suspicious of nearly everybody on earth and that nearly everybody on earth had reasons to be suspicious of him. So, balancing one word against the other, the garment might be said to fit him. At any rate, it was plain the supreme potentates had decreed for him that he was to wear it.

One of the detectives detailed to this assignment was Hyman Ginsburg. His partner on the job was a somewhat older man named Casane. These two frequently worked together. Pulling in double harness they made a dependable team. Both had wit and shrewdness. By sight, Casane knew the individual they were deputed to take; Ginsburg, to his knowledge, had never seen him.

Across his roll-top desk the inspector, speaking as follows, according to the mode of the fellowcraft, gave them their instructions:

"You'll likely be findin' this here party at the Stuffed Owl. That's his regular hang-out. My information is that he's usually there regular this time of the day. I've just had word that he went in there fifteen minutes ago; it's likely he'll be stayin' a while.

"Now, if he's in there don't you two go and send for him to come outside to you; nothin' like that. See? You go right in after him and nail him right in front of his own pals. Understand? I want him and his bunch and the reporters all to know that this here alleged drag of his that the newspapers've been beefin' so loud about is all bogus. And then you fetch him here to me and I'll do the rest. Don't make no gun play nor nothin' of that nature without you have to, but at the same time and nevertheless don't take no foolish chances. This party may act up rough and then again he may not. Get me? My guess is he won't. Still and notwithstandin', don't leave no openin's. Now get goin'."

Sure enough it was at the sign of the Stuffed Owl, down in a basement bat cave of a place and in the dusk of the evening, that they found their man. To Ginsburg's curious eyes he revealed himself as a short, swart person with enormously broad shoulders and with a chimpanzee's arm reach. Look at those arms of his and one knew why he was called Stretchy. How he had acquired his last name of Gorman was only to be guessed at. It was fair to assume, though, he had got it by processes of self-adoption—no unusual thing in a city where overnight a Finkelstein turns into a Fogarty and he who at the going down of the sun was Antonio Baccigaluppi has at the upcoming of the same become Joseph Brown. One thing, though, was sure as rain: This particular Gorman had never been a Gorman born.

Not the blackest of the "Black Irish," not the most brunet of brunet Welshmen ever had a skin of that peculiar brownish pallor, like clear water in a cypress swamp, or eyes like the slitted pair looking out obliquely from this man's head.

Taking their cue of action from their superior's words, Casane and Ginsburg, having come down the short flight of steps leading from the sidewalk, went directly across the barroom to where their man sat at a small table with two others, presumably both of his following, for his companions.

The manner of the intruders was casual enough; casual and yet marked by a businesslike air. They knew that at this moment they were not especially attractive risks for an accident insurance company. The very sawdust on the floor stank of villainy; the brass bar rail might have been a rigid length of poison snake; the spittoons were small sinks of corruption. Moreover, they had been commissioned to take a monarch off his throne before the eyes of his courtiers, and history records that this ever was a proceeding fraught with peril.

Still they went straight toward him. Before they spoke a word—almost before they were well inside the street door—he must have recognized them as Headquarters men. Being what he was, he instantly would have appraised them for what they were had the meeting taken place in the dead vast and middle of Sahara's sandy wastes. Even the seasoned urbanite who is law-abiding and who has no cause to fear the thief-taker can pick out a detective halfway up the block.

Besides, in the same instant that they descended from the street level, the barkeeper with his tongue had made a small clucking sound, thrice repeated, and with all four fingers of his right hand had gripped the left lapel of his unbuttoned waistcoat. Thereat there had been a general raising of heads all over the place. Since the days of Jonathan Wild and even before that—since the days when the Romany Rye came out of the East into England—the signal of the collar has been the sign of the collar, which means the cop.

The man they sought eyed them contemptuously from under the down-tilted visor of his cap as they approached him. His arms were folded upon the table top and for the moment he kept them so.

"Evening," said Casane civilly, pausing alongside him. "Call yourself Gorman, don't you?"

"I've been known to answer to that name," he answered back in the curious flat tone that is affected by some of his sort and is natural with the rest of them. "Wot of it?"

"There's somebody wants to have a talk with you up at the front office—that's all," said Casane.

"It's a pinch then, huh?" The gangster put his open hands against the edge of the table as though for a rearward spring.

"I'm tellin' you all we know ourselves," countered Casane. His voice was conciliatory—soothing almost. But Ginsburg had edged round past Casane, ready at the next warning move to take the gang leader on the flank with a quick forward rush, and inside their overcoats the shapes of both the officers had tensed.

"Call it a pinch if you want to," went on Casane. "I'd call it more of an invitation just to take a little walk with us two and then have a chat with somebody else. Unless you or some of your friends here feel like startin' something there'll be no rough stuff—that's orders. We're askin' you to go along—first. How about it?"

"Oh, I'll go—I'll go! There's nobody got anything on me. And nobody's goin' to get anything on me neither."

He stood up and with a quick movement jerked back the skirts of his coat, holding them aloft so that his hip pockets and his waistband showed.

"Take notice!" he cried, invoking as witnesses all present. "Take notice that I'm carryin' no gat! So don't you bulls try framin' me under the Sullivan Law for havin' a gat on me. There's half a dozen here knows I ain't heeled and kin swear to it—case of a frame-up. Now go ahead and frisk me!"

"That'll be all right—we could easy take your word for it," said Casane, still maintaining his placating pose. Nevertheless he signed to Ginsburg and the latter moved a step nearer their man and his practiced fingers ran swiftly over the unresisting form, feeling beneath the arms, down the flanks, about the belt line and even at the back of the neck for a suspicious hard bulge inside the garments, finally giving the side coat pockets a perfunctory slap.

"Unless you make it necessary, we won't be callin' for the wagon," Casane stated. "Just the three of us'll take a little stroll, like I'm telling you—just stroll out and take the air up to Headquarters."

He slipped into position on one side of the gangster, Ginsburg on the other. Over his shoulder the man thus placed between them looked round to where his two underlings still sat at the table, both silent as the rest of the company were, but both plainly prepared for any contingencies; both ready to follow their chief's lead in whatsoever course, peaceable or violent, he might next elect to follow.

"Here you, Louie," he bade one of them, "jump to the telephone and notify a certain party to have me mouthpiece at Headquarters by the time I kin get there with these two dicks. Tell him the cops've got nothin' on me, but I wants me mouthpiece there just the same—case of a tie."

Until now the preliminaries had been carried on with a due regard for the unwritten but rigid code of underworld etiquette. From neither side had there issued a single unethical word. The detectives had been punctilious to avoid ruffling the sensibilities of any and all. All the same, the prisoner chose of a sudden to turn nasty. It was at once manifest that

Swinging a Cold Chisel, Someone Expeditiously Chipped a Bit of Bone Out of the Watchman's Skull

he aimed to give offense without giving provocation or real excuse for reprisals on the part of the invaders. He spat sidewise across Casane's front and as he took the first step forward he brought the foot down upon one of Ginsburg's feet, grinding his heel sharply into the toes beneath. Ginsburg winced at the pain but did not speak; he had not spoken at all up until now, leaving it to Casane as the elder man to conduct the preliminaries.

"Why don't you say something, you Jew!" taunted the prisoner. "Don't you even know enough to excuse yourself when you stick your fat feet in people's way?"

"That'll be all right," said Ginsburg crisply. It was his business to avoid the issue of a clash. "And it'll be all right your calling me a Jew. I am a Jew and I'm proud of it. And I'm wearing the same name I started out with too."

"Is that so?"

Except in the inspired pages of fiction city thugs are singularly barren of power to deliver really snappy, really witty retorts.

"Is that so, Jew?" He stared at Ginsburg and a derisive grin opened a gap in his broad dark face. "Oh, be chee! We ain't strangers—you and me ain't! We've met before—when we was kids. Down in Henry Street, it was. I put me mark on you oncet, and if I ever feel like it I'll do it again sometime."

Like a match under shavings the words kindled half-forgotten memories in the young detective's brain and now—for his part—recognition came flashing back out of the past.

"I thought so," he said, choosing to ignore the gangster and addressing Casane. "I thought from the first Gorman wasn't his right name. I've forgotten what his right name is, but it's nothing that sounds like Gorman. He's a wop. I went to the same school with him over on the East Side a good many years ago."

"Don't forget to tell him how the wop licked the Jew," broke in the prisoner. "Remember how the scrap started?"

He spat again and this time he did not miss. Ginsburg put up his gloved hand and wiped clean a face that with passion had turned a mottle of red-and-white blotches. His voice shook from the strain of his effort to control himself.

"I'll get you for that," he said quietly. "And I'll get you good. The day'll come when I'll walk you in broad daylight up to the big chief, and I'll have the goods on you too."

"Forget it," jeered the ruffian triumphantly. Before the eyes of his satellites he had—by his standards—acquitted himself right creditably. "You got nothin' on me now, Jew, and you never will have. Well, come on, you bulls, let's be goin' along. I wouldn't want the neither one of you for steady company. One of you is too polite and the other'n too meek for my tastes."

The man who was called Stretchy Gorman spoke a prophetic word when he said the police had nothing on him. Since they had nothing on him, he was let go after forty-eight hours of detention; but that is not saying they did not intend, if they could—and in such cases they usually can—to get something on him.

No man in the department had better reason to crave that consummation than Hyman Ginsburg had. With him the hope of achieving revenge became practically an obsession. It rode in his thoughts. Any hour, in a campaign to harry the gangster to desperation by means of methods that are common enough inside the department, he might have invoked competent and willing assistance, for the word had filtered down from on high, where the seats of the mighty are, that those mysterious forces aloft would look complacently upon the eternal undoing of the Stretchy Gormans and their titular leader, no matter how accomplished.

But this notion did not match in with the color of Ginsburg's desires. Single-handed, he meant to do the trick. Most probably then the credit would be all his; assuredly the satisfaction would. When he considered this prospect his mind ran back along old grooves to the humiliating beating he had suffered in front of the Henry Street school so long before and of a most painful strapping that followed; these being coupled always with a later memory scar of a grievous insult endured in the line of duty and all the more hateful because it had been endured.

Once Ginsburg had read a book out of a public library—a book which mentally he called Less Miserables. Through the pages of that book there had walked a detective whom Ginsburg in his mind knew by the name of Jawbert. Now he recalled how this Jawbert spent his life tracking down an offender who was the main hero of the book. He told himself that in the matter of Stretchy Gorman he would be as another Jawbert.

By way of a beginning he took advantage of leisure hours to trace out the criminal history of his destined victim. In the gallery he found numbered and classified photographs; in the Bertillon bureau, finger prints; and in the records, what else he lacked of information—as an urchin, so many years spent in the

"Call It a Pinch if You Want To. Unless You or Some of Your Friends Here Feel Like Startin' Something There'll be No Rough Stuff—That's Orders"

protectory; as a youth, so many years in the reformatory; as a man, a year on Blackwell's Island for a misdemeanor and a three-year term at Sing Sing for a felony; also he dug up the entry of an indictment yet standing on which trial had never been held for lack of proof to convict; finally a long list of arrests for this and that and the other thing, unproved. From under a succession of aliases he uncovered Gorman's real name.

But a sequence of events delayed his fuller assumption of the rôle of Jawbert. He was sent to Rio de Janeiro to bring back an absconder of note. Six months he worked on the famous Gonzales child-stealing mystery. He made two trips out to the Pacific Coast in connection with the Chappy Morgan wire-tapping cases. Few of the routine jobs about the detective bureau fell to him. He was too good for routine and his superiors recognized the fact and were governed thereby.

By the rules of tradition, Ginsburg—as a successful detective—should have been either an Irishman or of Irish descent. But in the biggest police force in the world, wherein twenty per cent of the personnel wear names that betoken Jewish, Slavic or Latin forebears, tradition these times suffers many a body wallop.

On a night in early April, Ginsburg, coming across from New Jersey, landed off a ferryboat at Christopher Street. He had gone across the river to gather up a loose end of the evidence accumulating against Chappy Morgan, king of the wireless wire-tappers. It was nearly midnight when he emerged from the ferryhouse. In sight was no surface car; so he set out afoot to walk across town to where he lived on the East Side.

Going through a side street in a district which mainly is given over to the establishments of textile jobbers, he observed, half a block away, a fire escape which bore strange fruit. The front line of a stretch of tallish buildings stood out in relief against the background of a wet moon and showed him, high up on the iron ladder which flighted down the face of one house of the row, two dark clumps, one placed just above the other.

Ginsburg slipped into a protecting ledge of shadow close up against the buildings and edged along nearer. The clumps resolved into the figures of men. One—the uppermost shape of a man—was receiving from some unseen sources flat burdens that came down over the roof coping and passing them along to the accomplice below. The latter in turn stacked them upon the grilled floor of the fire balcony that projected out into space at the level of the fourth floor, the building being five floors in height. By chance Ginsburg had happened upon a loft-robbing enterprise.

He shifted his revolver from his hip pocket to the side pocket of his overcoat and crept closer, planning for the pair so intently engaged overhead a surprise when they should descend with their loot. There was no time now to seek out the patrolman on the post; the job must be all his.

Two doors from the building that had been entered he crept noiselessly down into a basement and squatted behind an ash barrel. It was inky black in there; so inkily black he never suspected that the recess held another tenant. Your well-organized loft-robbing mob carries along a lookout who in case of discovery gives warning; in case of attack, repels the attack and in case of pursuit acts as rear guard. In Stretchy Gorman's operations Stretchy acted as his own lookout, and a highly competent one he was, too, with a preference for lurking in areaways while his lieutenants carried forward the more arduous but less responsible shares of the undertaking.

In the darkness behind Ginsburg where he crouched a long gorilla's arm of an arm reached outward and downward, describing an arc. You might call it the long arm of coincidence and be making no mistake either. At the end of the arm was a fist and in the fist a length of gas pipe wrapped in rags. This gaspipe descended upon the back of Ginsburg's skull, crushing through the derby hat he wore. And the next things Ginsburg knew he was in St. Vincent's Hospital with a splitting headache and the United States Government had gone to war against the German Empire.

Ginsburg did not volunteer. The parent who once had wielded the disciplinary strap-end so painstakingly had long since rejoined his bearded ancestors, but there was a dependent mother to be cared for and a whole covey of younger brothers and sisters to be shepherded through school and into sustaining employment. So he waited for the draft, and when the draft took him and his number came out in the drawing, as it very soon did, he waived his exemptions and went to Yaphank wearing an old suit of clothes and an easy pair of shoes.

In camp the discipline he had acquired and the drilling he had done in his prentice days on the force stood him in good stead. Hard work trimmed off of him the layers of tissue he had begun to take on; plain solid food finished the job of unlarding his frame. Presently he was Corporal Ginsburg—a trim upstanding corporal. Then he became Sergeant Ginsburg and soon after this was First Sergeant Ginsburg of B Company of a regiment still somewhat sketchy and ragged in its make-up, but with promise of good stuff to emerge from the mass of its material. When his regiment and his division went overseas, First Sergeant Ginsburg went along too.

The division had started out by being a draft division; almost exclusively its rank and file had been city men—rich men's sons from uptown, poor men's sons with jaw-breaking names from the tenements. At the beginning the acting major general in command had been fond of boasting that he had representatives of thirty-two nations and practitioners of fifty-four creeds and cults in his outfit. Before very long he might truthfully expand both these figures.

To stopper the holes made by the wear and tear of intensive training, the attritions of sickness and of transfers, the losses by death and by wounding as suffered in the first small spells of campaigning, replacements came up from the depots, enriching the local color of the division with new types and strange accents. Southern mountaineers, Western ranch hands and farm boys from the Middle States came along to find mates among Syrians, Jews, Italians, Armenians and Greeks. Cotton Belt, Corn Belt, Wheat Belt and Timber Belt contributed. Born feudists became snipers, counter jumpers became fencibles, yokels became drillmasters, sweat-shop hands became sharpshooters, aliens became Americans, an ex-janitor—Austrian-born—became a captain, a rabble became an organized unit; the division became a tempered mettlesome lance—springy, sharp and dependable.

This miracle so often repeated itself in our new army that it ceased to be miraculous and became commonplace. During its enactment we as a nation accepted it with calmness, almost with indifference. I expect our grandchildren will marvel at it and among them will be some who will write large, fat books about it.

(Continued on Page 125)

THE PRICE WE PAID

By Edward G. Lowry

THE war has not only been won but paid for so far as we are concerned. When the accountants in the Treasury Department closed their books on the afternoon of Saturday, May 31, 1919, the United States had actually spent since the declaration of war on April 6, 1917, $31,618,000,000. The Treasury estimated that another billion dollars would see us through June. The actual war expenditure had run up to $29,570,535,015.56. Serbia got that odd 56 cents.

We have paid in full. We do not owe anybody a cent. It is an amazing performance; an almost incredible feat. We are not staggering under a war burden. We do not have to take up where we left off when we entered the war. We only have to keep on going. We are hitting on all six. Not only have we paid cash in full as we went along for all our war expenses, but we have lent our associates $9,070,535,015.56, and they are authorized to draw on us for another five hundred million if they need the money.

For nineteen months of the war we spent money twice as fast as Great Britain, three times as fast as France and seven times as fast as Italy. In a general way of speaking we spent one dollar where the world, including the enemy nations, spent nine. By spending or lending something short of thirty billion dollars in nineteen months we saved six months' further warfare, and possibly a year.

The magnitude of this outlay in cash to pay for our share in the world war stupefies the mind. Thirty billion dollars is an incredible sum of money. Put out at two per cent interest it would yield an annual income of $600,000,000. Expended at the rate of $30,000 yearly it would take one million years to exhaust it. If Noah had started expending it at the rate of $100,000 a year the day he came out of the ark he would not have made a dent in it by this time. Yet that sum we have paid over the counter, as part of our share toward helping lick the Germans, and it has not broke us. On the contrary, I find competent economists who suspect that our national wealth may have actually increased during the war period. Certainly, they say, it has not appreciably diminished.

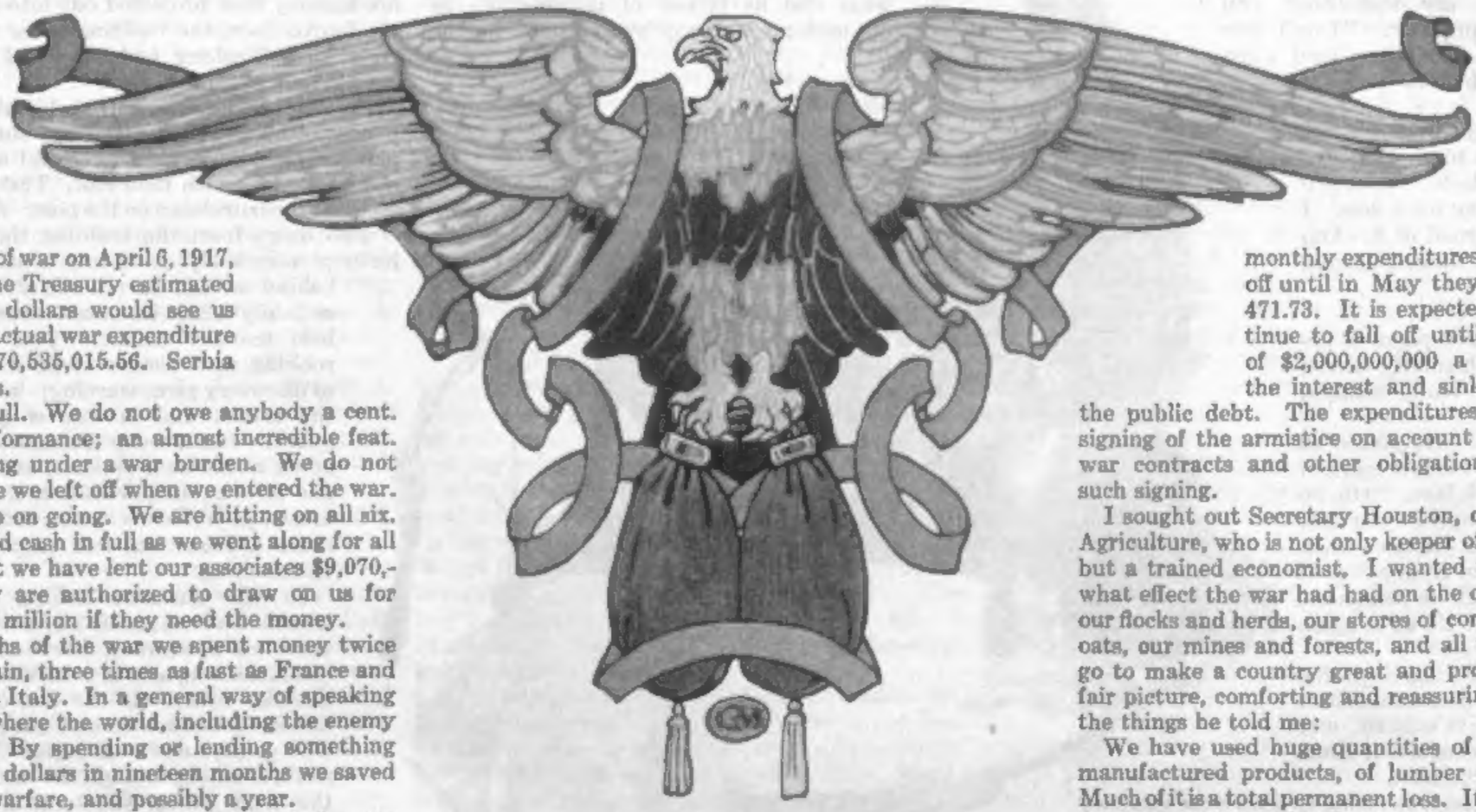
If we exclude from the war expenditures our loans to our associates, for presumably we shall get that back, or most of it, we paid forty-eight per cent of the cost of the war out of our current income; nearly half of the whole bill. Nearly thirty millions of us here at home loaned the Government $21,478,356,250. All of us are now repaying the some of us who loaned this money to carry on the war. It is a curious position. The men and women who lent the money are being taxed to pay themselves back. If you are being paid interest on Liberty Bonds and are being taxed, one transaction washes out the other. It is a credit relationship.

Some Amazing Facts and Figures

THE Liberty bondholders are not "sucking the lifeblood of labor," or "grinding the faces of the poor," or "riding in luxury on the backs of the workers." They themselves are paying out with their right hand to the Government in the form of taxes the larger share of the interest which they receive with their left hand. In the end they will get back all they have loaned to the Government, which is to say, to themselves and the rest of us.

With the aid of accountants in the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture and other economists in his department, and of bond and financial experts, I have endeavored to get enough facts to set down a clear and simple statement that would disclose the present condition of the national pocketbook. How much did we spend for war? Where did the money go? Where did the money come from? How much property and real wealth were destroyed forever? How much was worn out, and how much eaten up as food? How much is left in tangible property? How much of the war expenditure was pure waste and destruction, and how much in the nature of an investment? These are difficult questions to answer accurately, because quantities and values change while one is making the inventory; but I have, by patient digging, with expert assistance, found enough facts to assemble and present, for the first time since the war began, the startling and amazing situation outlined in my introductory paragraphs.

All the figures I offer here are derived from unexceptionable sources. The Treasury Department has courteously supplied all the data relating to expenditures, income, loans and borrowings during the war period. They are not set forth here as official Treasury figures, but they have been taken off the account books of the Government and are trustworthy. For the data relating to the costs of previous wars I am indebted to Mr. Harvey E. Fisk, of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, whose little book, Our Public Debt, is admirably simple and clear, and provides an illumined background against which to compare our present war expenditures and financial condition.



It is an amazing story I have to tell, and it is fresh and dewy with news of the first importance.

Though we spent incredible sums of money we had even larger and more incredible sums left in our pocket. Under the favor of God our loss in men was light. Our associates came perilously near touching bottom in their expenditures of both men and money. We are solvent and possibly richer than we were before the war began. We have got to set Europe on her feet again, if for no other reason than the low, squalid one that we need her in our business. Of course that is not our motive; but if we felt no sympathy and kinship with the men with whom we fought, if we had no feeling of sympathy for the suffering in Europe, our selfish interests would demand that we help her.

Where did all the money come from that we spent while we were in the war? How much did we have when we started? How much did we borrow? How much did we spend from revenues? The national wealth when we went into the war was estimated at approximately three hundred billion dollars. On April 1, 1917, the net public debt of the United States was $1,207,827,886, a per-capita debt of $11.59, and a net reduction of the maximum at the close of the Civil War of $1,548,603,685. On May 31, 1919, the total gross debt was $25,921,151,273.75.

The net total appropriations made by Congress from the day of the declaration of war to March 4, 1919, were approximately $40,500,000,000. The revenue receipts of the Government from the day we entered the war to June 30, 1919—June revenues estimated—were $11,402,778,144; and the expenditures for the same period were $32,618,000,000. Comparing the total expenditures from April 6, 1917, to June 30, 1919, of $32,618,000,000, with the total revenue receipts during the same period of $11,402,000,000, it will be seen that more than thirty-five per cent of the expenditures, including loans to foreign governments, were paid for by revenue receipts.

If $9,000,000,000 of loans to foreign governments are deducted from the total expenditures of $32,618,000,000, the result will be $23,618,000,000, which will represent the expenditures of the American Government from April 6, 1917, to June 30, 1919. Comparing the total receipts of $11,402,000,000 with this amount it will be seen that more than forty-eight per cent of the expenditures of the Government, exclusive of loans to foreign governments, were paid from revenue receipts.

Assuming that on a peace basis the expenditures during a period of two years would have been $2,000,000,000, the gross cost of the war to May 31, 1919, was approximately $20,500,000,000, exclusive of loans to foreign governments, which at this juncture do not represent expenses of the American Government, as it is expected they will be repaid. The monthly expenditures had gradually fallen off until in May they totaled $1,112,337,471.73. It is expected that they will continue to fall off until they reach the rate of $2,000,000,000 a year in addition to the interest and sinking-fund charges on the public debt. The expenditures increased after the signing of the armistice on account of the liquidation of war contracts and other obligations incurred prior to such signing.

I sought out Secretary Houston, of the Department of Agriculture, who is not only keeper of the nation's granary but a trained economist. I wanted to find out from him what effect the war had had on the country's real wealth, our flocks and herds, our stores of corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats, our mines and forests, and all the other things that go to make a country great and prosperous. He drew a fair picture, comforting and reassuring. Here are some of the things he told me:

We have used huge quantities of coal, of iron and its manufactured products, of lumber and other materials. Much of it is a total permanent loss. It cannot be recovered. A very large part of it, however, has gone into camps and aviation fields, government buildings, ships, naval vessels, trucks, ordnance, nitrate and munition plants—has been conserved and is a present asset. There was an increase in production and saving. During the war labor was highly organized and strenuously utilized. The nation conserved as never before. We have as much land as ever, more of it under cultivation and most of it as well cultivated as in normal times. We have more of all the leading classes of livestock. Work animals increased by more than a million and a half; cattle by six millions; dairy cows by two and three-quarter millions; and swine by fourteen millions.

Taking Account of Stock

BETWEEN 1914, when the war began, and 1918, when it ended, the farmers in the United States increased the number of acres planted in corn by 4,059,000; barley by 2,114,000; rye by 3,644,000; rice by 418,700; potatoes by 499,000; and hay by 5,357,000 acres. This country owns eighty-seven per cent of the automobiles in the world. In three trips we could move every man, woman and child in the continental United States from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Coast and give every one of them a seat. We have as many railroads and have them in about as good condition as when the war broke out; as many electric lines in as good condition; as many factories, perhaps as well equipped; more residences and apartments; as many office buildings; and about five times as many ships. Our banking resources have largely increased. A considerable part of the increase probably appears as the result of inflation, but undoubtedly there is an increase even on the pre-war money-value basis.

The significant fact is that there seems to be in the country as large a volume of real wealth as when we entered the war, possibly a larger volume. The facts that this is true and that the country has paid the war bills to date can be accounted for only by the large productive activities of the nation and the enormous conservation activities.

No one should infer from such a statement that war does not impose burdens or that it is a good thing economically. There has been a permanent dissipation of many forms of wealth that might have been used for developmental purposes. The labor that went into war services for purposes of destruction might have been employed for construction, and as a result the increment of the real wealth of the nation might have been much greater than it is, provided of course there had been an equal conservation of wealth. This probably would not have been the case, because the conservation rose from patriotic impulse and the necessity of the occasion.

Furthermore, the setting up of credit relations and the readjustment of wealth holdings by individuals due to loans and unusual taxes produced adverse economic conditions, as will also the reverse process involved in the

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Common Sense and the Railroads

By William R. Dawes

WHEN you are up against a knotty problem and you must solve it by yourself, what would be the sensible thing to do? We as a nation are up against a knotty problem in the railroad situation. We are confronted with the immediate necessity of settling that important national question to prevent the railroads from going to pot. We are renting the roads from their owners and running them ourselves—and in our hands they are not earning the rent we pay. We therefore are faced with four choices for the future, and we must choose one of them quickly: We can continue the present arrangement, thereby subsidizing, in effect, the railroad industry to the tune of millions every month; we can cut down the rent, which will mean practical confiscation; we can buy them outright—the least advisable solution of all; or we can turn the railroads back to their owners, upon terms which would be fair to all interests concerned—the people, the owners and the employees. Judging from current opinion the latter is the course we are to pursue.

But the moment we determine upon the return of the lines to their owners we are confronted with the question: What are the terms to be? Whatever the terms we lay down, not only must the present situation be cleared up but we must also define our attitude toward the railroads in the future. The whole work of straightening out the present problem is but incidental to the larger problem of determining our future railroad administrative policy. If we handle the larger question properly we shall have the solution of our immediate problems; any solution of our immediate difficulties that ignores the principal problem is mere patchwork. The occasion calls for clear thinking and definite action. If, as has been announced, the railroads are to be returned to their owners within the next few months we cannot indulge in a too lengthy discussion of ways and means, for the longer we leave matters unsettled the worse the tangle will be. Congress certainly has some big knots to untie and the chance for some big constructive work.

Banking Method Applied to Railroads

PRESSED as we are for time, what would be the sensible thing for us to do? Perhaps it would be hard to say what is the sensible thing. One sensible thing would be to inquire if a solution had at any time been found for a similar problem under a similar emergency. If we should discover a system had been created that successfully solved the difficulties arising in another branch of our complex business activities it would seem to be well worth our while to examine the conditions and circumstances carefully, with a view to applying the underlying idea to our railroad problem. This may not be the way of the theorist, but it is precisely the way a common-sense business man would act.

Is there such a system? There is. It is the Federal Reserve system. True, it is not perfect; it bumps and creaks a bit at times, but it has withstood the stress of war and has carried this country through a period fraught with grave financial dangers. It is nonpolitical and functions by itself, without requiring the constant attention of Congress and the courts. It preserves individual initiative, keeps open the avenues of private enterprise, and at the same time safeguards the public interests of financial and business activity.

During the last twenty years bankers were keenly alive to the defects in the banking system, or, rather, recognized the necessity of creating some form of organization that would tie together the financial and business interests in such a way that a recurrence of panics and hard times would be avoided. Public opinion changes slowly, however, and this purpose to devise a new banking system produced long and violent discussion. Banking and currency systems of other countries were examined and voluminous reports made by eminent bankers and financiers. Many plans were proposed and vigorously championed, but with no practical result.

Fortunately the views of bankers and members of Congress had become fairly well crystallized before the beginning of the war. The need for a basic banking system had been developed in the form of a proposed Federal Reserve Bank system. It was a subject of violent debate, but eventually the idea was written into law by Congress and we have since enjoyed its benefits.

Some of you may ask in what respect a discussion of the banking system bears upon the railroad question. It is simply to emphasize a common difficulty. The thing that was causing difficulty in the banking system was the lack of coördinated, intelligent governmental regulation; and that in large measure has been the difficulty with the railroads in the past. We had three distinct systems of banking: The national banks, under the supervision of the Federal Government; the incorporated or state banks, under the supervision of state banking examiners; and private banks, under no supervision at all. One of the great values of the Federal Reserve system lies in the fact that it was possible to bring all these separate banking systems into one common organization, under common control and supervision, in order that banking reserves might be consolidated and made available for national use. After long years of discussion and honest, though possibly misguided, efforts, we are beginning to realize that the future welfare of the railroads lies in giving them the benefits of a common form of organization through which a judicious governmental control may be exercised, while at the same time retaining the benefits of private ownership and management, to the end that the great commercial and financial interests of the entire country may be satisfactorily served.

When the Federal Reserve system was put into operation it was not found necessary to disturb the ownership or operation of the banks, which either voluntarily or involuntarily became members of the system. Congress at that time recognized the fact that the real interests of the banks and the communities they represented could best be served by the least disturbance of their ordinary operations. Does not the same idea apply to the railroads at the present time? What good can be accomplished by destroying an organization efficiently developed through years of experience? There is no body of men showing greater constructive ability and power of initiative than the men who are managing our railroads to-day. The mistakes that may have been made in the past ought not in fairness to be charged against the men now responsible for the transportation service of the country.

Buccaneers Possibly, But—Pioneers Certainly

RAILROAD transportation in this country has gone through all the stages of any other great business. When the railroads first appeared they were the outgrowth of a demand for better transportation. It took courage in those days to build a railroad into a new country and to find the money with which to finance it. Call the railroad men of the early days "buccaneers" if you will; nevertheless they were men of courage and foresight and great ability. They were willing to take a long chance. They hoped and expected, of course, to make fortunes for themselves and their friends. What business man does not, forsooth, hope to enjoy substantial gains when he embarks on a new enterprise? Whatever may have been the faults of these pioneers, nevertheless they did build the railroads across the prairies and through the mountains, and to-day we are enjoying the benefits of their hard toil.

But alas for the frailty of the human mind! As the country developed and the railroads prospered these men became rich and powerful and, as so often happens, sometimes disdainful of the rights of the people their lines were designed to serve. It became necessary to curb their powers, and for a number of years this control was attempted through the medium of state railroad commissions. The inevitable result was exasperating confusion. The railroads doing an

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Back to the Old Swimming Hole

THE ENCHANTED HOUR

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

LEYLAND had devoted his imagination to science, in college. To him the winter stars were not flowers in the black field of heaven. They were vaster suns, each with its planets of more splendid human races. As he looked up, his mind flying through ether from sun to eternal roaring sun, he expanded with worshiping awe. And a chunk of quartz was something more than a pretty arrangement of dead angles. It was the battle ground of shooting, charging electrons; it had all the mystery and illimitable force of the stars themselves.

He regarded this daydreaming as a vice and a waste of the time that ought to be devoted to learning chemical formulas. But it led him to go adventuring after graduation.

He became assistant to Doctor Ballinger, who was experimenting on the Pacific Coast with iodine, soda and other products of kelp. That sounded sane and scientific. But Leyland guiltily knew that his real interest was not in analyzing the ashes of burned seaweeds, but in seeing mountains and Chinamen and in going upon the ocean in boats. He was reared in the Middle West; he had never seen a mountain nor any Chinaman save the one who ironed professors' shirts till one A. M. So at nothing in particular a week he went to the place where—if your eyes are but good enough—you can glance across to junk sails and the palms of South Sea isles.

The experiments were conducted at Pasqual, a California fishing port. It was a dingy place, but there was a back street of old adobe; Portuguese fishermen with earrings babbled about the wharves; and Doctor Ballinger was a curly-headed, placid, pipe-smoking big brother. Leyland crept out of the awe of college blackboards and became human.

It was the perfect time, the rare sweet hour when youth is invincible and friends are kings. All morning he was out in the kelp-harvesting boat under a gallant and open sky. Ashore the foothills led the eye up cherry-red escarpments and gray-green slants to the mountains beyond. All afternoon he worked in the laboratory. And all evening he talked with the geniuses—with the members of the New Light Colony.

They were at least geniuses, those colonists. They intended within five or ten years—this was twenty years ago—to reform the distribution of wealth, the education of children, the interpretation of Ibsen and the iniquitous prices at the Pasqual grocery. They were mad and delightful.

Leyland was fascinated. They were so obviously impractical that it didn't matter whether they were practical or not.

There were twenty-five or thirty of the colonists—half, young idealists; half, disillusioned dreamers who, after failure or weary success with schools or newspapers or reform leagues, had fled to the colony as to a white cloister for deliverance from having to make decisions. Each family had ten acres of land and grew figs or chickens or superpotatoes. They joined in a community eucalyptus grove which was to produce incredibly profitable semi-hardwood in an incredibly short time; in a community dining room and kitchen where they took turns at working; in a building that was reading room and theater and temple of whatever arts were fashionable at the moment; and in a nursery—whenever they happened to have a nurse, which never happened to be the present.

Their houses were brown bungalows with fireplaces, rows of latticed windows and low roofs; all very pleasant and gentle, inconspicuous among drowsy hillside pines. Beneath the slope a wide bay was outflung toward a fantastic headland up which the waves climbed all day long, and for background there were low mountains, eternal and never the same, sliding into new shapes and colors in the play of light, in the eagerness of morning, noon serenity, contemplative dusk. The scent of the place was warm and good; not the gritty smell of cities, but the odor of pine needles, of poppies and the sea.

Most of the colonists were not only agricultural but vaguely literary. They said of one another, "Oh, he writes," though they did not say just what it was that he wrote or where it might be read. But in their talk they were tremendous and—let this be understood—perhaps a dozen times as merry and interesting as the chemists and business men Leyland had met. He had not known there were so many things to talk about: Duse's technic, the value of alfalfa, single tax and the hypocrisy of rising when ladies came into the room. They talked before breakfast; they talked while they worked in the fields all day—some days; they talked before driftwood fires all night—every night. The question of how they got sleep was as puzzling as the question of how they made a living.

Leyland revered the unelected dean of the colony—Fischer, a gaunt, speculative, sonorous, somehow heroic man; a master with few and shabby disciples; a judge of culture whose verdicts the criminals never heard; a failure in all but faith; a novelist who was too busy studying music to write novels, too interested in photography to make music and too fascinated by spiritualism to develop his pictures. Not quite so well as Fischer, Leyland liked Miss Barge, who did not talk but who really did garden; Mr. and Mrs. Tiddenham, the artists and teachers of folk dancing and weaving; Soulier, the unfrocked clergyman, a jolly, friendly man, very grim in his attacks on churches; Miss Garver, who had been secretary of leagues for all the different kinds of reforms that have been invented since Plato; and young Max Toinans, once a newspaperman, now an unpublished author of novels in which the villains were usually moral parents and the heroines ladies of reputations only too certain.

The colonists spent much of their conversational vigor in denouncing public personages as mediocre and commercial. They stirred Leyland to understand how unceasingly he would have to fight against his every weakness. And when he was bothered by Fischer's complaining, when it seemed to him that some of the colonists took doctrines—any doctrines—as frowzy men take drugs, he still admired their willingness to play.

For these modern conventuals remained children. They picnicked on the shore. They came early in a chattering parade, carrying baskets and wicker-covered demijohns of honey-colored native wine, trailing through the poppies—talking, laughing, talking. They ran barefoot out into the surf, chased one another with whips of seaweed, tiptoed about the little lovely gardens in pools at low tide to peep at sea anemones and the gravely absurd tiny crabs. At twilight they built a fire in a sand-paved corridor among the swart rocks, cooked clams and Hamburg steak, warmed tamales, made reeking delicious coffee. They washed the dishes in sand and curled by the fire, luxuriously talking, laughing, talking while the firelight beat on their exhilarated faces, slipped across the wet rocks, reached toward the breakers and made mysterious the void beyond.

In the afternoon—Leyland with them on holidays—they hunted quail in the still close manzanita thickets. They rode ancient and quite bad horses up climbing trails to cañon heads. They gave plays; outdoor pageants or tricky flashes of flippancy in which they more cleverly made fun of themselves than could any outsider. Even the most querulous of them were excited over painting scenery or rehearsing tableaux of graceful, other-worldly figures against a background of silhouetted pines. They danced in costume, in loose peplums or Egyptian priestly robes. Shrieking, they hacked at tennis on a court like a washboard.

But their play merely pointed their eagerness to make a new world. They believed that each of them was a genius. And within a month, as soon as he had ceased to be uncomfortable at their habit of collecting statistics by guessing at them, Leyland was admitted as one of the geniuses.

They insisted that he must—he flutteringly promised that he would—devote his chemistry to revolution in daily life. He was immediately to create new fuels, new building materials, road surfacing that would be cheap, easily laid, smooth as a razor blade. Especially—this was rather stressed in a colony which had not been so successful in abolishing dishwashing as in abolishing religion—he was to emancipate housework by the invention of synthesized foods. He was to produce opalescent tablets that would be of more unctuous taste than mushrooms fried in butter—in much butter—and more satisfying than planked steak, yet enable the housekeeper to do her cooking by taking the tablets from a box and her dishwashing by chucking the box into a stove; or preferably into a fireplace—a fireplace with a beaten-copper motto.

He planned it as a young poet discovers songs. Behind the colonists' volubility he found joy of life. Behind the joy he found ideals. And behind the ideals and in them and a tremulous light over them—he found Ilka.

For it was not Fischer nor the uncompromising Max Toinans who brought Leyland to the colony every evening, every afternoon off, but a girl of seventeen with bobbed hair flickering and little ankles bright as she raced up the long hill slopes. Ilka was the breathlessly disobedient ward of the Tiddenhams. She was the amateur of every art, precociously rebellious against proprieties, equally enthusiastic about sprawling on the soft brown earth and the ceremony of lighting a cigarette. She was a nuisance and a bomb—the wonder child Ilka; who drooped her young lips toward a man's till he was mad to kiss her, then fled, and when the foolish sage lumbered after her was discovered primly sitting upon a rock and indignantly explaining that she had just meant to ask about the tariff.

The solemn young Leyland was five years her senior and when she set her scatterbrains earnestly to the task she could make him weep in five minutes.

But between bedevilments she was a comrade—a dear and adventurous and sunny chum. Her chestnut eyes

He Was Startled Out of Observance of the Technic of Domestic Squabbling and Actually Said What He Meant: "I Want to Get Off by Myself and Think!"

steady and her lunatic feet calmed to plucky trudging, she panted with Leyland up dripping cañons; or they lay on their stomachs in the rough, waving, salt-scented grass on a cliff above the sea, gazing at the slaty line where the mystery of deep-blue ocean met the wonder of gold-blue sky; and talked of all they were gloriously going to do. He was to be lord of science—a Huxley, an Edison, a Pasteur. She was to dance in royal theaters, with exquisite gestures to create a spell in which adoring thousands would find anew the ache of beauty, and in painted barges with Cleopatra and slave girls of gilded limbs go floating to the tinkle of little music beneath the columns of grotesque temples, or with yogis in the silence of gray Himalayan uplands find all power and secrets.

As evening fog drove in and they were encircled by its walls, as the breakers pounded more menacingly below, they were caught by the fear of night and Nature, which is ancient as the sea. They ceased to jabber about their knowledge of electricity; they clasped hands as here upon this cliff, when it was a mountain spur leagues from the tide, barbaric youths and maidens of tribes that are gone without one trace clung to each other for protection from the god of loneliness. Without knowing it, they remembered the terrors of ancestors dead a thousand thousand years ago; and they became too solemn even for delightfully shuddering fear. Unspeaking, they moved closer; unsmiling, they crept over rocks and along the milky-misted beach to the ruddy lights and gossip of home.

And that same evening she would refuse to dance; ignore him while she tormented him by making butterfly love to the cynical Max Toinans.

Leyland could think of no phrases save "elfish" and "fascinatingly irregular" with which to describe Ilka's face—the jolly, vulgar little nose, the precise chin, the impudent mouth, the childish brown cheeks, the clear golden brown of her loyal eyes. But he needed no incantations to summon her. He was singing to himself "I love her!" even while he was judiciously remarking to Captain Catty, the boisterous skipper of the kelp boat: "Yep, good, idea; better swing to north'ard."

Suddenly, ineloquently, between dances at Social Hall, he tried to express to Ilka his impressions regarding her lips and eyes and her value as inspiration to rising young men.

"Don't be silly! You can't support me. Besides, I'm never going to marry. I'm going to Russia to study dancing. Besides, I'm already engaged to a couple of boys in Oakland. Besides, Max Toinans is waiting for this dance, the sweet thing," was her not altogether romantic answer.

Nor would she be more definite during any of his later proposals—at least during most of them. She did decide to marry him, now and then, and once she kissed him distractingly and ran away. But always immediately after accepting him she sat up late to write him little notes on pink paper in which, with lofty and aged resignation, she unaccepted him.

Then the kelp experiments were over.

He had no salary; he needed a salary; and he took an offered teaching fellowship at Johns Hopkins.

The rest of the colony were affectionate at parting—Fischer, the Tiddenhams, Miss Barge, Miss Garver, Soulier, even Max Toinans. They begged him to come back as soon as he could. But Ilka was tenderly illusive. She said she didn't know her own mind. Besides, she had an engagement at the dressmaker's.

He wrote four post cards and a letter to her the first day on the eastward train; five post cards and two letters the second day; one post card the third—when he gave her up forever; and three long letters the fourth—when he couldn't live without her.

All of these and perhaps twenty later letters she answered in one post card which informed him that she had a cold and a chow pup.

For twenty years he never wrote to Ilka, never saw the Pasqual colony and never felt like a genius.

At forty-three he was the chief chemist of the great Galway Paint Corporation. He was a sound workman; his papers were heard with respect at association meetings; and during the war his experiments with American dyes won him a good many short inexact paragraphs in the newspapers.

His salary was sixteen thousand, his favorite car a Vance eight and—more or less incidentally—he had a round, comfortable, pretty, nice-voiced, pigeon-sleek, expensive wife named Adeline, two children, two rich brothers-in-law, a stucco suburban house and a reserve fund of friends who played auction and were faithful and prosperous and consistently dull.

His neighbors said of him: "Good practical man; no wild theories like some of these scientific sharks. Nice little wife and family too. Let's have them for Sunday supper."

Thus the successful Leyland at forty-three.

II

SOMETIMES it is the face of a woman known long ago; sometimes a high adventure, war or perilous voyaging undertaken in the day when youth was not made irritable by discomfort or anxious by danger; but always to every man there is one vision that is a nucleus for dreams. It abides in the holy place of his mind as the one pure and eternal thing; and ever at unexpected glimpses of beauty the symbol of perfect happiness returns and the man surprised into dreaming is lonely with the loss of his enchanted hour.

To Leyland it was the Pasqual colonists who represented that lost happiness and who rebuked him for not having worked miracles.

They were to him like shrouded gods standing aloof on cloudy peaks, watching his success and judging it failure. He had desired to create ambrosia—and he had produced a new kind of red barn paint.

He had never at any one moment given up his intention of being a magician, but—well, the factories had offered him good pay; and in a big house money did slip away, nobody quite knew how. He justified himself—and continued to feel guilty. He planned to do something startling—and remained a part of hard-walled laboratories in gray plants; a part of his wife's social advancement.

Adeline was a good wife and rather amusing. She thought about her clothes; she shone like a Charleston doorplate at dances, at concerts; she liked Leyland and let him talk about his work without very often interrupting him to give orders to the cook. But the only chemical symbol she knew was that for water, and she knew it because all humorous persons use it when ordering highballs. And she would have been shocked to rudeness by the sight of the colonists in flannel shirts and bulbous spectacles talking about the individuality of Stirner while they hoed potatoes.

Leyland had come to see that the colonists weren't really divine. But whenever his friends sneered at what they called short-haired women and long-haired men, Leyland was irritable. They were, he declared, the children of light, the makers of dreams; and their visionary ideas often came true. While his mind stood up like the Pharisee and thanked God that he was not eccentric, his heart mourned for the days of flying feet and time enough to sit looking at clouds over mountain peaks.

Perhaps once a week he thought of the colony. The scent of damp wood made him smell and see the ground covered with pine needles in the California rainy season. The curious taste of wood smoke in a cigarette smoked by a fireplace gave a quick illusion of being at the evening picnics, and he saw the shadows on Fischer's face, heard the laughter, and the sound of ocean hung like a curtain behind the babble.

Sometimes it was the face of a girl in a street car, a face dismayingly young and innocent and credulous of romance. Always she was Ilka and for half a second he desperately had to flee to her.

Once he was addressing the state chemical association. He had with courteous viciousness proved that the head of the chemical department of the state university was an ass. He was pounding it home: "As a commercial proposition the manufacturers of gas engines, in neglecting the boosting of grain alcohol ——"

He realized that he was staring at a lean man, a man like Fischer, and while his own voice went on he heard the dean drawling: "My boy, it's in your hands; you can be a faithful hired man or you can be an Oliver Lodge."

And once at a painstakingly dull dinner party, when Leyland was staring at a pink celluloid bird in a green wicker cage and wondering whether it really was worth while to work all one's life to support pink celluloid birds, his host put a sentimental record on the phonograph; and instantly Leyland was running through purple lupine with a girl and stopping on a hill crest to worship the Pacific and the red sun.

He knew that the colony was disappointed by—was it by his having failed to revolutionize the home or by his having succeeded in paying the rent? Once in a hotel lobby he had encountered Miss Garver, who was out lecturing on women in industry. It was a moment when Leyland felt important. He was rushing in to read the law to the board of directors. But he stopped, vaguely uneasy.

She looked him over gravely and: "Oh, how do you do? I hear you are a person of consequence now. You made some dyes, didn't you? I don't suppose you waste time dreaming—now."

He was not amused but pleading: "But the dyes do help.

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"Ilka, Not to Interrupt You, But Do You Know That I Love You?"

HER SON

By JOHN PETER TOOHEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MONA MEREDITH stirred restlessly at the sound of gentle knocking on her door. She did not fully awaken until half a minute later. As she sat up in bed rather bewildered she caught the voice of her colored maid.

"Ise got the papers, Miss Meredith," Myrtle was saying. "You tol' me to call you the minute they come."

Mona pulled a cord attached to a lamp at her bedside. It filled the room with a delicate pink radiance as it flared up. She looked at the watch on the table. Seven o'clock! She hadn't been awake and stirring so early in more than a year. She shivered a little and called to Myrtle to come in. That languid lady shuffled through the door with a bundle of newspapers under her arm and a look of supreme weariness on her face. Mona laughed at the sight of her.

"You're another spoiled darling like myself, Myrtle," she said merrily. "Just put them here on the bed and go back and take another nap. I'm going to try to sleep a little myself after I've read them. Tell Nora to let Mr. Kenneth sleep as long as he chooses, and if anyone disturbs me until I call out there'll be war."

Myrtle shuffled out and Mona, after propping herself up with both pillows, turned to the newspapers. Her eyes were glowing with feverish interest. It was always a great adventure for her—the reading of the reviews on the morning after a première; an adventure which held out the promise of great elation or of profound disappointment. Usually elation intense and unrestrained was her reward, for there were few of the professional critics who did not yield to the spell of that flaming personality as unreservedly as did the great public. The one or two who didn't were never bitter in their criticism. They always allotted her at least modified praise, and yet somehow she almost resented this attitude.

In her calmer moments she sometimes laughed at herself for this, for she was really a most sensible person at heart, but always on the first reading of a review that was even the least bit qualified she felt a little stab of distress, a little pang of self-pity.

She opened the Gazette first. She did this instinctively, for she knew that Bronson wouldn't fail her. Only a few days before he had confided to a friend of hers that every time she made her first entrance on the stage in a new play he kissed the hem of her garment in fancy. No need to fear as to his verdict. As her eyes caught the opening sentence of his review she felt herself tingling with excitement.

"Mona Meredith is easily our first actress."

She closed her eyes and reveled for just a second or two in that sentence. It seemed to compress within seven words all the enthusiasms, all the exultations, all the fervors that had been lavished upon her since she had first come out of the West and flashed into fame on Broadway overnight ten years before. The phrases that followed were variations of what Bronson had written many times—"alluring witchery," "exquisite femininity," "all-pervading delicacy of feeling," and so on. And then there was another sentence that gave her a thrill of delight: "The radiant charm of youth still envelops and enfolds this rare artist; eternal youth, one might almost say, for she still seems but a wisp of a girl in the first flush of contact with young womanhood."

Her hand unconsciously reached for the silver mirror on the table and—almost without knowing—she found herself looking into it. The reflection that met her gaze was quite satisfying. Sometimes it was otherwise when she was first roused from slumber. Sometimes there were tired lines and sometimes those wonderful deep-set eyes lacked their usual brilliant luster. But now they were alive and aglow, glinting like the delicately cut surface of some rare gem. Her face was flushed and the corners of her sensitive mouth were curved into just the faintest suspicion of a smile. She could erase, as if by some subtle magic, ten years from her real age when in the proper mood. Just now she was in such a mood.

"The radiant charm of youth!"

Her lips unconsciously formed Bronson's exact words. Youth, to be sure, was always in her heart and it seemed to rest upon her face this morning. She found herself for just a moment remembering that last Friday had been her thirty-fourth birthday. The critics might have realized that, and the general public, too, if only they had given pause. She had had a career of sorts before she came forward on Broadway ten years ago. But they didn't know about Kenneth. The faint smile broadened when she thought of him. He would be an efficient argument against "the radiant charm of youth" if they ever found out. She might look the same and act the same, but the knowledge of the existence of Kenneth would, she felt, cause her to be more critically appraised, more judiciously analyzed.

She laid the mirror down and resumed her examination of the critical verdict. It was practically unanimous as always. Even old Sibley, who had never altogether approved of her, referred to her "subtle allurements" and dwelt upon her "unflagging youthfulness." That was the note all of them sounded at some point in their reviews. They insistently dwelt upon her girlishness; upon her suggestion of the buoyancy and the zestful enthusiasm of youth.

She let the papers slide to the floor and turned out the light with a half-audible sigh of contentment. She fell asleep almost instantly.

II

AT THE sound of his mother's voice in the hall, Kenneth Blair unconsciously prepared himself for the routine of the morning kiss, a function which he had found himself rather dreading on his recent visits home from the prep school he was attending. The self-consciousness of seventeen was asserting itself.

He shoved his chair back a little from the breakfast table and clutched the arms of it firmly with both hands. As she came into view in the doorway he closed his eyes and went through a series of movements that had become almost automatic. He tilted up his right cheek, screwed his face into an expression that seemed to indicate profound physical suffering and—thus poised—waited for her salute. Usually she put her arms round his neck and playfully rubbed her soft cheek against his. This time, however, there was no movement on her part. He cautiously opened one eye for a second and saw her standing in the doorway, her eyes agleam with merriment.

"Kenneth," she laughed, "you look for all the world as if you were waiting for the executioner to turn on the deadly current. You'll have to stand up this time and come over here if you want to be kissed."

The boy sheepishly opened his eyes and relaxed his taut muscles.

"Oh, say, mother," he said, "don't be foolish!"

She assumed an air of mock gravity.

"Young man," she commanded, "come right over here and kiss your old mother!"

Her son rose slowly and slouched toward her awkwardly. She found herself strangely conscious that his slim figure was a head taller than her own as she caught both his hands in hers and kissed him gently on the forehead. She held him as he attempted to move away from her.

"You big lummikins!" she said. "You great, big, lovely old lummikins!"

The boy pulled his hands away and slouched back to the table.

"Wish you wouldn't call me such darn-fool names," he said peevishly. "You'd think I was some darn-fool young kid or something like that."

She noticed a little pile of newspapers on the table and it pleased her beyond words. So he had been interested enough to send out for another set of papers before she wakened.

"That's just what you are, son," she responded. "A darn-fool kid of seventeen who's recently taken to putting on the airs of twenty-seven. I see you've been reading the reviews. Rather good, aren't they?"

The boy dropped his peevishness for a minute. His face lit up eagerly.

"Rather good?" he echoed interrogatively. "They're bully—all of 'em, except that fool of a fellow on the Sentinel. I'd like to punch his darn old head for him."

"Why, he was rather kind to me, I thought," ventured his mother.

"Kind, nothin'!" the boy returned. "What right did he have to say you weren't quite at your best in the second act? You were quite at your best in every darn old act. I tell you, I'd like to punch his darn old head."

Mona Meredith noted with dismay that tears were creeping into her eyes. She laughed a little hysterically.

"Kenneth," she said half brokenly, "you're the same true-blue loyalist you used to be when you were a tiny little boy. Come here and kiss your darn-fool mother again."

"Oh, quit kidding me, mother!" said Kenneth, slipping back into his earlier mood. "I kind of wanted to talk to you about something this morning and you start right away fooling this way—and it's something that means a whole lot to me and I wanted to talk to you serious about it."

His mother leaned across the table and patted his hand affectionately.

"All right, son," said she pleasantly. "Be as serious as you like. You haven't asked some chorus girl or some heiress to be your wife, have you?"

"There you go again!" responded the boy petulantly. "Always kidding about something. I ask you, mother, as serious as I can ask you about anything—can't you ever be serious about anything I say?"

"Of course I can," she replied softly. "What is it, dear?"

The boy hesitated for a full minute, looking down at the tablecloth, which he was nervously plucking.

"Well," he finally remarked hesitatingly, "I've been kind of thinking that I'd kind of—now I know you'll get fussed up about this and all that, but if a fellow can't kind of talk free-like with his own mother—well, I've been kind of thinking that I'd like to, that I'd like to ——"

He paused, looked up at his mother, caught her unflinching eyes and looked down at the table again.

"Yes, my dear," said she tenderly. "Go on. You'd like to what?"

"I'd kind of like to have you meet some of the boys," ran on Kenneth, gaining courage from her sympathetic attitude, "and let me tell 'em who you are. And—and that's why I'd like to have you come over to that ladies' day our club is giving on Monday afternoon ——"

He stopped abruptly. His mother had leaned over and clutched one of his wrists so tightly that it almost pained.

"Kenneth," she said with a sort of shrill intensity that was utterly foreign to her accustomed

"It's No Use. I've Made Up My Mind and I'm a Pretty Good Sticker. I Need No Advice—Not Even From You, Old Girl"

tone, "why will you not remember what I have told you? We've threshed this out before. I can't do what you ask. That's all! That's final!"

The boy drew his hand away and blazed up at her in sudden angry protest.

"It isn't final!" he blurted. "It's never going to be final. It just can't be, mother. I'm your son—and I can't tell anyone that I am. I might just as well have some—oh, some old washerwoman or something like that for a mother, as far as any of my friends know. What's the use of havin' a famous mother if you can't kind of go round and show her off sometimes and kind of feel proud she is your mother and—oh, you know what I mean! It just makes me feel rotten sometimes—just rotten!"

She sprang up, ran to him, threw her arms round his neck and folded his drooped head against the soft silkiness of her morning gown. She bent her face until it touched his rumpled hair.

"Boy," she whispered, "big boy of mine, can't you be reasonable for just a few more years—for just a few?"

Kenneth's only response was a half-audible grunt. He tried to pull his head away, but she held him pinioned.

"Won't you be reasonable?" she pleaded purringly. "Won't you be reasonable just to please your poor old mother?"

He wrenched himself free from her embrace and got on his feet.

"There you go again!" he said sullenly as he plumped into an easy-chair. "Talkin' about old mother and all that kind of bunk. You aren't old! I know how old you are—thirty-four. That isn't old and you don't look more—oh, you don't look any more than round twenty-four or so when you're all ready to go out. That's kind of—well, that's kind of one of the reasons I'd like to let some of the fellows know you are my mother."

Mona Meredith was just then a prey to a whirl of conflicting emotions. There were some that she was diligently trying to repress, but they surged out of bounds at this last remark.

She sat down on the arm of her boy's chair and pillowed his head again on her breast.

"Dearest," she whispered, "dearest old lummikins."

"I mean it!" went on Kenneth. "Some of the fellows have got gray-haired ones, regular old-fashioned mothers—you know, the kind that dresses in black and always sort of look kind of plain. But the worst part of it all, the part that makes me sorer than anything else, is that all the fellows I know well—my regular chums—know all about you and just rave sometimes after they've been to see you act. They say you're lovely and wonderful and everything and I've just got to sit round and listen to 'em when I'm just wanting all the time as hard as anything I can want to tell 'em that you're my mother. Now can't you see?"

She felt his arm round her, holding her close. She remembered with a little thrill that he hadn't held her like that for many years; since before that distressing day when he had exchanged his knickers for the long trousers of youth and left his boyhood behind him. He had brought some boyish sorrow to her and she had mothered it away with sympathetic understanding. She felt herself merging into that very mood again, though an inner voice in the foreground of her mind seemed to be whispering "Don't! Don't!"

"I know, dearest," she murmered. "I know how you feel and possibly I will be able to do what ——"

The telephone bell rang insistently on the other side of the room, cutting short her speech. It was as if some intruder had entered upon the scene and had caught them both at a moment too tender for outside eyes or ears. She felt herself in a flash getting a grip once more on reasoned realities. Kenneth seemed unconsciously to sense her changed mood. He looked up at her quickly.

"Please answer the phone, Kenneth," she said as she slipped off the arm of his chair. The tremulous note was no longer in her voice.

The boy, ablaze with sullen resentment, sprang up as the bell rang again. He jerked the receiver off the hook angrily and barked a savage "Hello!" There was a pause and then he turned to his mother.

"Oh, shucks!" he exclaimed. "It's Julia Harding. She's downstairs and she wants to know if you're in."

"Good old Julia!" responded his mother gayly. "Tell her to come right up."

The boy repeated the message and moved away from the phone.

"Yes," She Managed to Blurt Out, "Yes, I Suppose it is a Bit Staggering. Please Sit Down"

"What I was asking you about," he pleaded. "Are you going to do it?"

His mother was once more in command of her emotions, but she was afraid to look him full in the face. She moved away toward the window that overlooked the green reaches of the park.

"We'll talk about that some other time," she said with an air of assumed carelessness. "I want you to stay and meet Julia."

She heard him mumble something about "always the same way" and pound noisily out into the hall and down toward his room like some spoiled boy of half his age. She smiled just a little as she looked in a long mirror near the window and tucked a cluster of stray brown hairs under her dainty blue boudoir cap.

III

JULIA HARDING was older than Mona by exactly seven years and she was beginning to look it. A settled maturity of face and figure had crept upon her within the last twelvemonth, and calm introspection, aided and abetted by frequent surveys of herself in the mirror, had reluctantly brought about the conviction that she must definitely abandon the sort of rôles in which she had won her great success. She realized that she could no longer hope to retain her public by impersonating delightfully irresponsible, feather-brained, blond creatures who held their husbands and their friends in leash by the tyranny of tears or by the fascinations of alluring beauty. She knew that she must take the plunge so dreaded by all actresses—the right-about with the past that the assumption of the rôle of a middle-aged woman always means—and yet she hesitated. She hadn't acted for a full year and her figure was growing plumper. She frequently declared that she couldn't find the right sort of a play, but her friends knew that this was only a pretense and that the real reason for her inactivity lay deeper.

She brought with her into Mona's dining room that air of refreshing liveliness that was her chief charm.

"Well, old dear," said she effusively, glancing about the room and spying the pile of papers on the table, "I suppose you've been making a rosary out of all those reviews, counting them over one by one and kissing Bronson's every time at the end like the chap in the song."

Mona laughed good-naturedly.

"I haven't read a single one of those," she said. "I had mine served in bed this morning at a scandalously early hour. This particular set belongs to that six-foot son of mine."

"The dear kid," commented her friend as she flopped down in the corner of a tufted sofa and settled herself with a little sigh of relief. "You don't know how lucky you are, Mona. That boy of mine never even goes to see me act, let alone buying the papers to see what the critics say about me. He went once and said he was sorry, but that I'd have to excuse him—the play just naturally made him sick. I tried to drag him to see you last night. He admitted you were a nice enough woman and all that, but he said he guessed you'd have to worry along without him."

"You wouldn't be willing to be seen with him in a theater on an opening night, would you, Julia?" asked Mona incredulously.

"I should say I would!" replied the other woman emphatically. "I'd be willing now to give a couple of my poor old eyeteeth if he'd only consent to trot round a little with me. He just won't. I got over all that fussiness about keeping him under cover months ago. You should too—with Kenneth."

"It's impossible, Julia dear," she said. "Absolutely impossible!"

"Now is the accepted time to make the break, you old priss. You've got to some day. He's back from school for a few days and my Tom's home, too, getting over that tonsil operation. Let's take 'em both out to-night after the show, get a table at the Midnight Revue—Tom'll go to that, I know—and show 'em off. I dare you!"

"I won't do anything of the kind!" retorted Mona with a flash of annoyance in her tone. "I won't do anything of the kind, do you hear?"

"My, but we're touchy about it, aren't we? I've hit a sore spot, my dear, a big sore spot. Haven't I now?"

For just a moment the younger woman felt herself in the grip of unreasonable passion. She had a childish impulse to get up and slap her dearest friend across the face. She unconsciously clenched her fingers and a row of white teeth slid out over her lower lip and pressed tightly upon it. And then in another flash her saving sense of humor broke through. A smile that was at first a bit cynical, but which merged almost instantly into something a shade mellower, curled about her mouth. When she spoke her voice was quiet and even:

"There isn't any sore spot, Julia. I was just a little vexed for the tiniest fraction of a second. You see you're not—well, you're not the first one to speak about this thing recently. There are others who think as you do and they've tried desperately hard to influence me, but it's no use. I've made up my mind and I'm a pretty good sticker. I need no advice—not even from you, old girl."

Julia Harding knew she was treading on treacherous ground, but an impulse—a blend of mischief and of half-sensed pity for the lank youth she had seen in the theater the night before watching his mother's every movement on the stage with the dogged eyes of devotion—urged her to continue the discussion.

(Continued on Page 61)

MacKURD: A Tale of the Aftermath

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THE man whose card had announced that he was Major John MacKurd, V. C., finished speaking, leaned back in his chair, lit another cigarette and smilingly awaited the reply of the big banker. There was nothing in his easy well-bred attitude to suggest that the proposal he had just made was not quite an ordinary everyday proposal.

But Sir David Glende for a full minute sat speechless, as with surprise, staring very closely at Major MacKurd, who bore the scrutiny of the keen gray eyes with the smiling and invincible tranquillity which appeared never to desert him.

Presently the banker spoke, slowly and very clearly.

"Major MacKurd," he said, "I beg your pardon. I fear I have been guilty of—er—inattention. It is not a customary fault of mine. I think that quite inadvertently I must have missed a part of your proposal. Do me the favor to restate it. This time I promise you my whole attention."

Major MacKurd, V. C., nodded cheerily.

"Not at all, sir; not the least little bit in the world, I assure you," he said. "I'll run over it all again with pleasure. I made it a bit brief, as I didn't want to bore you. Hate making myself a nuisance."

He carefully readjusted the flesh-colored patch over his left eye. Then, resuming his cigarette, he fixed his right eye upon the banker. "It's like this, don't you know. They've rather slung me out of the army—unfit, one-eyed, wooden foot and that sort of thing, not to mention the buzz, and I'm knockin' about loose. Nothing much to do. That quite clear, sir?"

Sir David nodded gravely. He was thinking of his son, reported "Missing, believed killed"; and of how oddly this airy stranger reminded him of the boy, but he was able to reassure his visitor that so far he understood the proposition.

"Don't You Remember Us, Davy?" Begged the Old Banker

"Of course there's a bit of pension attached to it—naturally, what? But I've been rather plotting it out, when the buzz will let me, and I've about come to the conclusion that it would be a soundish notion to come down into the city."

"Yes?" Sir David nodded, his eyes fast on the three deep vertical wrinkles, partly concealed by the elastic band of the eye patch that seemed permanent on the brow of the V. C. "Quite so. May I ask what is the buzz?"

"Certainly. It's nothing much though. It's a soft, thick, cobwebby sort of a buzz in my head. Nothing much. It comes and goes, you know. You know those very soft woolly shawls that one's mother used to wear; that sort of thing—sky-blue. Well, if you wrapped your brain up in one of those and it had a bumblebee entangled in it buzzing very softly—that's about the idea. Nothing much, but awkward for thinking sometimes; that's all."

The banker nodded again.

"I decided to come into the city and settle down to finance, what?" continued Major MacKurd. "I've got a—a—flair for finance. So I strolled down this morning, and noticing this bank the idea came into my head at once. I remembered a pal of mine out there told me once that the banks were frightfully short of bank clerks, cashiers, and so on. And, as I say, sir, it came to me like a flash to get a position as a cashier—to start with. So I looked in."

He inhaled a mighty lungful of smoke, smiled winningly at the banker and readjusted his eye patch again.

"The damned thing's about two sizes too large—keeps slipping, what?" he said so casually that the profanity was obviously inadvertent and unconscious.

"Cashier, yes. I'm a bit of a dab at arithmetic—bar decimals. Never saw much point in decimals, did you, sir? And apart from arithmetic, which I suppose doesn't much matter nowadays with these adding machines and all that sort of thing, I like handling bank notes. Queer, that, don't you think, sir? But it's a fact. I love the rustly, silky little beggars—fivers and tenners!" He hesitated a moment; then, smiling broadly, continued:

"You've been awfully kind and patient, sir, and I ought to explain in common honesty that there's just a chance when the buzz is on that I might take a few notes home at night to fool about with—making 'em rustle, don't you know—but naturally I shouldn't expect you to be a loser, what? What I mean, of course, is that I should have to insist on refunding anything you missed through my little peculiarity."

He paused a moment to light another cigarette.

"Salary of course I leave to you, sir," he said politely. "It's experience I'm after, to tell you the truth."

He ceased with an air of having said all that was necessary.

"That's about the scheme I've plotted out," he added. "What do you think of it, sir?" He waited, surveying with obvious pride the highly polished brown boot that fitted with such inhumanly immaculate and creaseless perfection over the device of aluminum which he had playfully described as his "wooden foot." He moved it from side to side, smiling.

But Sir David Glende did not smile.

He thought for a long time before he spoke. When at last he replied the tone of his voice would have surprised those who called him hard—and they were many—and the lines of his grim old face were oddly relaxed.

"Forgive me, Major MacKurd, if I ask you a few personal questions," he said.

"Fire away, sir," replied the smiling V. C.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"What decorations have you?"

"Oh, I've been one of the lucky ones—V. C., you know, M. C. and a French decoration—Croix de Guerre."

"Twenty-six years old," said Sir David absently.

"Twenty-six, yes. Hope you don't think that's too old to start in the city, sir."

"No, no, not at all," said the banker hurriedly.

He appeared to ponder. Once his hand moved toward his breast pocket, but stopped.

"You have been in many actions, Major MacKurd? In many places?"

"Heaps of 'em," said the major cheerfully. "Rotten things they are too."

"Did you ever by any chance come across a young officer, a lieutenant named Glende—David Glende? He was reported missing after Passchendaele."

Major MacKurd, V. C., reflected, frowning slightly.

"I can't quite recall him—not with the buzz on," he said. "I fancy I——Glende? Glende?" He smiled apologetically. "One meets such a crowd of men, you know. And the buzz is rather bad to-day. I'll just make a note of the name and let you know. If I've met him I shall remember it when the buzz is off. Was he a friend of yours, sir?"

"My only son," said Sir David very steadily.

Major MacKurd, V. C., said nothing at all to that; only moved one hand very slightly in a quite indescribable gesture and raised one shoulder the fraction of an inch. But they were the most eloquent movements Sir David Glende had ever seen. They expressed everything—a sense of the pain, the desolation, the waste, the needlessness, the pity, the tragic folly and the fatalist's acceptance of it all. Only a man who had experienced it all many times could have made those tiny gestures in just that way.

Presently he spoke:

"I wish I could remember him, sir. Perhaps, when the buzz is off ——"

"Yes, yes! Take this card. It will keep the name in your mind—if you have no objection."

Sir David passed a visiting card, which the major pocketed.

"Now with regard to the position of cashier," said the banker. "I have not complete control of this bank, as you will easily realize. There are partners—fellow directors—to consult; and an immediate decision is impossible. You understand my position? But I may tell you at once, Major MacKurd, that your proposal impresses me very much and I shall lose no time in going into the matter. Is that satisfactory to you?"

The V. C. smiled.

"Why, naturally. There's no hurry."

"I expect to write to you almost immediately. And I may go so far as to say that I hope to be able in any case to make you a proposal. I shall need your address of course."

MacKurd, V. C. gave it—a West End hotel. He was quite loose, he said—"campin' just anywhere."

"And I should be very glad, major, if you can find time to lunch with me to-day."

"Pleasure, sir."

"Shall we say one o'clock?"

"Couldn't be better. I'll drop in for you at one, sir. I've got a bit of shopping to do and it will fit in beautifully, what?"

So it was settled.

Sir David accompanied his visitor to the big doors of the bank—and that was an event which the staff discussed throughout the luncheon hour.

Thus It Was That MacKurd, V. C., Saw Fit to Lurch Forward—a Ghastly Figure, His Eyes Glittering

Many great men had called upon Sir David Glende at his bank, but none had ever received the honor of the banker's escort to the door. Not even the oldest clerk there could recall a single visitor who had received the attention this lean limping old-young man with the eye patch had received.

"He said he had a proposal to make to the owner of the bank," mused Mr. Wilson, the chief clerk. "It must have been a proposal of the very greatest importance. Something unique, I fancy!"

And that was true, though it was not the kind of uniqueness which Mr. Wilson meant.

The old chief clerk realized that, when presently Sir David sent for him.

"You are pretty good at deciphering handwriting, I believe, Wilson," said the banker.

The chief clerk, an old ally and henchman of Sir David, smiled a little.

"I should be, Sir David," he admitted.

"Can you read me the line in that letter which is marked with a red cross?" He passed a letter folded very narrow so that only a few lines were visible.

"It is Mr. David's writing," said Wilson, and read aloud:

"His name is—ah! poor Mr. David wrote this in a hurry, sir—h'm ——"

Mr. Wilson stared at the sentence intently for a moment, then decided: "His name is Claskind. Yes, undoubtedly Claskind. An unusual name, sir."

Mr. Wilson handed back the letter.

"Thank you, Wilson. Claskind—yes, I had decided on Claskind myself."

Sir David turned to his writing table and the chief clerk went out.

"In Another Minute My Nerve Would Have Gone and I Should Have Bolted—Bolted in Front of My Own Men!"

Then Sir David unfolded the letter again and read it throughout—and reread it.

Presently he took a pen and a clean sheet of paper and wrote busily, constantly referring to the letter spread out before him. At the end of a quarter of an hour he had written the words "Claskind" and "MacKurd" dozens of times in as many different handwritings as he could accomplish. He surveyed his work for a few seconds, then shook his head ruefully.

"Ah, Davy, boy," he said. "Is it Claskind, or have you made Claskind out of MacKurd? It seems impossible, but out there, as you say ——" He turned to the end of the letter and read aloud:

"Forgive the scrawl, father, but I'm writing with shells joggling my elbow, so to speak—Jerry's evening strafe—and time's short."

The banker muttered the last words softly:

"'Time's short.'"

The old man stiffened abruptly, compressed his lips, put all away and stared blankly before him, thinking.

At last he rose.

"It's impossible to make him a cashier—though he's 'rather a dab at arithmetic.'" A faint smile twitched his lips. "We can't have unknown quantities of notes sleeping out of the bank at any odd moment the fit takes him. It's impossible. And yet I have an instinct that he's the man who saved Davy from that terrible thing. I shall do something for him, whether my instinct is right or wrong. That, at least."

His lips twitched again as he thought of Major MacKurd's airy proposal.

But as he took his hat his face grew very serious, for his mind harked back yet once more to Davy's letter—to the few phrases that were burned in on the father's mind:

He saved me from myself, father. I was in a blue funk. In another minute my nerve would have gone and I should have bolted. My God, think of it, father—bolted—in front of my own men! He came like an angel from heaven—I mean that absolutely—as cool, as steady, as self-possessed as steel. How I envied him! He spotted my trouble in a flash.

"It's pretty hard when it gets a claw into you, eh?" he said. "I was that way at Ypres. Most fellows are—once—you know."

He talked for a few minutes and presently I went right—with a click—as swiftly as a camera shutter. The relief of it! I was no longer afraid, father. I could have kissed his boots. He saw it and he laughed a little and nodded.

"It's gone?" he said.

"Quite," I said. "I shall never be able to repay you." But he laughed and shook hands.

"My dear chap, it's nothing! I had my dose at Ypres. I'll be moving."

And soon after we went over and I was as right as rain. His name was Claskind and I owe him far more than my life—far more, father.

Yes, it was burned in on Sir David's mind, all that letter. And somewhere deep down in his heart there was established a wonderful instinct—developing momentarily to a conviction—that the hastily scrawled "Claskind" stood for "MacKurd"—MacKurd who wanted to be a cashier in Sir David's bank but warned him that he could not promise to leave the bank notes in their place and who could not remember Davy while the buzz was on.

The clock struck one while Sir David pondered the thing, slowly pacing his room—one and two and three o'clock, but Major MacKurd, V. C., did not return.

"It is the buzz. He's forgotten the appointment," said the banker, rigorously controlling himself. It was the bitterest disappointment he had ever known.

"I was wrong to let him go in that state. The folly of it!"

He touched a bell and ordered his car.

But MacKurd, V. C., was not at his hotel and nobody there appeared to know when he would return.

Sir David went back to his bank and wrote a letter. The clock struck four as he signed it.

Then he went to luncheon—what time MacKurd, V. C., drifted to quiet harborage in a West End *chemin de fer* den, started on his second bottle of champagne and broke into the third hundred pounds of his financial reserve. The buzz was rather bad that day and he had an idea that a little champagne and a little relaxation were good for it. The other matter, his city enterprise, had quite slipped his mind.

II

BUT at eleven o'clock the next morning MacKurd, V. C., opened and read the following letter from Sir David Glende:

I have thought a great deal about your proposal and I am very glad to be able to say that I have a plan to propose which, I think, will render it unnecessary for you to go through the drudgery of a cashier's work at this bank in order to acquire financial experience. For some time past I have found myself increasingly in need of another private secretary at my home, and I am very glad indeed to be able to invite your acceptance of the position. The actual work will not be excessive, but as my arrangements for the future develop it will become more and more important and confidential.

The salary I suggest is one thousand pounds a year, and I must stipulate that you live at my house. I can promise, I think, that in this position you will have opportunities of acquiring an experience of finance which might not be easily available to you in any other position.

I trust, my dear Major MacKurd, to have the pleasure of receiving your acceptance verbally from you and hope that you will find it convenient to call and see me at the bank to-day. Yours very sincerely,

DAVID ROSS GLENDE.

MacKurd put the letter down and surveyed the smoke of his cigarette as it curled ceilingward.

The buzz was rather pronounced this morning. Also, his brain seemed queer, shaky, quivering steadily like heat waves.

But he realized that this was an extremely kind letter.

"He's a decent old boy and I'll give it a bit of a trial, what?" said MacKurd. "I'm not so keen on it as

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ACES FOR INDUSTRY

By RUFUS STEELE

He Had Caught the First Great Idea of the School. He Was Boy Pupil and Boy Teacher Too

THE war was over—six months over. So far as might be gathered from the dozen men who faced each other alertly across a mahogany table the war was forgotten. Their thoughts were busy with the newer chapter long and loosely heralded as the war after the war. Big men of American industry they were, picking earnestly at a puzzle. There could be no doubt that they had been forewarned, but they were met in frank confession that not one of them was satisfactorily forearmed.

"I'm willing to be pitied," boomed Shetling, "but not to be blamed."

Shetling, on whom the impromptu chairmanship seemed naturally to descend, was a grizzled giant, an animated symbol of the staunch rolling-mill machines that had made his company a reputation round the world.

"We have all been up to the neck in getting out government orders with mighty little time to get ready for to-morrow," he elucidated. "Besides, we didn't know how to get ready."

"You've said it," declared Burford, far down the table—bald, bearded Burford, whose big plant had ceased to spout pleasure cars in order to emit a flood of ambulances and machine guns. "We couldn't plan to meet to-day's demands when nobody but an Old Testament prophet could have given us the least idea what the blue prints and specifications would be like."

"Well, we've got the order sheet now," snapped Everson, a rubber man, "but I'd hate to think any kind-hearted old prophet ever framed us like this!" When a laugh had subsided he went on: "Demand is colossal. Our own country is short on reserve stocks of every kind. Europe is needing everything we can send to get her back on her feet. Foreign credits are as indefinite as *x* in algebra. But we can leave payment puzzles to the bankers. How are we going to produce? I want to know. We can't get enough labor, and when we do get it it won't do the work."

"Labor's a jack-in-the-box shot out to the end of its spring!" cried a leather manufacturer. "Labor has got to be sat on until it folds back into place. Can't go on till then."

"Even then," exclaimed the leather man's nearest neighbor, "we won't have workers enough."

A Man With a Miracle to Sell

FOUR men made simultaneous endeavor to add their wisdom to the symposium, but the voice and presence of Rowlands, a king-pin in the hardware world, claimed the attention of the dozen.

"The point is, gentlemen"—Rowlands spoke with judicial deliberation—"we have all the workers we are going to get. American industry has got to do the biggest job in the history of the world with the tools it has in hand. I promised Shetling I'd bring to this informal meeting a man—an engineer who is something besides an engineer—who could tell us how to do the only thing left us—who could tell us how to sharpen our tools."

"And I told Rowlands I didn't believe his prodigy could shed any real light," boomed Shetling from the end of the table, "but to bring him along. Is your little tool sharpener on tap, Mr. Rowlands?"

The tall hardware manufacturer rose deliberately and left the room. He returned presently, followed by a shorter, stockier man, who carried a roll of charts as though it were a baton and himself as erectly as though he were about to rap an orchestra to attention.

"Gentlemen," Rowlands addressed them, "this is Haliburton. I have told him you are a difficult audience. If you are ready to listen he will tell his own story."

"We welcome Mr. Haliburton," rumbled the impromptu chairman. "Let him tell it in thirty minutes."

The newcomer laid his charts on the table and stepped behind an unoccupied chair.

"The identity and standing of my hearers are known to me," he began in even tones. "On most subjects it would be far better for me to listen than to talk. If my ideas and proposals appear bold please remember they have at base some solid concrete of experience."

The speaker was immediately impressive. He was a man well past his youth who retained youth's vigor. He looked through lenses that magnified his comprehending gray eyes. His expression—the precise mustache itself—bespoke practiced powers of evaluation. Engineer was written across his face.

"Wars have a way of leaving us in serious industrial difficulties," Haliburton declared as he measured one countenance after another. "The last big one did. Some of you can remember the slump that followed the Civil War. After four years in uniform men seemed to have forgotten most of the cunning with tools that had made them great artisans. Many never returned to the factories at all. Suddenly came an unprecedented demand for shop products, and for a time it seemed that the country must fail to meet its splendid trade opportunity. The call was for highly skilled men, and of skilled men there were not one-fourth enough. Since the days of the ancient guilds there had never appeared to be such a lack of workers whose hands and brains were trained by years of apprenticeship to do exacting mechanical work.

"The situation was met in the only possible way. Invention met it. Machinery came. Machinery leaped into a period of undreamed-of development. The United States manufactured everything required of it because machine tenders could be obtained. Machine tenders, it was held, needed no long or careful training. As machinery reached an ever-higher stage of development, apprentice training, as practiced for a thousand years, went wholly out of fashion. It would never be needed again, men said. Factory workers now had only to pull levers and feed in the raw material. Brains and skill were no longer a necessity. Am I not right, Mr. Shetling?"

"Right enough," agreed the chairman. "The brains were in the machines."

"The accepted theory," Haliburton thanked him with a nod. "American manufacturers agreed that the machinery possessed about all the brains needed when they beheld output vastly greater and less expensive than it had ever been. Wages went up, but so did profits. Machine production could take care of both. We became a great manufacturing nation."

The Remedy

"THEN the world war! And now the post-war difficulties once more. Destiny is calling us to be industrial world leaders in a way no one could ever have predicted. With sky-high wages and a limited number of workers how are we to attain unlimited production?"

The speaker paused. Burford gave him an answer.

"I surmise," said the automobile maker, "that you have drawings in the bundle there for some new breed of machinery that can operate itself."

"Alas, no," Haliburton corrected. "A man will have to go on operating the machine, and the machine has about reached the limit of refinement."

"Then I don't see much hope for us," interposed Burford.

"But I do!" cried Haliburton, his face suddenly alight. "I see unlimited hope. That's why I'm here. I see an opportunity we should have noted without a world war to wake us up to it. We've about exhausted the development possibilities of the machine, but we haven't even begun on the development possibilities of the man."

Armchairs grated the table with the sudden movements of their occupants. Dissent was in the general mumble.

"I'll give you my conclusions first and my premises afterward," Haliburton drove on. "America's industrial man power is the most capable and the least developed in existence. The potentially greatest artisan has been lost for a generation and a half because few understood what he could and should be. Now we are going to attend to his development. Refining him will multiply production and be our answer to the world."

"I don't believe it!" boomed the giant at the head of the table. "I don't believe your remedy is any good. Which American worker is going to let you sift your development powder down his obstinate throat?"

"The young one!" shouted Haliburton. "I know what I'm talking about. I'll stick to experience. I'll give you facts and figures. I'll show you how developing the producing agent multiplies the product. I'll tell you about a developing system that shows how the American artisan refines into the wonder worker of the industrial world. When you see what has been done in one huge plant you must see what might be done in all."

"You've got twenty-five minutes left"—Shetling hunched down comfortably in his chair—"to sell a dozen men who don't believe in miracles."

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GOOD-BY, FRANCE!

By Elizabeth Frazer

"HI, YOU there!" bawled the irate embarking officer at St.-Nazaire, his finger on his checking list, his eye on the back of a doughboy who was bolting up the steep-pitched gangplank that separated the coast of France from the big dun hull of the American transport. "Come back here! Call that man back!" he shouted sternly.

The long serpentine column of troops halted its slow movement forward toward the gangplank, toward home and civiliandom. The pack on each man's back—the full fifty-odd pounds of equipment—scraped the chest of the soldier behind. Heads craned out all the way down the pier and far into the street to see what was causing the kink in the smooth forward flow. The soldier immediately behind him whom the officer had halted had already gripped the rails of the gangplank and hoisted one leg up on that narrow bridge which led toward personal freedom. Thus the long column waited.

For weeks and months these men had talked and thought and dreamed of little else save this one moment—the moment of defiling across that narrow bridge that should separate them from Europe. A movie depicting the embarkation of American troops raised a wild spontaneous yell of approbation in any Y hut from Bordeaux to the Rhine. It was the kind of yell that caused a thrill to race up and down the spine and brought a fine moisture to the eye. That yell spoke volumes. Behind it was the strong loneliness of thousands of restless moody youngsters—all the unwritten history of a weary sojourn in a strange land.

Throughout the fast diminishing American Expeditionary Forces in France tales had been circulating of how at the very last minute men had been held up, often right on the very gangplank, and turned back again. There was the story of a lieutenant who—with his hand on the rail of the transport which was to bear him home—was called back and forced to return clear to the eastern banks of the Rhine to clear up some fool artillery report. And there was the story of an enlisted man who—halfway up the gangplank—was dragged off to face a court-martial! And there were other yarns—humorous, grotesque, touching—of how at the very last lap the poor devils of doughboys, thinking to cross those narrow planks, had been brutally pinched by the powers that be. So now, with the huge dun transport, floating suburb of heaven, looming immediately over their heads, with their comrades already aboard in the bow peering down, other comrades farther down the line peering out, the long, dusty-brown, undulating column, whose tail was on the Rhine and whose head was at this gangplank, halted to see what would eventuate—comedy or tragedy.

The Bridge of Forgetfulness

THE embarking officer, eyes on the back of the soldier who had bolted up the narrow way as if devils were at his heels, index finger on his list, shouted again irritably:

"Hi—you! Come back!"

Somebody in the rear laid rough hands on the doughboy, who whirled at the touch and swung abruptly about. His tanned face went pale. His hands gripped the railings. His eyes, very straight, very hard, clashed with those of the embarking officer below. He did not budge. Standing beside the officer to watch that massive human stream percolate man by man through that narrow neck of the bottle, I could not stand the strain of that mute tense figure waiting for the bolt to fall, and so I called up: "Your name! What is your name?"

"Murphy!"

"Your front name!" bawled the officer. "Haven't got any front name, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. Tertius."

"Well, Murphy—Tertius, didn't you receive instructions to call your name out as you passed, your last name first and your first name last?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't you get so dizzy with delight that you forget to obey orders or you'll be out of luck! We won't let you go to the next war! All right, step along!"

Murphy the Third, with a sheepish grin, stepped along and a laugh of relief swept down the long line. He was not going to be pinched after all! He had only forgotten his name. In the joyous excitement of the moment, the big moment of realization for which his being had hankered and hungered for months, turning restlessly round and round on itself like a squirrel in a cage, he forgot everything—down to his very name.

And they all forgot! They had been instructed carefully and they all forgot. They called out their identification numbers or they bawled out "Here!" Or they mumbled a surname or they lost their voices altogether or they shot up that gangplank without a word, taking no chances those last few feet of the war. Until finally the embarkation officer, broiling in the hot sun and his efforts to keep his lists straight and the line moving with speed—for he was trying to break a record that day—lifted up his voice in a yell of wrath and despair:

"Halt! Don't you fellows know your own names? Can't you speak above a whisper? Where's the entraining officer of this company anyhow?"

"Here, sir!" came a voice at his side.

"Captain, did you instruct these men to call out their names as they passed—their last names first and their first names last?"

"Yes, sir, they were so instructed."

"Well, instruct them over again. Pass the word down the line. Tell them to sing it out—use their lungs—or I'll pitch them into the crick." The "crick" in this case was the few feet of oily churned water that separated the pier from the ship. The men grinned. The column flowed on.

"It's the darnedest thing," remarked the embarkation officer, checking rhythmically, "the way these fellows get lockjaw the minute they step foot on that gangplank. They get so excited that they clean forget their orders, their —— Hi—stop that man! Come back—you! Yes, you're the fellow I mean! What's your name?"

And so it went on.

Jeweled Minutes at Brest

AT BREST, the largest concentration center and embarkation camp for troops that the world has yet seen—there a pool of seventy thousand home-going troops is constantly maintained—the excitement of the men was the same. The exhilaration, the emotion of those final moments in France was so powerful that veterans forgot their instructions and fumbled like raw recruits. Here where in a single day twenty thousand men are often embarked a rigid system prevails. Big ships like the Leviathan enter, discharge their cargoes, take aboard troops and are off again inside of twelve hours. Each minute is conserved like a jewel. It has to be. For the amount of coal such a monster consumes per hour is stupendous. The value of the loss of two or three hours would buy a lady a handsome string of pearls in the Rue de la Paix. Accordingly every move in the embarkation process is worked out beforehand with the precision of a tournament game of chess—with the result that as many as five thousand men have filed in front of the embarkation officer and been officially ticked off in less than an hour.

At Brest they have worked out the following system for checking the troops through the gate: As the soldier, pack on back, marches in front of the embarkation officer, the latter, reading from his list, calls a surname; the owner responds with his first name and the identification is complete.

Thus: "Battle!" shouts the embarkation officer. "William," completes the soldier before him; "McGarary"—"Michael"; "Posen"—"Oscar"; "Ivis"—"Robert L."; "Pantozzi"—"Vincent."

The stream flows by just as fast as the officer can pronounce the names until a hitch occurs. Such a tie-up happened the day I was in Brest. It was a brilliant summer morning. The sun, that royal old Bolshevik slacker, who during the winter months visited Brest about as often as the ex-Kaiser visited his front line, now that the war and the winter were over was actually showing his face and bathing the sea, the earth and the air and the thousands upon thousands of moving khaki-clad troops in a flood of radiant light. Larks burst into rhapsody above flowery meadows. A light breeze rustled the lucid young green of the trees. On the pier flags fluttered, bands played. And far up the road, as far as the eye could reach, they were marching: marching American troops, a whole division, on their very last hike in France, from Pontanezen to the sea.

From the staff automobile I watched that long, brown, serpentine column as it twisted round bends in the road, undulated over bridges, disappeared behind houses and suddenly swung into vision right before me, heralded by a chant of fresh young voices and the rhythmic shuffling of thousands of marching feet.

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EVERYTHING IN THE SHOP

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"On the Winch! Now! Give Her the Steam! Ha! Put the Screws to Her, Boys! Another Little Inch and She's Ours! Away Together Now!"

THE Horace Judkins was the ship chosen to convey Elmer Higgins, salvor of the Black Python, back to his native shores. Her chief officer, Mr. Stark—Stark's boy, Elmer called him—was by great good luck a fellow townsman of Elmer's.

Mr. Stark testified that some jinx had been hung on the Judkins at her birth. She was one of these babies that had been built in sixty-five days and rebuilt—after one disastrous trip north of Iceland—in one hundred and twenty more. Her rivets had been driven, said Stark's boy, by ex-button makers out for records, who had given each rivet a love tap and passed on. They were followed up by a couple of ship inspectors fresh from college who were learning to distinguish ships from angleworms, and these inspectors had let them tap in four thousand a day. In consequence, with all her other ailments, she had a skin disease into the bargain and her plates were likely to peel off at a moment's notice.

"I tell you she's just basted together," he shouted.

"That's nothing," said Elmer in soothing tones. "I wish I could have had you aboard that last ship of mine and then you might have talked. Why, the whole engine went walking aft at each stroke, and me all sole alone in the engine room. Yes, sir, that engine walked aft just the way a cranky rocking-chair will when the old lady gets interested."

"Engine room!" said Stark's boy gloomily. "There is another example of my luck. George Haskins is chief engineer of this packet. You know him, George Haskins?"

"Jest as well as I know myself."

"Well, I have been going with his daughter off and on. I know I can tell you this and it won't go any further."

"Aha! So Sade is the bright particular morning star," said Elmer. They were walking the bridge of the Horace Judkins, steaming out of Quiberon Bay in company with a long string of empties.

"I want to know! There's always some kind of a coincidence tacked to a red-headed woman. I never knew it to fail. Just you think what a funny world—in one way—this is. Here we meet on the other side of it, so to speak, and we have both been kissed by the same woman. Ain't that something?"

"What are you giving us?"

"I can make you green with jealousy, young man, without half trying. You know when I come away from home this last time, Jen was away to college and Pearl was so kind of broken up she couldn't seem to muster strength to come down to the wharf to see me off. Now comes the funny part. Your young woman was there—well, it was a mere happen-so, I guess. Say, she is prettier than all creation, ain't she? So she see me standing to one side and a little down in the mouth, as was only natural; and she singled me out of the crowd and came right up and put her arms round me and kissed me square as a die."

"She's too free altogether that way, I tell her," muttered Stark's boy, clouding up.

"Don't tell me that," rejoined Elmer. "She has jest set about using her judgment the way any up-and-coming girl will. It's Nature's way. Why, it wasn't only day before yesterday, seems as though, when that girl was going round bare-legged—Spindle Shanks, I called her; and whether she was kissed or not was jest a question of compassion. And then before a man can turn round once, I was going to say, she fills out and lets her skirts down and has a set-to with her hair—you know, balls it up and thumbs a little mite of it out over her cheek for a dewlap—and bless my soul! Now! When she does a thing like that on the impulse of the moment it's next door to the Song of Solomon. And if a man wasn't so constituted that he could reason it out, yea and nay, he might be tempted to think that new wine had creeped into the old bottle. I don't know when I've had anything steal over me the way that did for sheer enjoyment.

"'Sade,' I says, 'what would you call that?'

"'Elmer,' she says, 'I guess it's kismet.'

"'Sade,' I says, 'you're not one of the kind that butter wouldn't melt in their mouth, I know, and you are just as full of red-flaming patriotism as you can hold, but you can't stand up there and tell me that anything so downright sweet as that was jest a part of doing your share. Now, who was it you had in mind?'

"'Well, sir,' she said, 'if you must know, you old mischief-maker'—Sade and I never did mince our words—'maybe it was Gregory Stark.'"

"Starboard!" roared the mate of the Judkins to his quartermaster; and with a face of royal purple he said hoarsely to the old cadet: "You're telling me a pack of lies, Elmer."

"Gospel," said Elmer, tamping his pipe. "Do you think I would go about at my time of life making my brags about being kissed by a pretty woman if I couldn't do it with my hand on a stack of Bibles a mile high? 'I guess it's kismet,' she says," chuckled the old cadet. "It's a mystery to me where they get hold of these outlandish expressions they make use of. There ain't rime or reason in it, I say."

"I haven't got a ghost of a show with her," said Stark's boy morosely. "Not with this jinx working overtime. Her old man can't see me, for one thing. Haskins. He remembers me driving that coal wagon, and he can't get it out of his head that that's what I ought to be doing now. Then again Sade is notional, and she says now she won't marry me until I have master's papers. 'Walking my own quarter-deck,' is the way she puts it. What's the use of telling Sade there ain't any quarter-deck on this old three islander?"

"When a woman gets running on some little thing and sets her heart on it, the best thing to do is to chime right in with her and gratify her if it's a possible thing," said Elmer. "And I want to say for your benefit, Mr. Stark, that the man that marries that girl will never have to complain that the salt has lost his savor, as the good book says; or if it does she'll be a changed woman from what she is now. See here, how much time are you lacking before you can come up for your master's papers?"

"Thirty days," said Stark's boy.

"I will tell you jest on the Q T," said Elmer guardedly, "that this trip is going to take thirty days."

"No chance! I've seen her do it in fifteen."

"And so she could, fifteen in a canter, if she could get any shove ahead into her. But just you look over the side at that screw fiddle-faddling behind us. We might jest as well have butterfly wings tacked onto us. Why, the stern gland ain't under water, for the matter of that. What do you think is going to happen to a great big overgrown boat like this, moseying out into the North Atlantic in the month of November with a mean draft of ten feet five inches? I told that army man that come aboard, I said to him, 'Ain't you short-weighting us on this sand ballast?' 'Not a bit of it,' says he. 'You're getting thirty tons to a car and you're getting fifty cars. Ain't you going to leave us enough land to stand on here after you're gone?' he says. I thought to myself, 'You think you are smart, young feller; and I only wish I had you on board after we get to sea and begin to toss round like a forty-shilling iron pot, as these Britishers say.' Then again, how much oil did the chief take off the oil ship?"

"Two hundred tons."

"It ain't enough," prophesied the salvor of the Black Python. "You mark my words, it ain't half enough. He's scared of that ocean committee that comes prying round after we drop the hook at Staten Island, and he'll steam slow to make a showing on oil. Now supposing you were a day or two shy on your time for marster's papers?"

"Nothing doing! This local inspector is hard. If I lacked ten minutes he would send me to sea again—another trip."

"Then we have got to drag this out the full thirty days," said Elmer. "I can read this engineer like a book of print. I have had dealings with George myself in times past, and it's George first, last and all the time. He is afraid you will be marster of this ship next voyage and he has good reason to be. I happen to know that at the end of this trip she is going to be scratched off the army list and given over to a private company under a bare-boat charter. This old man will be marine superintendent of that company."

Not for nothing was Elmer salvor of the Black Python, and as such he had mingled with captains on equal terms while ashore.

"Now the Old Man told me himself here a few days ago that you had just enough vinegar and corruption in your make-up to suit him. Good enough! You put in all your spare time studying for marster's papers, is my advice to you, and the chances are you'll get this six-thousand-ton beauty for your own, not to mention a hundred-and-forty-pound beauty back home that is by all odds the slickest proposition of the two—in spite of the difference in weight. Yes, I mean just that. What, marster of a ship, and can't talk turkey to your own engineer? Why, man alive, you'll be able to pick that George Haskins up like a hot doughnut on a stick, as Neeze Furlong says, and back into the fat with him if he don't satisfy you!"

Stark's boy was silent. He was a seaman pure and simple, and intrigue on this scale was foreign to his nature.

"I wouldn't lift my hand to hold this ship back one minute of time," he said austerely; "not if it was in my power to do it."

"Of course you wouldn't," Elmer said. "You're your mother's boy all over again. But there's no harm in mulling

it over in your mind. Say, what are you threatening to do with those pieces of broken boom down there on the foredeck?"

"Dump them."

"Don't you do it, boy! And there's that old awning piled up under the winch. You keep your fingers on that too. That is the only stitch of canvas we're in possession of and we may have to sail her in yet. You never know when a thing of that kind is going to work in handy. 'Never throw anything away,' was one of your mother's own preachments. You call those booms toothpicks, but they are a good ten inches in diameter at the middle point—and that's awful solid junk."

Nature in fact to Elmer was nothing but a big basket of odds and ends, which he was always and forever pawing and sorting over with a view to making them fit in. The clouds were part of this assortment; so were angry seas, and so were cross-grained men. So was the moon when it rose with a ring round it three days out.

"Yes, that George Haskins is playing right into our hand," he whispered delightedly to Stark's boy, who was sitting in his room learning by heart the twenty-four things which the mariner must put into a lifeboat. "He'll have a daughter for sale before many moons now. She's logging less and less every watch, and he's round whining and saying he can't understand it for the life of him, and laying it up to the slip of the screw."

"The Old Man is going to bring him up with a round turn, though."

"Maybe so, and maybe not. I've seen the time in my own life when a man couldn't buy a horseshoe for love or money; no, sir, you could go there with the money in your hand and say it was to start a new home, and then you couldn't get one for over the door because they weren't to be had. But a time come when I could pitch quoits with them.

"There's a spell of weather coming."

In fact the times are few when the sea will not bear watching. The moon was beautiful to the eye as ever; but a massive woolly ring was round it and a sheet of thin white cloud—a cirrus veil—drawn sharp across this dreadful circle. By midnight the wind had crawled round to due west and a head sea had developed. Now and again the Judkins, heaving up her prow, dropped it down with a weary crash, hopping up dishes and jarring spinal columns. Elmer, smoking contentedly in one of the alleyways aft, found himself rubbing elbows with George Haskins, the chief engineer.

"Look like dirt to you?" inquired Haskins.

"I shouldn't wonder if we did get jest a hatful of wind before morning."

"What's the mate say about it?" pursued Haskins with a jeering accent.

"Well, you know how he is," said Elmer, twinkling, "with his nose always and forever in a book. He says the indications are cyclonic, and he ought to know. He goes about with his head in the clouds half the time."

The engineer spat viciously on a steam pipe. What was the deck but a race of dreamers, or even scholars? What are you going to look for from a set of men who never dirty their hands and go round with books under their arms spying at the heavens—for all their calculations coming out God knows where at the end. Whereas if a single bolt is awry in the engine the thing comes to a stop.

"They are just so many fools, the way I look at it," he ground out; "and that young Stark is the biggest of the lot."

"Well, it's an old saying that every man has a fool tucked up his sleeve, whether he knows it or not," said Elmer smoothly, and squinted into the bowl of his pipe.

"The Old Man just came back here and told me to cut in all twelve nozzles," shrieked the chief. "'What's she turning up?' he says. 'Seventy-two,' says I. 'Give her eighty,' he says, just like that. 'She hasn't got steerage way on her.'"

"No more she hadn't," said the old cadet.

"He must think we twirl that shaft over with our fingers," grumbled the engineer.

In theory the propeller should worm its way through the water like a bolt going through a nut. And the amount that it falls short of this, which any citizen would naturally think considerable, the engineers call the slip. With the screw half out of water this slip is worst when the shaft revolves under a full head of steam.

But if the chief cut down steam deliberately to favor his department he would enrage the captain, who wanted a quick voyage regardless of the oil consumption. The oil was no affair of his.

"I suppose you've still got a tablespoonful of oil somewhere laid away in your bottoms?" Elmer ventured.

"Maybe I have," George Haskins answered grimly.

Nobody knew what his resources were. At no time did he say in round numbers how many barrels of oil he had left, and the deck felt it too delicate a matter to ask him outright for figures.

That would be, in ship's practice, like asking a casual acquaintance how much money he had in his pockets. But the deck did not deny itself the bliss to which its ignorance entitled it. Taking its cue from the mate, Mr. Stark, it whistled its way through those wet watches, while the engineer's jowl grew blue and his eye sad. Day by day the noon fix showed her steaming shorter and shorter runs; and the chief's noon report betrayed a heavier and heavier oil consumption.

"We will be spinning round here like a dead leaf, with all the sap out of us," he yelled at Stark on the ninth day, when they had made good scarcely a hundred miles from noon to noon. "Can't you do better than that?"

"You are shoving her; I am only steering her," replied the mate cheerfully.

When Elmer joined him on the bridge that night Stark's boy curled his salt-laden mustache and whispered: "That old fox in the engine room knows what he is about, Elmer. He isn't going to let a cyclone or two smother him."

"He is one of these mysterious kind," said Elmer. "Still, I am looking for him to overreach any time now."

It was another screaming SSE night and the ship was making heavy weather. Now and again she shot out over a sea and then her empty hull hovered and came down with a resounding thump, as if she had pounded her forefoot on a beach. At such times she shook from stem to stern like a truck on a cobbly road and was struck dead in her tracks, the whine of the turbine dying out and gathering impulse again but slowly. These stoppages were like drops of blood abstracted from the chief's heart.

Gusts of wind caused the ship to reel and slide away to leeward like a gull sleeping on its wing spread. Unable to look into that murk at all, the mate from time to time opened the throat of the eight-inch bell-chime whistle, though he was in mid-Atlantic.

"Ain't that a sad kind of a bellow?" Elmer grunted as the mate was withdrawing his arm from the whistle cord. "Sad enough, that is. Speaking of sad things, I looked in on that chief to-night, and if ever I saw a man the picture of dejection —— He's worrying himself sick or he's acting his part plaguey well, one or the other."

"He will cry 'wolf' once too often," muttered the mate.

They became aware of a third figure on the bridge beside them.

It was the chief engineer himself—dripping, without oilskins, his hair and cheeks running water. He looked as desperate as a rejected lover.

"Listen to that," he cried with a profound sigh. "It ain't no exertion to it to blow. It's laughing; taking money out of a poor man's pocket; as good as telling me to pack my bag. What was I to do, I ask you?" he yelled, turning savagely on Stark. "If I took too much oil off that Black Arrow, these people at home would say: 'What are you packing it back here for after we packed it over there for use in foreign waters? Hey? We told you to take enough. That don't mean more'n enough, nor less'n enough. Find out what winds you're going to get. Look at the clouds—ask God, and then take enough.'"

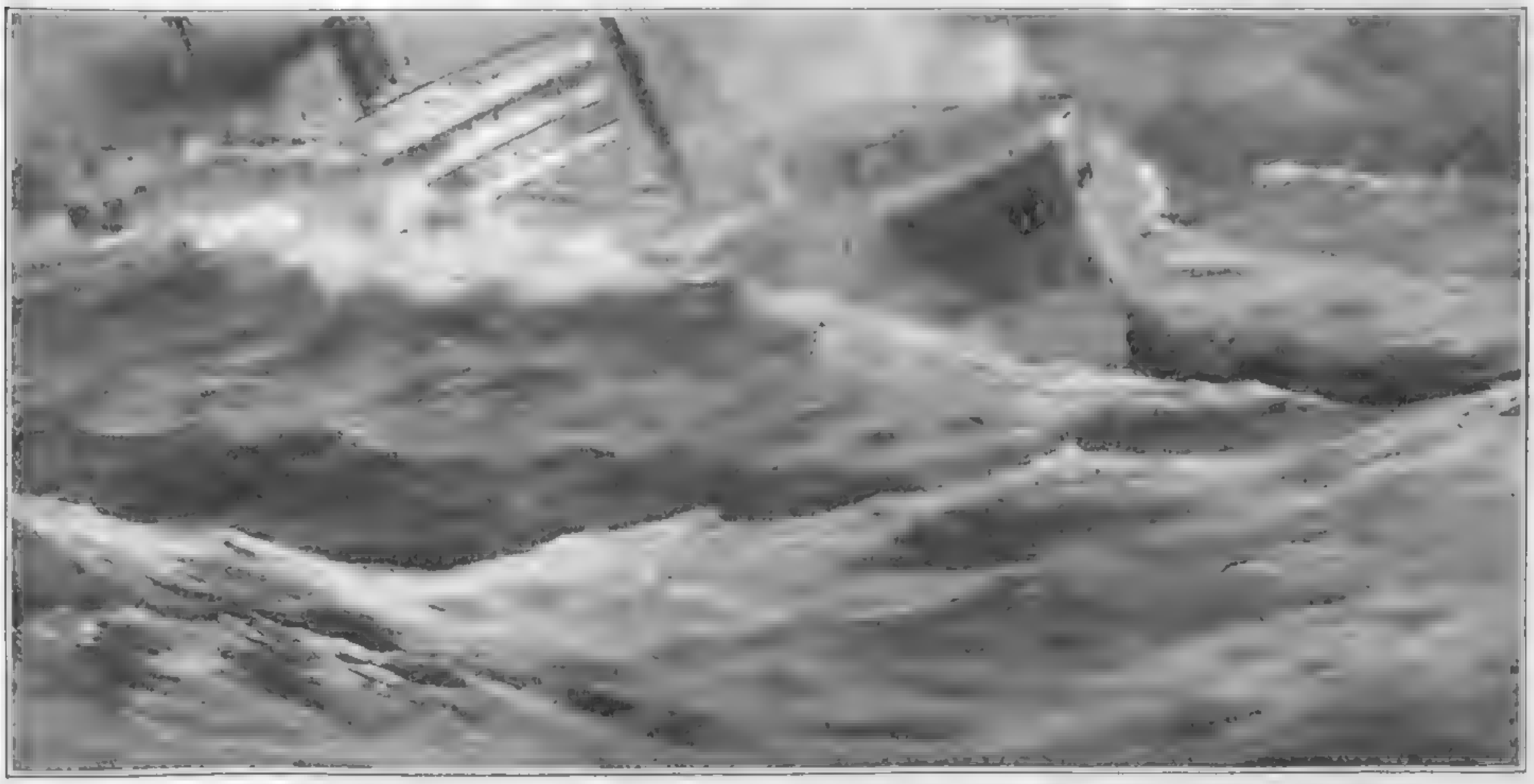
"So you haven't taken enough?" said the chief officer, turning away coldly.

"Did I say I hadn't?" cried the engineer with a glance of hatred. "It's easy enough for you single men to talk. You wait till you have shouldered a family!"

"I am ready to begin," Stark began more heartily; but the engineer made some kind of mad gesture in the dark and vanished.

By now he was like a doctor with a dying patient; his coat off, himself always at hand day and night, ready to take her pulse, alert for new symptoms. It was a duel of the steam against the wind and of the disheveled chief against the demon in the west. But steam depended upon oil, and oil went spinning into the fire boxes at an average of forty-five barrels to the watch. The wind had all the best of it. It blew out of the bottomless pit. After a wet semicycle, SE to NW, it would die out, amble round into

(Continued on Page 108)



The Horace Judkins Jobbed, Panted, Buckled; Jawed Aloft; Sank—Whirling Down Like a Bird With a Crippled Wing. She Was in the Grip of a White Cyclone

FEAR

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT ALL began at a little round table in the billiard room of the Crown Hotel, in Bombay. Hilliard, an American animal painter, was on the way round the world, with plenty of leisure and an almost equal expense account. India was good to come to again. He was only two days off ship, but Bombay was reopening to him with unexpected relish.

He had spent two years in India on a former trip, traveling alone for the most part, up to Peshawar and beyond. He had found himself curiously grown out of Japan on this second trip round, many delectable memories not panning out, after five years of absence; in fact, Japan was a good deal like a return to one's boyhood house. It proved diminutive, contracted, inadequate, apart from sentimental reasons. China was the same old inscrutable monster. Hilliard had never been particularly attracted to China.

So he had come into India from the Bombay side without much anticipation; and yet everything was better than he dreamed. The five-year absence had keyed him to a much finer point of appreciation. The moving multicolored throng—English, native and half-caste life—the whole pageant was probably telling the same story as before; but he was awakened now to more reality.

Only Glossop, the remittance man, was the same, watching the world go by as mournfully as ever. Here was a younger son, now middle-aged, who occupied the same apartment at the Crown Hotel as when Hilliard had passed before. Glossop apparently was not much the worse for his rather ponderous quarterly income, which, it was said, would stop instantly if he left Bombay Province. He had succeeded in making his world in Lower India for a decade or more; in fact, since his family had sent him out from England with orders not to come back.

"They won't let me go up in the Hills," was the old plaint. "They confine me to Bombay and vicinity, hoping I'll die quicker. I've told 'em this isn't a year-round climate for a white man; but they don't care. If I shouldn't be at my bankers' at noon on the third day of each month ——"

Glossop never ceased to shudder when he arrived at this point; and always the next moment, no matter where he was, his right hand would reach for a chit and he would comfort himself with a cold drink. Glossop knew everybody. He expressed himself glad to see Hilliard again, but changed the subject at once and mourned that no one ever stayed but himself.

"They all pass through here—this room, part of the world's highway. All the travelers pass through the Crown Hotel billiard room, quite the same as through the Oakland Ferry Building out of Frisco, or past Aden or the Big Rock of Spain. . . . By the way, Hilliard, Cantrell is here."

Hilliard had scarcely heard him. He was putting himself into Glossop's place. Incidentally this was Hilliard's peculiar gift. The American was wondering at the really astonishing bit of order poor Glossop had brought to his scandalous outcast affairs. Here was a man who saw the world go by, yet was altogether unfitted by birth and training to take an active part. He seemed actually interested in the affairs of all others, and resumed conversation with Hilliard as if from yesterday, instead of half a decade. Here was pathos if not drama—a man not supposed to be in charge of himself at all; a man paid to stay away from England, and yet quite astonishingly making the best of a set of sick and artificial affairs. Glossop mentioned Cantrell a second time.

"I don't know him," said Hilliard.

"He'll be in presently. Where have you been to miss Cantrell? He's everywhere; but—oh; yes—he's hard to get at. Fortune inextinguishable, you know; forgets it days at a time. Drifts by here every two years or so; can't find anything interesting, he says; sits regularly at one of these cane tables every two years, staring at the nilgai skins, drinking sometimes wine, sometimes water, staring at the blue cow heads over yonder. Gad! What does he see in them like that? Goes everywhere there's blood on the ground—seeks dangers, looking for a sort of legitimate suicide, they say; but nothing scathes him."

The Story Had Come, Even So Far as Bombay, That This Serpent Had a Way of Choosing His Own Prey, Only Occasionally Deigning to Accept the Bait That Was Offered

Hilliard was still more interested in the remittance man. This was poor Glossop at his best, making pictures of the world as it passed by. Rather neat little pictures, his mind made; not deep, but characteristic. Just now he tapped Hilliard's knee.

"Ten years Cantrell has been coming. He must be forty now. I knew him back home. I knew him, a blithe, fresh-faced boy, when he found an English girl to match. Clean-blooded they were, and young—sort of inevitables to each other right away. Couldn't remember that they had just met. Seemed to belong always after the first day. Stirred up everything, and all that. Only she ——"

Hilliard held his breath right here. He found a deep delight because Glossop didn't finish. He didn't want to know what had happened to the English girl. It was too poignant, the way Glossop brought it out. Certainly Cantrell was alone. No man would make five trips round the world in ten years and stare at the nilgai skins of the Crown Hotel with this sort of regularity, if his romance had prospered.

That evening Cantrell and Hilliard were brought together by the remittance man, who vanished almost instantly, leaving them in a silence supposed to be painful, at Cantrell's particular cane table. Hilliard was ten years younger. At first, he felt younger still. The big Englishman stared at the nilgai skins. He had acknowledged acquaintance, offered refreshment, and lapsed off into his own affairs. Most men would have thought it insolence; but Hilliard could forget himself enough to sit it out, though every nerve was required, and an impersonal point of view.

He was putting himself in Cantrell's place, though there was little enough of data to work with—a man who for many years had thrown himself into tight places, out of which the human body does not usually persist in emerging alive—the darkest patches of the darkest continents, fevers, and all the perils of noonday, tiger hunts, gold wars, border wars; yet here he was, unblemished, staring at the skin-covered walls, eyes full of something that looked like yearning and might be only that. Hilliard wondered if the English girl was really gone, and what Glossop had really meant by inevitables.

Moments dragged until they were less hard to bear. The American was altogether disinclined to go. A queer idea had come to him that Cantrell was waiting for someone to find him out. Certainly the one who did must pass every social barrier; must endure silence and the stare; must know that something under all was worth while. Deep inside, Hilliard laughed. This was one of the hardest things to do.

He was conscious at length of Glossop's voice at the other end of the billiard room, where two or three young men were playing. It had been extraordinarily quiet; in fact, the American hadn't noticed that a game was going on. Now Glossop came this way. He glanced queerly at Hilliard; then at the Englishman, with a remark that he knew they would get on together. Cantrell sniffed.

"I've just heard such a story," Glossop said abruptly. "Borden brought it down—got it from a forest ranger up among the grass jungles. Story about the king of all grass pythons, in a little nameless grass-jungle town. You won't believe it. Doesn't matter. I don't; but it doesn't matter. A story, nevertheless, to take you by the throat. Big python that lives off the town ——"

Hilliard found art in Glossop's telling. The remittance man seemed to unfold the thing rapidly, one point after another, each point harder to forget; yet with a kind of melancholy fatigue over all.

"Did I tell you that Borden got it from a forest ranger?" he resumed. "Borden says the forest ranger told him about it in the terms of a report to his department. Borden didn't tell it to me that way. I don't dare repeat it like Borden gave it to me—spoil your taste for cooking; and that's about all we've got to work with here in Bombay. A Hindu woman—little woman in a hut, all alone with her baby. Little grass-jungle town—up among the primitives. I have never been up there. They don't let me out of Bombay Province. No place down here for a white man to stay; but they don't care ——"

Glossop lapsed into his old plaint. Cantrell started, caught the eye of a distant marker and touched his glass.

"Little woman singing to her baby, alone in her hut at the edge of the village. A sort of afternoon light, as Borden made me see it; the sleepy time. Her back was toward the open door; burning heat outside—the great stillness of heat; her chant trembling forth from the open door. Her back was toward the door, I think I told you. Borden made me see that. Up somewhere between Huttah and Bijawar, in the Bundelkhand. There was a cold breath, and she glanced to the side to find the head of the python and two or three yards of his length already in the hut; the rest flowing in. It was following the outer wall of the hut the full distance round, making a big loop, watching her quietly throughout the transaction, softly avoiding the little furnitures against the wall. Then the head was back at the door again, the tail still coming in. It seems that she hadn't stirred or made a sound. I'm sure I wouldn't. Then the head was lifted above her, slightly forward. The hut was hemmed, so to say; the folds closed ——"

Cantrell cleared his throat.

"Oh, I say, have something ——" as the boy appeared.

"She felt the touch upon her limbs; but the head waved above her as you would hold a teaspoon before the mouth of a child. She felt a coil at her hip, at her shoulder; the head lower. She bowed her face over the baby; but the great head, with its thin, wet, crooked lips, was thrust under her chin. Now I want to know—did you ever hear anything like that?"

No one spoke. Glossop finished rapidly in a breath: "They found the woman with a broken hip, the limb broken below that, the ankle broken twice, the baby gone. The woman lives—still lives in the village up yonder in the grass jungle."

Hilliard had been chilled. In spite of all his attempts to lighten the thing Glossop had put it over rather terribly. There were a few moments of subsequent chat, in which the remittance man had explained that this particular town in the Bundelkhand was the chosen habitat of the python; that he had fed from it, or from the jungle immediately surrounding, for more than two generations; that there wasn't a firing piece in the village, and the place was sort of shocked and stunted by the continual tributes demanded by the monster. Glossop also reported that Borden had remarked that the python never missed chosen prey.

"But where did you get the thin, wet, crooked lips?" Hilliard asked.

"That was Borden's," the remittance man said. "He also remarked that a charging python is one of the fastest unwinged things on the planet. Some say he can overtake a racing elephant, which is understood to hold the spurt and distance records."

Glossop was called away. Hilliard followed the vanishing figure with his eye for a moment. When he turned he found Cantrell was not staring as before at the nilgai skins, but at the table top, his fingers twirling the stem of a goblet. The Englishman's face had become differently absorbed. He glanced across suddenly to Hilliard, the great gloomy countenance startlingly embarrassed, all the aloofness and mystery gone.

"Oh, I say, was it Hilliard he called you?"

The American bowed.

"Oh, I say, Hilliard, let's go up and get that big *samp*—you and I." The American smiled. Apparently he had broken through.

"*Samp?*" he repeated. "That's Hindu for serpent, isn't it?"

Cantrell nodded.

"That town needs us, Hilliard. We might be able to forget ourselves for a week or two. . . . Just as you like, of course. I can go alone."

"I wasn't hesitating," Hilliard answered; "just smiling at the way things fall in to suit when you don't hurry them."

During the three or four days of preparation the two men were little together. Glossop saw them leave Bombay with the same mournful eyes that he watched all the others, having apparently no thought that his story had turned this remarkable trick between Hilliard and the inaccessible Englishman. Many stories about Cantrell had come to Hilliard in the three or four days—altogether astonishing adventures of his quest for death; but there was no apparent record of Cantrell's choosing a friend, as he had done for this expedition.

Hilliard didn't anticipate much in the way of an impulsive, open-hearted companion, but he couldn't forget the softening, so singularly attractive, in Cantrell's look just before he suggested the trip together. That was like a sudden drop into summer after protracted frost, and the lines of the big weathered face revealed the whole secret of yearning, something altogether chaste. And that was only the beginning.

On the first day out came this unexpected suggestion from the Englishman: "There is really no hurry, you know. Any time you want to rig up a sketching board, Hilliard, don't think I'm for pushing on. A real fit of work is tonic now and then. I've lost the way how."

In fact, it was all unexpected; that was the charm of the whole relation. Hilliard found that Cantrell had a real love for India; that he saw things from a nature full of delicate inner surfaces; that his whole difficulty was an inability to express himself, unless he found just the receiving end to suit. The romance that Glossop had hinted was never touched upon; but Indian affairs, town and field, an infinite variety, Cantrell discussed penetratingly, but as one who looked on from outside.

"She is like my old zoo book to me," he said, speaking of India one night. "A bit of a lad, I used to sit in my room with the great book opened out on a marble table that was cold the year round. There were many pictures; many, many pictures of all beasts—woodcuts and copies of paintings and ink sketchings—ante-camera days, you know. All those pictures are still here ——"

Cantrell blew a thin diffusion of smoke from his lungs and touched the third button down from the throat of his gray-green shirt.

"One above all," he added. "It was the frontispiece. All the story of creation on one page. Man, beautiful man, in the center; all the tree animals on branches round him; the deeps drained off at his feet; many monsters visible or intimated; the air alive with wings—finches up to condors. That picture sank deep, Hilliard; so deep that in absent-minded moments I half expected to find India like that."

There were no better hours of life than these when Cantrell Sahib let himself speak.

"I haven't found the animals and birds and monsters all packed on one page," he added, "but high lights here and there in India; so I always come back. I have often caught myself asking what the pull is about, you know, as I catch myself taking ship for Bombay again. Oh, I say, Hilliard, did you ever get over to the lotus lakes?"

"Not close," Hilliard said softly.

"There's a night wind there, and a tree—I could find it again—with peacock feathers underneath, enough to lie on for the night; and those night winds steal by from over the pools of the lotus lakes. . . . And the roses of Kashmir, Hilliard? You have surely been up in the rose valleys where natives have cultured rose types for forty generations; where they press out a ton of petals for a pound of essential oil? And that's where the big mountains stand by; no end to the trails ——"

It was always the elusive thing that Cantrell didn't say which left Hilliard's mind free to build his own pictures. What he liked best of all was his own mysterious impulse to sit tight for twenty or thirty minutes, that first night, while Cantrell stared at the nilgai skins. He never would forget; yet he never saw them quite the same again—those indescribable lines on Cantrell's face, when it softened suddenly after all the staring silence, and the offer came forth to travel together. This moment had pleased the artist in Hilliard full-length; but there was a lot more to it, which he felt rather than understood.

Meantime Cantrell, as a companion, as a man along, the sportsman whom the British tiger hunters had passed upon as invincible—meaning what Americans express as dead game—was showing up flawlessly day by day. It was mighty rich to the American; so much so that he hadn't risked many useless words. All his own latent best was called to the surface; the hidden reserves, which the many human contacts do not touch upon and which rest and replenish a man when they are drawn to action.

They had reached a nameless little village, thinking only to pass the night. Cantrell had been gone two hours, talking with an ancient wise man. He returned, with a queer laugh.

"It's the end of the world—this village. All trails end here," he said.

Hilliard looked up from the supper fire. They were just outside the raggedest kind of small town. Embers still gleamed under the white ash of the fire. Hilliard stirred them, the better to look into Cantrell's face.

"The man paths end within five minutes' walk in the bamboo on the north," Cantrell added. "It's the bottom after that—a nest of little rivers; the place of hidden paths. The old wise man under the peepul tree said that only the most primitive of man things dwell in the town here—so near. It appears true. They blanch at the jungle mention. They speak of intolerable heat, of fever and pestilence and blood-letting—past all else, of the numerous forms of violent death."

Cantrell was nodding his head like the old wise man. Hilliard listened with interest, because he knew it was almost a transliteration—his friend using English almost exactly in the order and arrangement he had heard the old man speak. He turned now, with fresh interest, to the jungle. He recalled it from the slight eminence at sundown; it had looked denser and stranger than the country they had passed through. It was a sea of grass bamboo averaging fourteen feet in height, standing root to root, from horizon to horizon, all golden green. From the hill he had looked down as from an elevated shore at the surface of the jungle, the tops close together and as regular as massed plumes.

"It's all uncharted, except to the animals," Cantrell pursued. "The old wise man allowed that anything we have felt of the heat of the sun is only a suggestion of what we should find if we went deep into the grass from here. He calls it blight—pure burning-glass focalization. Moreover, he says the people here dare not draw blood, even for food—as the blood-eating animals come close to the edge, even when they cut their fingers.

"Yes?" said Hilliard queerly.

Cantrell added:

"He said it wasn't safe to have nosebleed in the village here—for it brought the beasts in; and the nights were enough to chill the blood, when the hunting affairs were carried on close—whimpers and

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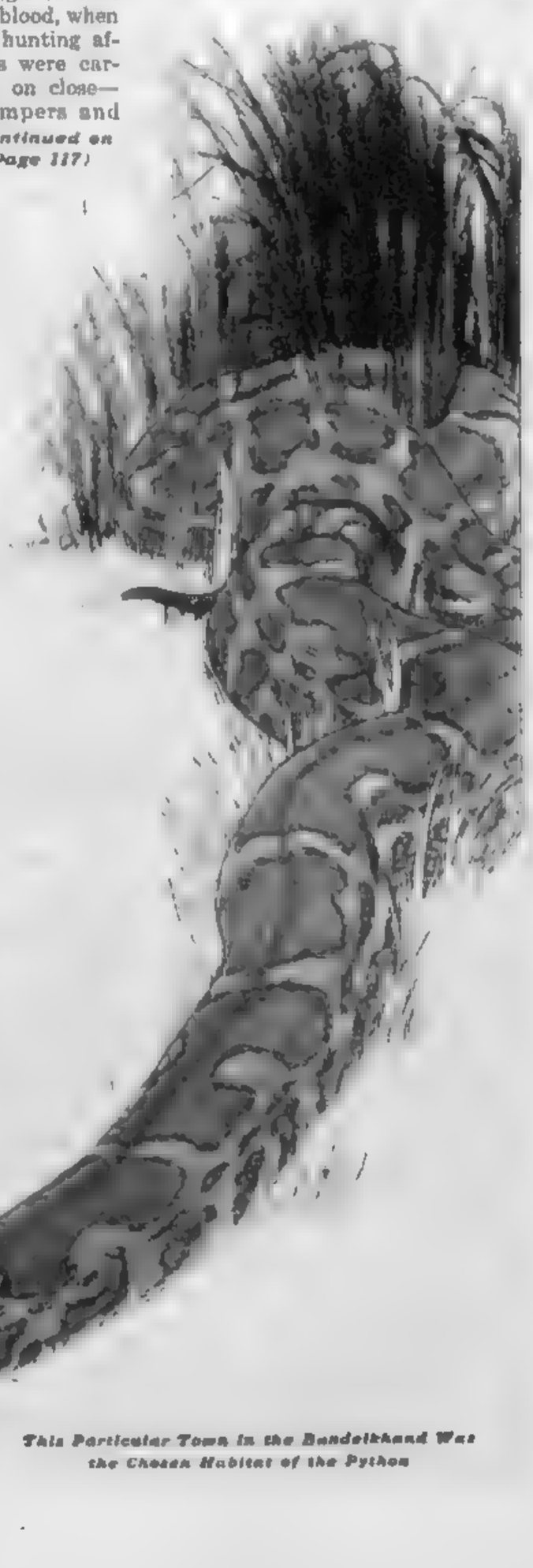

This Particular Town in the Bundelkhand Was the Chosen Habitat of the Python

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

VII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN THE autumn of 1883 a new minister to Japan was appointed in the person of Mr. A. Davydoff, counselor of our embassy in London, who had previously for some time occupied the post of diplomatic agent in Bulgaria. Upon his arrival at Tokio the term of my service in Japan came to an end, and I might have started at once for home if my successor had not asked me to stay with him as his guest a couple of weeks longer, so as to initiate him more fully into the intricacies of the political situation in Japan and to facilitate his début in the social world of Tokio. I gladly complied with his request, the more so as it gave me a chance to gather from his lips a great deal of information about our Near Eastern affairs, in regard to which, as it turned out, we entertained very much the same views.

He told me that when he had his farewell audience of the Emperor, His Majesty had spoken of the unsatisfactory state of things in Bulgaria and had incidentally mentioned that it was his intention to appoint me to the post of diplomatic agent at Sofia as soon as another appointment could be found for the actual incumbent of the post. From what Mr. Davydoff told me of the situation in Bulgaria I did not conceive a very favorable impression of the part I was expected to play in the further development of our Near Eastern policy should my appointment to that post really take place. In the meantime, however, having been granted several months' leave of absence I was in no hurry to look out for another appointment, and so I made up my mind to spend a month or so on my way home at Washington on a visit to the family of my former chief.

I found the Struve family comfortably installed in the fine house built some years before by the beautifier of the city of Washington, Mr. Shepherd, familiarly called Boss Shepherd. He had been commissioner of the District of Columbia, and as such he had done a great deal toward making Washington what it is now, one of the most beautiful towns, if not the most beautiful town, in the world. He had been extremely popular, but had experienced some financial reverses that had compelled him to leave Washington for Mexico in seeking to make a new fortune. I do not know whether he succeeded in this, but a couple of years later, when I was Chargé d'Affaires, he paid a visit to Washington and met with a very enthusiastic popular reception, including a torchlight procession in his honor. In the meantime his house had been placed in the hands of an agent and had been rented for a term of years to the Russian Legation.

M. de Struve, his charming and extremely clever and interesting wife, and their family of four sweet little girls and a baby boy, I found were very popular, and Madame de Struve in her carryall, with the five little children and their little Japanese friend, Djuri Saigo, had become quite an institution, and were to be seen every day driving in the beautiful avenues bordered with shade trees or in the road leading into the country known as Pierce's Mill Road.

The little Japanese boy was the eldest son of General Saigo, later created Marquis Saigo, Minister of War and one of the leading statesmen of Japan. All of us—I mean the Struve family and myself—had always been on the most friendly terms with the family of General Saigo, and so it came about that the general's little son, who was of about the same age as the eldest Struve girl, became a daily visitor at the legation as a playmate of the children, and then began to learn to speak Russian and to share the children's lessons. In short, when the day of the departure of the Struve family for America was decided upon, little Djuri became quite disconsolate and declared he would not be separated from them and wanted to accompany them wherever they went. His parents at first were naturally opposed to this plan, but the poor boy became so hopelessly sad and dejected that it began to affect his health quite seriously and the doctors advised them to let him have his will. The Struves were very glad to take him with them, as the children had become greatly attached to him and he had already become quite one of the family. He was a remarkably intelligent, admirably brought up and well-mannered child, lively and gay, and at the same time full of a certain reserve and childish dignity. In observing him in the society of the other children one could not help being impressed with the way he seemed to feel that he had the honor and dignity of his country and nation to uphold among strangers. Subsequently he accompanied the Struve family to Russia when they went home on leave of absence, and returned with them to Washington, where he ultimately died, most tenderly nursed by Madame de Struve with a true mother's care. The poor child's death in a foreign land, surrounded by strangers, however devoted to him, affected me greatly, as I had been on most friendly terms with his father and mother and had been a witness on the steamer of the heart-rending scene of the little boy's leave-taking from his mother, who was quite overcome with grief, possibly mingled with sinister forebodings, whilst the poor child, visibly profoundly affected, nevertheless behaved with stoical truly Japanese self-command and let flow his tears only when he found himself alone in his stateroom.

Baron Rosen. Above—Russian Fighting Ships in the Fortified Harbor of Port Arthur, Manchuria

After about a month spent agreeably as a guest at the legation, which, thanks to the intelligence and charm of manner of the hostess, had already become quite a popular social center in the capital, I left for St. Petersburg, where I arrived in the beginning of January, 1884.

The third year of the Emperor Alexander III's reign was drawing to a close and I found a noticeable change for the better in the social atmosphere of the capital from the vague feeling of unrest and insecurity that pervaded all circles of Russian society in the last two years of Alexander II's life. In a preceding chapter I have already referred to what I thought at the time, and what I still think, of Alexander III's fatal decision not to confirm and publish his father's manifesto. His failure to follow in the footsteps of Alexander II on the road leading to gradual constitutional reforms has undoubtedly arrested the political development of the nation and has caused the accumulation among the educated classes of a vast amount of discontent and bitterness; in short it was found in the long run to have had the effect of a heavy weight bearing down on the safety valve and favoring a development of steam pressure that, in the end, could find an outlet only in an explosion. Nevertheless, it cannot be gainsaid that the Emperor had become and during all the time of his short reign remained extremely popular with the masses of the people—that is to say, with at least ninety per cent of the nation.

The contributory causes of this popularity were partly of a purely personal nature; the emperor's sturdy character, his unshakable will, his honesty of purpose, his exemplary family life—all this endeared him to his people. Furthermore, his firmness in following the line of policy once adopted gave the nation a feeling of security, which had been largely absent during the reign of his predecessor, particularly during the last years of his life. The Russian people love a masterful head of a household, of a business, and so on; in short, what is expressed by the untranslatable word *khozain*. This expression is applied indifferently to the head of a family, the owner of an estate, a farm, a house, the manager of a business, the chief of a department, the governor of a province or the Czar himself as the head of the state. The American expression "boss" comes perhaps nearest to rendering its meaning. The people love a masterful *khozain*, because they instinctively feel that nothing, no family, no business, can prosper without a firm will to direct it.

The firm unshakable will was there. Had it been combined with a deeper insight into the growing political needs of the nation it might have been of inestimable benefit to the country's peaceful development. But unfortunately this insight was absent in the ruler on whose will depended the determination of the policy to be pursued by the state. Instead of fostering the development of the institutions of local self-government—the zemstvos and municipalities—by gradually enlarging their field of activity and emancipating them from the control of the administration—which in the beginning may have been useful but which with the growth of practical experience in self-government was beginning to be felt as unjustified, irksome and discouraging by the better element of the local Intelligentzia, whose patriotic and zealous participation in the labors of

these institutions had at first given such happy promise of their future development—instead of this the government adopted and pursued with great and most regrettable consistency the very opposite policy.

Where it was not deemed advisable openly to repeal laws dating from the reformatory epoch of Alexander II's reign, advantage was being taken of every possible loophole in their stipulations or of skillfully strained interpretation of them, in order to narrow the field of activity of these institutions of local self-government, to curtail the limits of their authority and to extend the right of interference of the administration. The result showed itself in the gradual desertion by the better element of the local Intelligentzia of a field of activity the conditions of which had become so discouraging, and in a consequent gradual deterioration of the personal element composing the zemstvos and municipalities and a gradual falling off in their efficiency.

Likewise in the matter of popular education the government adopted a reactionary policy which has materially retarded the enlightenment of the masses of the people and has thereby caused an incalculable damage to the true interests of the country. Every possible difficulty was placed in the way of the opening of popular schools by the zemstvos as well as by private landowners on their estates. Only parochial schools kept by the clergy were being favored by the government, as offering a better guaranty of the bringing up of the youth of the country in conservative principles of law and order and respect for the authority of church and state.

As an explanation, if not a justification to some extent, of the government's policy in this respect it must be owned that the lower strata of the Intelligentzia—from which the staff of popular school-teachers had necessarily to be drafted—were, more or less to a man, imbued with socialistic or otherwise subversive ideas and most eager to impart them to the rising generation of the peasantry as a preparation for the realization of the object of their dreams—the overthrow of the existing social order. While this policy on the one hand was a justifiably defensive one against the danger of revolutionary attacks on the social and political fabric of the state, it on the other hand defeated its own object by preventing the spread of enlightenment among the popular masses, and keeping them in a state of ignorance which rendered them particularly susceptible to the seductive blandishments of the revolutionary propaganda appealing to their instincts of cupidity.

However, the truly fatal results of the domestic policy pursued during the reign of Alexander III did not make themselves felt at once. On the contrary the country never was more prosperous, nor presented to the world a more impressive appearance of power and of unshakable solidity than during his lifetime. This was primarily due, of course, to the greatness of the country, its teeming population, its unbounded wealth and inexhaustible natural resources, and, last but not least, to the restored confidence in the government's power and ability to maintain intact the social and political structure of the state—thus furnishing a new illustration of the truth of the saying that even the worst policy is better than a policy of vacillation between right and wrong; or worse still, no definite policy at all.

Among the contributory causes of the success of the reign commenced on the day of a tragic catastrophe and seemingly under hopelessly perturbed conditions, the first place must be allotted to the high qualities of the Emperor's personal character, invaluable in a sovereign invested with illimited power—his straightforward honesty, his faithfulness to those he trusted, his inaccessibility to court influences and intrigues of whatsoever kind. These qualities gained him the entire devotion and fidelity of all those to whom he had once given his confidence, and who in their turn could implicitly rely on his staunch support. In the dearth of eminent personalities in modern Russia it was not an easy task for the new Sovereign to make a choice of men he could intrust with the conduct of affairs, and it is not to be wondered at that in this he was not always successful. It is greatly to his credit that when he had reason to hold that a statesman he had chosen himself or inherited from his father, like the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Giers, deserved his confidence, he would keep him in power to the end.

In this respect he followed in the footsteps of his great ancestress, the Empress Catharine II, who certainly was a past mistress in statecraft. When asked by the French Ambassador by what mysterious charm she managed to govern such an immense empire with apparently so little trouble and effort she replied: "The secret is a very simple one indeed: I take great care in choosing the men to whom I intend to give important posts, but once I have appointed to a post a man whom I consider worthy of my confidence I keep him in his post to the end of his life. Everybody knows it, and therefore nobody tries to intrigue against him, and that saves me a world of trouble."

"But suppose," the ambassador continued, "that notwithstanding all Your Majesty's superior penetration and knowledge of men your choice had fallen on a man who turned out to fall short of your expectations?"

"Then," the Empress retorted, "it would not have been his fault, but mine; and therefore it would not have been a sufficient reason for me for depriving him of his post, and I would simply give him an assistant who could make good his shortcomings."

In one of his appointments the Emperor was particularly fortunate. That was the appointment of Sergius Witte, first as Minister of Roads and Public Works, and then as Minister of Finance. This remarkable man, a truly self-made man, who from very modest beginnings had worked up his way to the highest position in the state unaided by any influence whatsoever, thanks solely to his own strength of will and superior intellect, towered head and shoulders above the crowd of respectable nonentities forming the upper stratum of the bureaucracy—that is to say, the elements to which under existing conditions of Russian political life the Sovereign's choice was necessarily limited. To understand and appreciate fully the meaning and the extent of Witte's personal success it is necessary to take into account the fact that in a society like the Russian, dominated by a, so to speak, communistic mental attitude—"*une société à base communautaire*," as that famous French writer Edmond Demolins has it in his remarkable book, To What is Due the Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons?—there is not only no admiration for nor even toleration of any superiority rising above the dead level of average mediocrity, and that victory in the struggle against the general conspiracy of envious mediocrity is within the grasp only of the strongest will and the finest intellect.

It is the undying merit of Alexander III that he saw and appreciated the inestimable value of Witte's services to the state and that he gave him his firm support until the end. Had he lived he certainly never would have parted with that great statesman, and between them they would surely have preserved Russia from ruin and disintegration; and no less surely the world would have been spared the catastrophe of the great war, the disastrous consequences of which do not seem to be realized as yet to their full and sinister extent.

Witte being in spite of all his faults and shortcomings a truly great man, the number of his enemies was legion, especially in both extreme camps—that of the reactionaries as well as that of the revolutionaries. Being a most whole-hearted and loyal patriot he was accused of being a traitor. Being by nature and by conviction himself rather an autocrat he was accused of trying to undermine the monarchy—this relates, of course, to the time of Nicholas II—of being secretly in league with the revolutionaries, and so on. Being the author of the manifesto of October 17, 1915, embodying the grant of a constitution, he was accused by the revolutionaries of being an enemy of liberty and of the people. By the liberal parties, who refused him their countenance when he had succeeded in obtaining from Nicholas II his consent to the grant of a moderate constitution by assuring the Emperor that this concession would rally to his throne the support of these parties, he was accused of being shifty, of being what is called a "trimmer." He had to be, because since the death of Alexander III, having lost his loyal and unflinching support, there was no other means of maintaining himself in power. He was accused of an immoderate ambition to return to power after the assassination of Stolypin during the last few years of Nicholas II's reign.

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Japanese at Rest, Port Arthur

TRIMMED WITH RED

IV

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

DESPITE the domestic scene of the previous night and the growing cloud over her fair fortunes Rosamonde just would go to Mrs. van Laerens' and join the Comrade Sisterhood in its adoration of Professor Walter Syle. The Turribul Tempered Mr. Valiant had gone to his office before the ladies of his household arose; neither Rosamonde nor her cousin had slept very well, as was confessed at a bedside breakfast.

Life's current, which had run smoothly enough at Plainview, was becoming crooked and complicated for Emily. Just before going to the dentist's she got Oliver on the telephone and was cheered by his hearty acceptance of Rosamonde's invitation to dinner that evening. But she was worried about her headstrong little cousin who swore by all her gods of wood and tin that she would go where she pleased, Merlin or no Merlin, and that Emily should go with her.

As a result of it all at the hour of three the young women, discreetly guarded by Mrs. Finnessey, were wheeled in a procession of plutocratic vehicles through the Van Laerens' baronial gate and up to the frosty façade of the Van Laerens' town house. Coats of sable, ermine, monkey skin, coon skin and seal were advancing, borne on dainty shoulders, filing past the brazen doors and into the great foyer where noble gentlemen in livery directed the procession up the wide staircase and into the golden drawing-room on the second floor.

"The furs at least are Russian," observed Emily to Rosamonde, whereat Mrs. Finnessey nudged her and said "Sh!" Emily hated being hushed by Mrs. Finnessey.

At the drawing-room door Mrs. van Laerens shook hands and gave everyone her long-faced cynic smile.

"How do you do, Rosa," she addressed Mrs. Valiant, then whispered: "I hope your husband's furious. Mine is. Get a program and find yourself a seat."

The Situation Was Apparent. Eustace Had Recovered From His Swoon and Was Walking Slowly Across the Rug

The admirable Finnessey found three gilt chairs well to the fore near a small dais which was appropriately covered with a red-velvet carpet. Several young ladies wearing the uniform of freedom, which same is a smock frock, passed up and down the aisles offering programs. The exercises were to be fashionably brief, according to the announcement; Madame Snarki, operatic soprano, would sing Russian folk songs, Professor Syle would lecture on The Demigod Fallacy, and there would be fifteen minutes of general discussion. Meanwhile the Sisterhood came trooping in to cast down thousands of dollars' worth of sables and find advantageous seating space.

"How-do-you-do?" murmured Mrs. Finnessey at regular intervals, going off like a cuckoo clock as she bowed right and left to the great ladies in whom she bartered. Mrs. Charlemagne Droon, daring as usual in an afternoon frock of lizard green, came in with two indefinite females and took the seats just in front of Mrs. Finnessey's class in emancipation. Mrs. Droon, who seldom appeared in public without somebody to flirt with, looked uncomfortable for a moment, then she turned and spied the party behind her. "Hello, Rosa!" she cried; then, "How-do-you-do, Mrs. Finnessey. Isn't it thrilling?"

"Perfectly thrilling!" agreed Rosamonde, rather flattered at the attention.

"There ought to be an uprising of some sort," said one of the indefinite ladies.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Droon, evidently with intent to snub. "But isn't it full of hard words!"

"It's dreadfully deep," said Rosamonde, hoping apparently that Mrs. Droon wasn't going to quiz her on the phraseology.

"But deep things are always thrilling. Do you know what a soviet is? It's something they wear when they go into battle, isn't it?"

Rosamonde was stumped.

"It's a sort of committee," said Emily, coming to the rescue.

"Oh, my dear! You've gone into it very earnestly, haven't you?" Her intonation indicated that Emily wasn't quite right. "I'm dreadfully ignorant about anything political. My husband says I ought to vote; but the polling places are so badly ventilated, don't you think? My word, if that isn't Flora Hannibal!" Mrs. Droon's eyebrows elevated themselves from a Roman arch to a high Gothic. "Of course she would be going in for reform—since Charlie's trip to Jamaica."

"Modern society is basically wrong," one of the indefinite ladies was telling her neighbor. "Do you remember if that is a quotation from Bernard Shaw or ——"

"My dear," Mrs. Droon was asking, as she leaned far back toward Rosamonde, "do you still have that Creole hairdresser from Saltz?"

"I can't get her any more. She's ——"

"You know why, don't you?" Mrs. Droon rolled her fine eyes preparatory to a revelation, when Mrs. van Laerens took the dais and rapped for order. At the same instant two figures, misplaced in that galaxy of wealth, came shuffling down the aisle. Both were male and both were odd. The foremost, a teeny-weeny Japanese, wore a velveteen jacket, black dress trousers with stripes down the leg, soiled white spats and lemon-colored gloves. The hindermost, a most dangerous person, wore his wiry black hair cut Buster Brown fashion, exaggerating the savage glitter of his large white teeth; the wide red sash encircling his body might have concealed any number of lethal weapons.

"Mr. Barnum had the right idea," whispered Emily.

"Which one is Professor Syle?" whispered Rosamonde.

"Neither," whispered Mrs. Droon. "They're his bodyguard. I saw them at Mrs. Trowler's last week. The little one's called Comrade Niki or Kicki or something absurd. The tall one with the sash is a Mexican bandit who ——"

"Might I ask for order?" suggested Mrs. van Laerens, and calm prevailed.

"Ladies of the Sisterhood," began her aristocratic intonation, "I shall not mar the splendid thoughts of Professor Walter Syle by any unnecessary introduction. We have come here with open minds, and although we might not agree with him in every particular we all admit, I think, that something is wrong with—with the general condition of things."

"What's happened to Gertie?" whispered Mrs. Droon. "I didn't know her secretary wrote so well ——"

"—— We will now hear Madame Snarki in Russian folk songs."

After Madame Snarki's admirable combat with alien consonants, persisting through three encores, Mrs. van Laerens again took the platform and in her best ballroom manner introduced the speaker of the afternoon.

Emily, who had been prepared to see something original in hair or necktie, confessed her disappointment in the editor of the Raw Deal. He was a normal-appearing young man in a nut-brown suit that exaggerated the strawberry tints of his complexion and the auburn lights in his eyes and hair. Aside from the fact that his cravat was out of key with his color scheme and his shoes were of a shapeless hobgoblin style he gave the effect of one well broken to the drawing-room. He had a lean handsome head, forcible gestures and an air of conviction.

"Comrades—if I may take the privilege of calling you by that name," he was beginning, when a flush of annoyance passed over his reddish features. The cause of that annoyance, a slender, middle-aged man who seemed both to smile and to walk with a smirk, was standing in the aisle, beautifully poised in his faultless afternoon apparel.

"There's a good seat right here in front, Comrade Kroll," suggested the orator, pointing to a vacant chair.

"Awfully sorry to be late," apologized Comrade Kroll in a lisping voice, as he strolled gracefully forward.

"Who is that?" whispered Rosamonde.

"Justinian Kroll —of the Young Progressive, you know," whispered Mrs. Droon, naming the editor who was then dictating the mode of fashionable radicalism.

"Sh-h-h!" came a warning from behind, for Professor Syle was again opening up.

"I have chosen for my theme this afternoon the Demigod Fallacy, a fallacy which we can, with a little patience, trace down the ages from the Phenician myths, through the Norse sagas to our modern school histories—which are, by the way, far less accurate than the Niebelungen Lied. From the beginning of time history has been written by slaves at the behest of tyrants for the consumption of other slaves who have been compelled to swallow the sacred words at the point of a spear."

"Isn't he thrilling?" asked Mrs. Droon, looking back.

". . . And what is this Demigod Fallacy?"

No one in the audience seemed able to answer the question save the Japanese and Mexican socialists and Mr. Justinian Kroll, who sat stiff and superior, his arms folded across his faultless waistcoat.

"I will tell you," volunteered Syle, stepping to the edge of the platform. "It is the drunkenness of power. Caligula, mad with the poison, raged through his palaces as he ordered the proletariat of his time to crucifixion and torment. More remotely Samson who, we are told, was possessed of superhuman strength, carried away city gates; we have to take the chronicler's word for it. But this we do know for certain: A little woman with a pair of shears cut away Samson's locks and he fainted from weakness."

The Mexican Bolshevist shook his flowing mane and stirred nervously.

"Robbed of his egocentric mania for leadership Samson was a poor thing indeed. But the shears of Delilah were but the forceful protest of the many against the tyranny of the few. Every hair that fell from his mighty head was but an expression of the popular will, gone forever from him. Delilah was among the earliest and most effective propagandists of revolution; one of those who first realized that concentration of power spelled dissolution of justice."

"Isn't his vocabulary magnificent?" whispered Mrs. Droon, but Emily was now rather inclined to do the hushing. There was something almost pathetic in the picture of this blowzy radical, false prophet though he might be, thundering his poetry in the face of these magpies who had gathered round him as they would round a novelty in male toe dancing. His speech seemed to miss fire on the suave gold-enameled beams of Mrs. van Laerens' drawing-room. Much as Emily Ray despised his calling she despised more the silly clique that had brought him there.

"But we have passed the age of myth," he was thundering on. "The demigods of to-day are self-appointed and self-estimated. They call themselves, if you please, bosses, presidents, general managers, field marshals, kaisers, chief executives. The intellectuals are constantly amused by ingenious editorials to the effect that efficiency cannot be obtained without centralization of control. The Demigod Fallacy again. Our learned Supreme Court supports this fallacy, arguing backward from the conclusion to their own manufactured hypothesis. Our comrades among the laboring classes have considered this matter on their own account and are asking the question: 'Who understands a railroad—the engineer at the throttle or the demigod in some remote office building?'"

"Wretched poor form, don't you think?" Mrs. Droon was whispering; for the rabid reference to engineers and office buildings seemed to have put something of a damper on the assemblage. Emily lost full ten minutes of his subsequent remarks in a study of that audience, now casting meaningful looks, now whispering together, now making sympathetic gestures toward Mrs. van Laerens, whose face grew longer and longer as the diatribe went on, skipping merrily from office building to office building, sparing neither manager, clerk nor stenographer.

"Ladies of the Sisterhood," Began Her Aristocratic Intonation, "I Shall Not Mar the Splendid Thoughts of Professor Walter Syle by Any Unnecessary Introduction"

The dangerous crisis soon passed, however, for Professor Syle had now leaped boldly from the particular to the general. Nobody in the audience minded capitalism, as an impersonal sin, getting its share of cudgeling. When the speaker turned to international politics, and intimated that the war should be laid to the capitalistic greed of the British Empire, a positive sigh of relief arose, save from two ladies of strong pro-Ally sympathies, who left the room.

"I didn't think it would be like that," whispered Mrs. Droon.

"He should be listened to with an open mind," declared Mrs. Finnessey, not to be defeated in her fad.

But Professor Syle's philippic was drawing to a close in a pyrotechnic display of hard words:

". . . The hierarchy, the oligarchy, the hegemonic beaurocracy are alike pitiful anachronisms in the view of an enlightened proletariat. An advanced rationalism must challenge an archaic chauvinism. Since capitalism is soluble, socialism indissoluble, who shall continue to deify the hallucinations of power-mad individuals?"

The speaker paused and suggested a general discussion. It occurred to Emily that perhaps no one would deny what he said because nobody quite understood what it was all about. But the earnest, serious faces, all bent forward like sunflowers toward the sun, gave the lie to her cynic thought. She felt the least bit sleepy in the heavy air. She wished that somebody would applaud or that Professor Syle would make a joke. The silence convinced her that his lecture had not been a successful experiment.

"Professor Syle," at last spoke a timid-voiced little lady, rising with many blushes, "what do you think about general education?"

"It should be universal," he replied without hesitation.

"But how can one send one's children to public schools ——"

"Are you asking as a student or as the mother of children?" the lecturer interrupted.

The well-bred silence suggested a *faux pas*.

"It's Sally Rountree—an old maid!" said Mrs. Droon, the incorrigible.

"I speak as an impersonal investigator," snapped Miss Rountree. "And I ask, how can one send one's children to public schools to be corrupted by children of the slums?"

"Under communistic rule there will be no slums," he replied coldly, "and where there are no slums there is no corruption."

"Thank you." Miss Rountree sat down.

"Bah!" It was the black man with the dangerous teeth and the Buster Brown hair who shot upward, waving his arms. "I am a Villista. I come from Mehico, where public schools are not. False! All false! Schoolteachers should be shot."

"We all have open minds, Comrade Alfonzo," agreed Professor Syle, apparently untouched by the threat to all pedagogues. "Any other questions?"

From his seat well to the fore Justinian Kroll, editor of the Young Progressive, arose slowly and stood, arms

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DUDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XX

ROSENTHAL'S telephone communication was abruptly broken. Karakoff was making desperate efforts to reestablish it, and even in the shock of what he could not help but overhear Phineas was struck by the sudden deathly pallor of the dealer's face, and the strained lines that formed about his fine eyes. It flashed through Phineas' mind that his daughter was the seat of Karakoff's soul. He had not lost a drop of color or quivered an eyelash at being confronted by his own danger; but at this maddeningly interrupted news of Olga he looked like a man who had met a shrapnel.

Then followed a minute or two of vain frenzied attempt to get Rosenthal again, with the usual buzz and rattle of the instrument, punctuated by the whine of the operator, perfunctorily polite, infuriating in its deliberation. "Sa-a-ay—can't you get me that party that jus'—— Wha' 'at?" Br-r-r-r-r-r—tup—tup—tup.

Karakoff turned his haggard face to Phineas. "Plunkett, did you hear that? . . . Hello—hello—you girl there, twenty dollars for you if you get me that party quick—the man that just called."

A minute passed. It seemed an hour. Phineas' mind was working quickly. "This looks like a holdup, Karakoff," said he. "Miss Melton suspects something and has grabbed Olga. The Bay Ridge Yacht Club sounds like abducting her aboard a boat—a scheme to put her where she can't be found and get you out of the apartment all night hunting for her. Miss Melton is no crook, but she may have requisitioned one of her yegg acquaintances for the job. She thinks you have the records. She wants Olga's latchkey, her hat and furs maybe, to come back here with her French expert *cambrioleur* and overhaul the place while you are out looking for Olga."

The half of Karakoff's head not on duty at the telephone snapped at this idea with eagerness. "I get you," said he, and hung up the receiver. "Then I might as well sit tight until I hear from them."

"Olga will probably call you up from some remote place in an hour or so. But if they left the theater just before Rosenthal telephoned I can beat them to the Bay Ridge Yacht Club by the Subway and a taxi at the other end. You wait here. Put anything compromising in a place they can't find. This girl is after evidence and may have a swell French cracksman to help her. But they'd hardly tackle the burglar-proof safe in the lighted store. The chances are the house is watched to see if you go out, so you might as well follow instructions."

"Why not set a trap for them here? This girl may belong to the French Secret Service; and then again she may not. You never saw her papers. Perhaps she really is a crook. I've got a lot of faith in that old Czech. Anyhow she's got no license to kidnap a girl and search a man's apartment over here."

"We don't know what she's got. If she's all right and we nail her or this bird working with her she'll have to come across with what happened last night. Better let them search the place and find nothing."

Karakoff nodded. "All right. You had better start. I'm in your hands. When it's a question of Olga I'll do anything."

"I'll take no chances—merely try to find out where they take her. *Au 'voir.*"

Thinking that the house might be watched Phineas went out onto the street in a leisurely way, stood for a moment as if undecided whither to turn his steps and, a solitary taxi passing at that moment, he hailed it, got in and told the driver to go as fast as he could to the Fourteenth Street Subway station. He figured that by taking a South Brooklyn express and a taxi at the other end he could get to the yacht club considerably ahead of Patricia's car, which would cross the Brooklyn Bridge and have to thread its way through Brooklyn.

But before he had gone a block he was seized by one of those flashes of inspiration so aptly dubbed cab wit by the English and *esprit d'escalier* by the French, whose minds may work just that much quicker, the difference in time between the stairway and the cab.

For it struck him suddenly that the destination given their chauffeur by Patricia's aid was probably a blind. In the first place a pair planning the abduction of a young girl would not give their objective point audibly in the jam outside a theater. Again, for Rosenthal to have heard it he must have been close alongside, and if he was close alongside then Patricia's alert eyes could not possibly have failed to see him in the vivid glare of such a place. Patricia knew that Phineas was in touch with Rosenthal, and Phineas had told her that very afternoon that it was Karakoff who had engaged his services.

Unquestionably she had counted on the keen old baron's recognition of both her companions and his acting precisely as he had done. More than that, her intention was to send Karakoff and probably Phineas also flying off on a fool's errand to distant Bay Ridge, there to wait and hunt aimlessly about while she put her plan, whatever that might be, in operation.

But to do this it would be necessary to detain Olga somewhere, and this was more than apt to be in her own apartment. How she had prevailed on Olga to accompany her Phineas could not imagine, but apparently she had managed it, and once having got the girl in her apartment would probably drug her wine or coffee. It was a high-handed piece of work and one which entailed a good deal of risk, but Phineas knew that Patricia was capable of running any chance to gain her ends.

Once having seized this idea he was convinced of its logic. At any rate he could pass by Patricia's apartment and if assured that it was empty go on to Bay Ridge. He picked up the tube, directed the driver to stop just round the corner from the address and when he had done so got out, paid double the fare and reserved the taxi for the next hour.

The light from Patricia's windows indicated that his judgment was correct. Halfway down the next block a big limousine car was drawn up to the curb, but Phineas knew that big limousines were frequent visitors to Greenwich village. It is in fact a colony where all sorts of things may happen at almost any hour of the twenty-four, its habitants skilled in the art of minding their own business.

Phineas went softly up the steps and tried the door. It was locked. He pushed the button corresponding to the top story and after a moment's delay the latch clicked. He entered, went up the stairs and on passing Patricia's apartment heard a murmur of voices and a laugh which sounded like Olga's rather low-pitched voice. Arriving at the top story he saw a young man in a dressing gown standing expectantly on the threshold. He blinked inquiringly at his late caller.

This Vigil Began to Have a Curious Effect, the Drawing Out of a Nameless Tenderness

"I beg your pardon," said Phineas in his pleasant voice, "but does Mr. Jeremiah Taylor live here?"

The young man shook his head. "No, brother. I'm J. Livingstone Taylor. 'Fraid you've got the wrong slip."

"Sorry," said Phineas. "He lives somewhere hereabouts. I've lost his number and they told me in the café on the corner that it might be here. Hope I haven't disturbed you."

"Not a bit. I don't happen to know any other Taylor in the village."

Phineas thanked him, went down again to the front door, opened and shut it with a slight slam, then stole stoftly back up the first flight and listened at Patricia's door. The murmur of voices was indistinct, coming from the little dining room, he thought, but he could recognize Olga's lilting laugh with her quick, animated manner of speaking. There were also the voluble tones of a man, their inflection unmistakably French. Then came the pop of a champagne cork.

For a moment Phineas was undecided how to act. It seemed to him rather preferable on the whole that Karakoff's apartment and little private safe should be searched and nothing incriminating found, for he now felt convinced that such a measure was Patricia's object in luring Olga here. Phineas did not believe the girl to be in any danger, but he did not like the idea of her being drugged and he could not see how Patricia might hope to detain her in any other way. She would not care to use force, and no doubt she understood the administering of a narcotic. But Phineas knew that to get an immediate and profound effect upon a vigorous young person in full possession of all faculties a dose sufficiently large to be dangerous must be employed, and he did not want Olga to be exposed to this danger.

No, there was nothing else to do but interfere. There would be no danger to Olga in his doing so and, besides, his automatic was in the side pocket of his coat. So he pressed the button. The talk and laughter were immediately hushed. There was no response to the summons. Several moments passed. Phineas began to wonder what he should do if Patricia chose utterly to ignore the bell. He rang again, then rapped. There was not the slightest response but it seemed to him that he heard low whispers for a second or two, followed by the dull tinkling sound of a wineglass set down on bare wood.

An idea came to him, a ruse for obliging Patricia to open the door. He could imagine her rage at his employing it, but this was the least of his cares. He rapped again, then with his lips close to the crevice called gayly: "I say

Patricia, let me come to the party, please. It's I, Phineas Plunkett."

As he had expected he heard a sudden exclamation from Olga. "Why, it's Phœbe! Do let him in, Miss Melton!"

Phineas permitted himself a dry grin, not only at the success of his forcing Patricia's hand but at Olga's impulsive and thoughtless support of it. He fancied that on a moment's reflection she might not be so pleased at his midnight call on Patricia.

But the point was gained. Patricia came to the door, opened it, and faced Phineas with such yellow fury in her eyes that his muscles instinctively tightened. She may not have suspected the real motive of his coming—given it a softer one or thought that something might have happened which he desired to tell her of in connection with their affair. But it did not matter. His importunity, insistence, bawling out her name and his, at that time and place, must have seemed to her to have a single explanation. And her quick wit seized at it as a means for getting rid of him.

"What do you mean by coming here at this time?" she cried, her voice low but audible to the others. "I thought I made it plain this afternoon that I wished never to see you again. And you have been drinking! Go away! You are drunk!"

She stepped across the threshold and her arm shot out, not as a woman strikes but the straight drive of a trained pugilist at the angle of the jaw. Swift, sudden, unexpected as it was Phineas might have been caught napping if it had not been for the blaze in her eyes which preceded it by the fraction of a second. He felt it coming just as she struck, and jerked his head aside, at the same time lurching forward. Her long bare arm shot over his shoulder and he thrust himself past her through the door.

Patricia did not renew her attack. She turned swiftly, her face chalky except for the crimson incision of her mouth.

"Oh, well, if you will insist"—the astonishing change to her customary limpid voice was more startling to Phineas than her sudden vicious attack—"but I must say you have not much regard for my reputation, coming here at this hour."

Then, no doubt to her intense surprise, Phineas lurched back against the wall, jerked his head up in a drunken way and answered thickly: "'S not so late's all that. Thought you might like to do a cab'ret, 'r Midnight Follies 'r somethin'."

Patricia's eyes widened. She stared at him for an instant astonished, with a look of alarm. So he actually was drunk! Perhaps it was his failing, his weakness! She wondered that she had not thought of it before, that afternoon. He might be addicted to periodical sprees and now in the relaxation from the strain of the last few days fairly started upon one of them. Her look of alarm, for she was not trying now to mask her expression, changed to doubt, relief, a swift flash of purpose. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Try to pull yourself together," she whispered. "Don't give anything away."

"No danger, m'dear. Thought I heard Olga's voice."

"Sh-h-h! Come in, and keep hold of yourself."

She led him into the little salon which adjoined the dining room. On the bare table was a bubbling chafing dish, two open half bottles of champagne and three glasses. There was an odor of grilled sardines. Olga, very beautiful in a décolleté evening gown, was leaning forward in her chair with an unusual flush of her mat skin and a look of startled displeasure. There was a line straight down between her brows, and her eyes had a vague but strained expression as though she were making an effort to concentrate.

Beside her sat a trim broad-shouldered man in full dress and with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his lapel. His features were aquiline, rather handsome but not pleasing because asymmetrical, one eye seeming larger than the other, one nostril more dilated as though from a slight facial hemiplegia, possibly the result of a wound to a facial nerve. He wore a closely trimmed Vandyke and was dark of complexion, almost swarthy. He stared at Phineas with an ill-concealed hostility.

"'Llo Olga," said Phineas, and gave a little cough. "Didn't know you and Miss Melton were acquainted."

Olga nodded with a curious little jerk of her head, as though the wine had already mounted to it. She moistened her lips, looked a little distressed and answered coldly: "Good evening, Captain Plunkett."

Patricia with a deprecating smile as though in apology for her uninvited guest made an audible introduction of the two men. The name sounded to Phineas like Comte de Varignac. His own was acknowledged by a curt nod. The situation was decidedly strained, but Phineas affected not to notice it. That in fact was the least of his worries, of which the pressing one was Olga. It was plainly evident to him that the girl was already fighting and fighting hard against the action of some drug, unsuspectingly of course.

"I'll get you a glass, captain," said Patricia, and went into the kitchenette. "That bottle is a little corked, I think. We'll have a fresh one."

She spoke in French. The count rose to his feet. "Let me open it, mademoiselle," said he, and went to the door, where he stood with his broad back to the dining room, effectually screening the place. Phineas could guess what sort of refreshment was in course of preparation for him. He dropped his pretense of intoxication and leaned across the table toward Olga. She stared at him with the same dazed, stricken look, frowning, making as he could see a tremendous effort to keep possession not only of her visual sense but her mental faculties as well. Her small hands were resting on the table, clenched, and glancing down Phineas saw that there was some object in one of them.

Her head gave another violent jerk. She recovered herself, drew a quick breath, and a frightened look filled her light gray eyes.

"Oh, Phœbe—I—I feel so queer."

"It's the wine—and the heat. Take a few deep breaths. It will pass." He laid his hand on the back of hers—the one that held the cobalt-blue object of which he could see the gleam between her fingers. As if finding comfort in his touch, seeking its protection, her hand turned upward in his.

"What's this?"

"I—I don't know. Something papa found in the secret drawer of a little antique escritoire he bought from—from—I—I can't remember."

The count turned swiftly. At sight of his face Phineas felt the hair bristling along the nape of his neck. Some foul beast seemed glaring through the man's eyes, the face itself that of a werewolf, a vampire. It was only for a second, but that was enough to send a chill through Phineas, as though he had been stabbed in the heart with an icicle. The count smiled and looked more sinister than ever, Phineas thought. He glanced at the object in his hand, which was about the size of a flattened guinea-fowl's egg, smooth but vesiculate and irregular, in tone and texture a dull muddy cobalt blue.

Olga raised her head and stared at it with lackluster eyes. "Papa did not know what it was. I—took it to—to the theater with me—to—to show to Mr. Simondson. He—said it was—a—chunk of—of enamel."

"He is right," said the count in English. "It is the sort of stuff that Russian jewelers use in their manufacture. They fuse it into their filigree work and cloisonnée. It has no value to speak of."

Some instinct told Phineas that he lied. Perhaps it was the tremor which the man could not keep out of his voice—the passions of hate and avarice and murderous intent which seemed struggling for freedom with silent shrieks. And then as though to set the devil's hall-mark on the piece Patricia's face looked over his shoulder, and at sight of the blue stone in Phineas' hand her delicate elfin features seemed to flatten, grow bestial, their fécsque beauty spreading into the lineaments of some crapulous denizen of a noisome slough.

She slipped past the count, the glass of champagne in her hand, approached Phineas, who rose. Patricia set down the glass, then glided up to him. Phineas thrust both hands in the side pockets of his coat, the blue stone in one, the automatic in the other.

"Oh, come, *mon ami*," said the count, and his white teeth gleamed beneath a mustache which seemed to bristle upward as he smiled. "You mustn't confiscate Miss Karakoff's pretty bauble. I promised to have it cut into a *bonbonnière* for her."

There was a crash, a splintering of glass. The bottles capsized, rolled off the table and struck the floor. Olga had pitched forward, senseless.

"One Shot," Said He, "and the Police Will Have You Both. Your Plan Has Failed"

XXI

FOR the first time since the beginning of his strange adventure Phineas knew the icy clutch of cold fear. At no other time had he felt really afraid. In the motor boat the danger had been so purely physical, one might almost say wholesome, that there went with it a thrill and zest, while the night before while waiting to dispense justice to a trio of potential murderers he had been anything but frightened at the prospect; nervous and a little sickened, perhaps, but no more afraid than the silent headsman.

But now he was afraid. There was a malignant inhumanity about the pair with whom he had now to deal which lent them a dread outside the material. They seemed to be vampire mates, and there was something monstrous in the mere idea of a vampire's having a mate. To Phineas at this moment the female monster was more horrid than the male, more poignantly evil

(Continued on Page 113)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 9, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 158 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

Saving Russia

A RAG doll with which some puppies are playing is a fair picture of Russia. Lenine and Trotzky started it, using a great nation with fairly canine irresponsibility as the subject of an exciting experiment, much as though the late Doctor Tanner had ordered the United States to fast for forty days in order to see how well his dietary theories would work out in general practice.

Nobody else has been much more practically helpful. Some radical theorists profess a solicitude for Russia that is quite transparent. All they are really solicitous for is the radical theory. They loathe Kolchak not because they think he may be as ruthless as Trotzky but because he may stop an exciting—and deadly—experiment.

Lenine claims two hundred thousand Bolsheviki in a population of a hundred millions. Out of every hundred thousand Russians who perish of malnutrition and the like seventy-five thousand at least are not Bolshevist or monarchist or even radical or conservative, but just plain hungry and ragged. Nothing can save them except a tolerable degree of social order and security and industrial reconstruction. Whatever gives the best promise of that is the best means of saving Russia—not the paper Russia of controversy but the real Russia, which consists of more than a hundred million human beings whose existence depends upon a certain supply of material goods.

No exardom can be dug out of its grave and set over Russia. The experience of the people has passed beyond that. Probably no American or English democracy can be benevolently bestowed upon them, for probably their experience has not reached that point. The precise intermediate shade of the government for the time being is of the smallest consequence. Finally it will be as free and democratic as the Russian people themselves are able to make it, and no more. A settled order that will permit industrial reconstruction is the vital thing.

A Hard Fact

WE WANT everybody to look this fact squarely in the face: Present railroad rates will not maintain the roads in solvency under present costs of operation. The public does not want government ownership or operation. But operating expenses of the roads now consume nearly nine-tenths of gross receipts. The margin is not enough for solvency.

Private management is expected to effect some reduction of operating costs. But it cannot effect any great reduction unless the price of labor and materials declines. There is no prospect that wages will decline and there is nothing now in sight that indicates any noteworthy decline in the price of materials.

The country is anxious to get the roads back into private management; and it is all too apt just to take it for granted that once that object has been accomplished everything will come out right, somehow or other—wages will not go down, commodity prices may not go down, railroad rates will not go up, and still, somehow or other, there will be sufficient margin for the solvency and growth of the roads. The margin is not there, and it is not going to come out of any magic cornucopia.

Advocates of government ownership play on this, with the bogus argument that by selling railroad service for less than it costs and charging up the deficit to the national treasury we are beating the game. The Government is doing that now. The roads must be handed back to private management in a solvent state. Present rail rates under present costs of operation do not give a solvent state. What is the answer?

Overloading a State

IN ENGLAND, as in every other nation, including this one, war enormously extended the sphere of the state until nearly all the activities of the people were in some degree or other under the state's hand. In England, as elsewhere, this was tolerable only as an extraordinary means of meeting a great national crisis. People willingly subjected themselves to state supervision for winning the war. In order to carry the burden the state itself enormously expanded, taking on new organs right and left—often of only a semiofficial character and but lightly attached to the parent body, as in the case of advisory councils, and so on. Moreover, in that emergency the state was able to draw into its service, without question, the best practical ability in the nation; dollar-a-year leaders in finance, commerce and manufacture flocked to the capital.

But for all that the state was overlooked. England shows various signs that authority is by way of leaking out of the bloated state into other nonofficial reservoirs. They are trying to set up a sort of guild scheme, culminating in a federation of British industries, so that great sets of vital activities will be almost self-governing entities within the state. On the other hand, leaders of a great federation of trade-unions advocates forcing the state to act at their pleasure by carefully concerted general strikes—which virtually amounts to setting the state aside as a governing body.

An overloaded state would break down like any other overloaded machine. In any essentially free country a state expanded to war size, supervising and regulating all sorts of activities and relationships, could not endure ten years under normal conditions. That centralized, bureaucratic, cumbrous, busybody overlord, with red-tape mind and red-tape manners, would be intolerable. Inevitably a process of decentralization would set in, with actual authority leaking out of the bloated state into other reservoirs. A pretty extensive bankruptcy of the state, as to actual authority, might easily result. It is a sound instinct that now turns us away from state control.

The Meat Case

ON THE Fourth of July the Department of Agriculture issued a statement alleging that the price of beef and lambs on the hoof was so low that stock raisers were threatened with a great loss while the price of meat on the butcher's block was so high that the public was abstaining from buying it. This situation was not chargeable to the packers, for the department says the wholesale prices of meat have declined about in proportion to the drop in livestock prices. The department charges it to retailers.

And for a remedy the department urges patriotic citizens to cease restricting their consumption of beef and lambs, lest prices to the menaced producer suffer a further decline, and then to set up an elaborate system of Federal, state and municipal regulation of the whole meat trade so that the paternal hand of Government will be fixing prices, profits and distribution from the moment the socialized steer lands in a stockyard until the last round steak of him has been delivered to the village consumer's kitchen door.

To set up that regulatory machinery would be a matter of some years; to operate it would be a matter of much well-meant blundering. Meanwhile the harassed housewife, with this week's table to set out of this week's pay check, is confronted by the sign, "Lamb chops, fifty-five cents a pound." Naturally she does not buy; naturally she is right. Her abstention is a better instrument—for immediate purposes and in the long run—for correcting meat prices than government regulation.

People know that a violent disturbance of price levels has taken place, so the old standards no longer hold, and they must accept a new set of ideas as to what constitutes fair prices; but in many particulars they have not had time and the information to work out a new set; they do not know whether they are being overcharged or not. Undoubtedly in a great many cases advantage is taken of that situation and excessive prices are demanded. That applies not only to meat but to various commodities. Experience on the part of buyers and the play of competition are the dependable correctives—and not a huge, lumbering scheme of government price-fixing. But general statutes might well recognize deliberate extortion for the petty larceny which it substantially is.

Emigration

APPARENTLY we face a new fact, and a good many people are unduly excited about it. The Government recently calculated, on the basis of information in hand, that 1,300,000 aliens would leave the United States as soon as they could get passage. Instead of having the old immigration problem we may have the fact of extensive emigration. It will involve some inconveniences. For example, coal mines are already short of hands and will soon lose forty thousand more, it is said, by emigration. There may be an inconvenient drain of labor from other fields. As a rule, the emigrants carry away considerable sums of money. A million or two of them, if any such number should actually leave, would make a considerable dent in our favorable trade balance.

But if one million or ten million foreign-born residents elect to return to their native lands, who is going to stop them, and on what grounds—serfdom having been abolished even in Russia more than half a century ago? They are entitled to go and to take with them the money they have earned and saved.

We hope there will be no immigration into the United States, on an extensive scale, for the next five years. We are prepared to face with equanimity whatever emigration actually occurs. By and large, residents of the United States who prefer the situation in Europe to the situation in the United States would better be in Europe. The attractions here are good wages, steady employment, settled order. The present attraction over there appears to consist mainly of more or less revolutionary aspirations. There may be a patriotic motive. But finally, the best economic conditions will attract the best labor. The United States may well rest its case on that.

National Deficits

A RECENT cable mentions that the Chinese budget for the year shows a deficit of twenty million pounds, the ordinary revenues of the government being about ten million pounds. In other words, revenue meets about one-third of expenses, which brings China more or less in line with a tolerable general rule of government finance outside the United States and Great Britain. These five extraordinary years have made deficit a chronic condition.

Excepting the United States and Great Britain nothing like a balance in the national budget has been attempted by the big nations. Their rulers preferred not to lay a burden of taxes sufficient to meet fixed charges upon people who were bearing the other burdens of war. In some countries revenues sufficient to meet fixed charges and running expenses can be raised only by a scheme of taxation more drastic than is yet applied anywhere. Naturally people in office are loath to propose it and meanwhile government is eaten up by deficit, which increases the amount of outstanding debt, the yearly fixed charge and the currency inflating.

Finally, the only alternative to most drastic taxation is a scaling down or writing off of liabilities. Perhaps the problem is not more desperate than that with which Hamilton dealt, though his figures look like the most microscopic of small change compared with present figures. But Hamilton dealt with his problem first of all by looking it squarely in the face. Generally speaking, there will be no soundness in European government finance until this problem of deficit is looked in the eye and dealt with.

Butting a Stone Wall

COST of living is the great cause of dissatisfaction throughout the world to-day. In Central and Eastern Europe it is the difficulty of getting food, regardless of the nominal price; but that is only another phase of the same problem, for high prices are partly at least a result of scarcity. European cables have monotonously reported strike after strike, the cause of which was cost of living or scarcity of goods.

It is said to be first of all a problem of scarcity; and there is no possible way of correcting scarcity except through greater production. Every interference with production, by strike or otherwise, obviously merely aggravates the trouble. When workmen go on strike and cease producing goods, as a protest against the scarcity of goods, they are simply intensifying the condition they protest against. Production is the only possible remedy. Every interference with production makes it more difficult for people of small means to get stable goods.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

In Fiction Milady Comes In for First Honors

IT WOULD not be the writer of this narrative if he did not interject certain opinions of his own which parties and politicians, even his newspaper colleagues, have been wont to regard as peculiar. By common repute he has been an all-round old-line Democrat of the regulation sort. Yet on the three leading national questions of the last fifty years—the Negro question, the Greenback question and the Free Silver question—he has challenged and antagonized the general direction of that party. He takes some pride to himself that in each instance the result vindicated alike his forecast and his insubordination.

To one who witnessed the break-up of the Whig Party in 1853 and of the Democratic Party in 1860, the plight in which parties find themselves at this time may be described as at least suggestive. The feeling is at once to laugh and to whistle. Too much "fuss and feathers" in Winfield Scott did the business for the Whigs. Too much "bearded lady" in Charles Evans Hughes perhaps cooked the goose of the Republicans. Too much Wilson—but let us not fall into "*lese majeste*." The Whigs went into Know-Nothingism and Free Soilism. Will the Democrats go into Prohibition and paternalism? And the Republicans——

The old sectional alignment of North and South is changed to East and West.

For the time being the politicians of both parties are in something of a funk. It is the nature of parties thus situated to fancy that there is no hereafter, riding in their dire confusion headlong for a fall. Little other than the labels being left, nobody can tell what will happen to either.

Progressiveism seems the cant of the indifferent. Accentuated by the indecisive vote in the elections and heralded by an ambitious President who writes Humanity bigger than he writes the United States, and is accused of aspiring to world leadership, democracy unterrified and undefiled—the democracy of Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden ancient history—is a back number. Yet our officials still swear to a Constitution. We have not eliminated statehood. State rights are not wholly dead.

The fight between capital and labor is on. No one can predict where it will end. Shall it prove another irrepressible conflict? Are its issues irreconcilable? Must the alternative of the future lie between Socialism and Civil War, or both? Progress! Progress! Shall there be no stability in either actualities or principles? And—and—what about the Bolsheviki?

II

PARTIES, like men, have their ups and downs. Like machines they get out of whack and line. First it was the Federalists, then the Whigs, and then the Democrats. Then came the Republicans. And then, after a long interval, the Democrats again. English political experience repeats itself in America.

A taking label is as valuable to a party as it is to a nostrum. It becomes in time an asset. We are told that a fool is born every minute, and, the average man being something of a fool, the label catches him. Hence the Democratic Party and the Republican Party.

The old Whig Party went to pieces on the rocks of sectionalism. The institution of African slavery arrived upon the scene at length as the paramount political issue. The North, which brought the Africans here in its ships, finding slave labor unprofitable, sold its slaves to the South at a good price, and turned pious. The South took the bait and went crazy.

Finally, we had a pretty kettle of fish. Just as the Prohibitionists are going to convert mortals into angels overnight by act of assembly—or still better, by Constitutional amendment—were the short-haired women and the long-haired men of New England going to make a white man out of the black man by Abolition. The Southern Whigs could not see it and would not stand for it. So they fell in behind the Democrats. The Northern Whigs, having nowhere else to go, joined the Republicans.

The wise men of both sections saw the danger. The North was warned that the South would fight; the South that if it did it went against incredible odds. Neither would take the warning. Party spirit ran wild. Extremism had its fling. Thus a long, bloody and costly War of Sections—a fraternal war if ever there was one—brought on by intolerance, the politicians gambling upon the credulity and ignorance of the people.

Hindsight is indeed readier, certainly surer, than foresight. At any rate it comes easier and shows clearer. Anybody can now see that the slavery problem might have had a less ruinous solution; that the moral issue might have been compromised from time to time and in the end disposed of; that even in the South slave labor had been illusory, costly and clumsy; that the institution was untenable, the trend of modern thought against it; and, in short, that it was doomed.

But the extremists would not have it. Whilst Wendell Phillips was preaching the equality of races and the brotherhood of man in the North, William Lowndes Yancey was exclaiming that cotton was king and slavery divine at the South, and to establish these false propositions millions of good Americans proceeded to cut one another's throats.

There were agitators and agitators in those days, as there are in these. The agitator, like the poor, we have always with us. It used to be said, "down Boston way," that Wendell Phillips was just a clever comedian. William Lowndes Yancey was scarcely that. He was a serious, sincere, untraveled provincial, possessing definite gifts of oratory. He had the misfortune to kill a friend in a duel when a young man, and the tragedy shadowed his life. He clung to his plantation and rarely went away from home.

When sent to Europe by the South as its Ambassador in 1861, he discovered and realized the futility of his scheme of a Southern confederacy, and, seeing the corner stone of the philosophy on which he had in his dreams constructed his pretty fabric, he came home despairing, to die of a broken heart.

The moral alike for governments and men is: Keep the middle of the road.

III

WHICH brings us to Feminism. I will not write Woman Suffrage, for that is an accomplished fact—whether for good or evil we shall presently be better able to determine. Life is an adventure and all of us adventurers—saving that the word presses somewhat harder upon the woman than the man—most things do in fact—wherefore she is given greater endurance—leaving to men the duty of caring for the women; and, if need be, looking death defiantly in the face.

The world often puts the artificial before the actual; but under the dispensation of the Christian civilization—derived from the Hebraic—the family requiring a head, headship is assigned to the male. This male is commonly not much to speak of for beauty of form or behavior. He is made purposely tough for work and fight. He gets toughened by outer contact. But back of all are the women, the children and the home.

I have been fighting the woman's battle for equality in the things that count, all my life. I would despise myself if I had not been. In contesting precipitate universal suffrage for women, I conceived that I was still fighting the woman's battle.

How often shall I say it? Ours is a world of sin, disease and death. We can escape none of its natural laws. But we need not handicap ourselves with artificial laws. At best, life is an experiment, death the final adventure. Feminism seems to me its next of kin—still we may not call the woman who assails the soap boxes—even those that antic about the White House gates—by the opprobrious term of adventuress.

When such a one is not a notoriety-seeking lunatic she is a nuisance. There are women and women.

We may leave out of account the shady ladies of history. Neither Aspasia, nor Lucrezia Borgia, nor the Marquise de Brinvilliers could with accuracy be called an adventuress. The term is of later date.

Its origin and growth have arisen out of the complexities of modern society.

In fiction Milady comes in for first honors—the leopard crossed on the serpent and united under a petticoat, beautiful and wicked—but since Dumas' day the story-tellers and stage-mongers have made exceeding free with the type,

(Concluded on Page 118)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Stabilizing Money

NEVER before was there so much need for straight thinking. Never in history has there been such a splendid opportunity to provide a scientific solution for the problem of our money standards. Before the war it would have been almost impossible for any one nation to standardize the dollar successfully, for such an act would have embarrassed that country's foreign trade by breaking existing pars of exchange. To-day these pars have been broken, and the lessons of the past indicate that it will be a long time before dollar exchange sells at par in Europe.

Every decent citizen wishes to remove the evils that are fostering discontent and fanning the flames of class hatred. Social unrest, like any other disease, has a point where the infection is initiated, and the right way to attack the trouble is to remove the source. We have heard so often that high prices and the high cost of living are responsible for our social ailments that we have failed to note the more important facts back of high prices. Our error has been that in searching for a reason for advancing markets we have sought for the cause wholly in the goods and not at all in the money in terms of which the prices are expressed.

Though prices at times have slipped back, the trend has been consistently upward, which is proved by the fact that the cost of things generally has advanced more than 1000 per cent in a thousand years. Scarcity is only a part cause for this rise. A more satisfactory explanation is that price movements are monetary, which is evidenced by the fact that countries of like monetary standards have similar price movements.

The basis of our financial system is the gold dollar. It is here that we have the principal answer to the high-cost-of-living problem.

A dollar is 25.8 grains of standard gold, and an ounce of such gold—which is nine-tenths fine—is 480 grains, or 18.6 dollars. This means that gold is stable, but only so in terms of itself. The much-heralded fixity of the gold dollar is somewhat of a myth, for this stability is only in weight and not in value as expressed in terms of other commodities. Since we deny to gold the rights attendant upon supply and demand, it evens the score with us by raising and lowering the prices of other things.

The matter would not be so serious if the rise in each person's income were to keep pace with the rise in the cost of living, but no such happy condition prevails. With every fluctuation in the price level certain individuals who have outstanding contracts make or lose money. One gains what does not properly belong to him, and the other loses his rightful own. Take the case of an employee who has deposited $500 in a savings bank. In ten years such an account, if drawing interest at four per cent, has had more than $200 added to the principal. However, if the cost of things has advanced fifty per cent the careful saver is worse off than he was when the money was deposited, for his $700 will not purchase so much now as could have been bought with the original amount. Actually his wealth, expressed in purchasing power, has diminished. Bondholders are similarly affected.

The fact is that a fluctuating price level always entails enormous economic wastes. When prices go up the stockholder wins without effort from the bondholder and the employee; when they go down the reverse is true. Either way we have added new converts to the society of malcontents. Federal efforts in price fixing may afford a benefit or two, but such governmental action will never seriously affect the general price level. The remedy lies elsewhere.

It is easy to imagine what chaos would follow if we returned to a system of measurement where the yard is defined as the girth of the chieftain of the tribe. Ladies purchasing dress goods would have fared badly when President Wilson succeeded Mr. Taft. But absurd as this may seem, that is just the situation which exists in the nation's monetary system. Our dollar is simply a unit of weight posing as a unit of value. It weighs the same as it did in 1914, but try to buy the same quantity of things with it. Our forefathers selected gold as the basis of money because of certain attributes that make it a good medium of exchange; it is our job to make it a good standard of value instead of a standard of weight.

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale is the present champion of a plan for rectifying our unstable dollar. The method he proposes is approved by many noted Americans and is worthy of careful attention. The proposal is that instead of having a dollar of fixed weight, and therefore variable in purchasing power, we substitute a dollar fixed in purchasing power and variable in weight. To do this we would abolish gold coins altogether. Bar gold would lie in the government vaults, and in actual circulation this bullion would be represented by yellowbacks. It would thus be possible to vary at will the weight of the gold dollar without having to endure the annoyance of handling gold eagles of various weights. The Government would simply add or subtract a certain number of grains of gold—or a fraction of a grain—to or from the dollar, just fast enough to compensate for any loss or gain in the purchasing power of the dollar.

The Government can vary the quantity of gold bullion which it agrees to exchange for a paper dollar as readily as the grocer can vary the amount of coffee he will give for a dollar. This variation might be monthly and would be based wholly on the Government's index number of prices. In this way the paper certificate would always be equal to the gold dollar, and the latter would always be kept equal to the goods dollar, which is the final standard. When the index number falls one per cent below the established par the gold dollar will be reduced in weight one per cent, and vice versa. This steering wheel would keep the monetary automobile near to the straight line marked out, and would eliminate price convulsions, making the measure for money as stable as the pound, the gallon, the horse power and the volt. Speculation in gold at the expense of the Government would be prevented by establishing a small fee to be charged depositors of gold. This fee should not exceed any one change in the gold dollar's weight. To avoid any shock to business the plan would start off with the price level actually existing immediately before its adoption.

The method here proposed would undoubtedly reduce the intensity of business depressions, as well as lessen human discontent resulting from dislocating monetary contracts. The sure way to eliminate dangerous radicalism is to do away with social injustice.

Test Board in Main Operating Room

High-Velocity Methods

IN THE old days the telegraph was used only in matters of urgency. When we received a message by wire we opened it anxiously, hoping against hope that it did not bring us news of misfortune. The night letter coupled with new ideas concerning the value of time has changed all that. We can now wire to our homes without fear of creating a panic, and we no longer balance the small cost of a telegram against the saving of hours in important matters where time is an essential factor. We are in an age when most businesses are operated under forced draft, and speed is a prime virtue.

We are also more analytical than we used to be, and we have found that a letter has more elements of expense connected with it than we once supposed. The paper and envelope cost something, and the postage stamp increases the total somewhat. Then there is the typing, the wear and tear of the machine, the ribbon, the ink, and so on; all of which add their share to the final expenditure. This point of view is causing many business men to follow the plan of using the telegraph in ways and for purposes that were unheard of only a few years ago.

The wire message has a punch that the letter lacks. It is also a fact that when a man arrives at his desk in the morning he will generally find his telegrams lying on top of his mail. This element of priority is not common to other forms of communication. One efficiency expert figured that in his firm, where the telegraph was used only for emergency purposes and the mail was employed to serve as the principal means of correspondence, the company lost the benefit of one hundred additional business days each year. When a letter is mailed the transaction to which it relates dies until the letter reaches its destination; the same transaction dies again while the answer is traveling back by mail. These dead periods are of course a total loss, and in many cases might be avoided by using the telegraph.

But the saving of time is not the only benefit of wire communication. The telegraphic message gets results because more importance is attached to it. The average telegram does not filter through a whole organization, and is not handled by one clerk after another. Generally the message goes direct to the right man and compels his immediate attention.

Perhaps the greatest advance in the use of the telegraph is its utilization as a selling medium. Two large concerns in Chicago were in competition for business in a Far Western state. One used the telegraph and had closed most of its contracts before its competitor's letters had got out of Illinois. This winning concern is the same company that requires each of its fifty or more salesmen on the road to send a daily report to the head office in Chicago by day letter. Every morning each salesman receives a reply giving him market changes, instructions, and an occasional pat on the back to encourage him in his work. It helps a lot when the fellow traveling and out of touch with headquarters knows that his performance is closely followed.

As to the cost of making sales by telegraph, this of course varies with the product sold and the skill displayed by the

(Concluded on Page 30)

"I never make light of your care
But make it much lighter to bear.
This bright radiation in homes of the nation
Brings comfort and liberty there."

Common Sense Enlightening the World

It is your surest and safest guide.

You probably know a great deal more about diet and food-values than your grandmother knew. But the most advanced ideas of today are after all plain common sense.

The most important thing that modern dietary science teaches is the supreme value of a *good appetite* and *good digestion.*

The very latest science says you should eat a good soup every day. Why? Because good soup is an *appetizer as well as a food.*

You are following science and common sense—both when you begin your dinner or supper with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It not only imparts a keener relish to your entire meal, but its tonic and regulative properties make all your food digest better and yield you more nutrition.

Beginning with Campbell's Tomato Soup you may want less meat, less heavy food. But what you eat nourishes and satisfies.

Keep a supply handy on your pantry shelf.

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup—a meal in itself
This is the new Campbell's kind in which we combine choice vegetables and selected beef with a rich nourishing stock. An unusually hearty and substantial soup. Try it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 28)

salesman in wording his message. One shoe manufacturer in New England, wishing to clean out a stock of slippers, sent two hundred and fifty telegrams, costing one hundred and sixty dollars, and disposed of the goods at a selling expense of only one per cent. A large company in Baltimore invested thirty dollars in night letters and disposed of six thousand dollars' worth of olive oil, at a selling cost of one-half of one per cent. A Philadelphia drug house spent three thousand dollars on a telegraphic campaign extending over several days, and found the result so satisfactory that the plan was adopted as a periodic feature. An Illinois manufacturer sent one hundred telegrams, netting forty-six answers, out of which there resulted thirty-two orders. The average expense of each order was eighty-eight cents, comparing with a cost of five dollars for each such order secured by methods used in the past.

Down in Oklahoma a small town was in need of a pumping equipment. A number of manufacturers were hot after the business. One of the concerns wired several cities where their products were in operation, asking them to send a day letter to the town board in Oklahoma, at the company's expense, stating whether the engines had given satisfaction and whether the concern was wholly reliable. Twelve telegrams were received by the board the next day and the enterprising manufacturer landed the contract.

An unusual use of the telegraph was made by a company that was unfortunate enough to get into straitened circumstances owing to slow collections. This corporation was on the verge of making an assignment, when in desperation the management decided to try a file of night letters as a last resort, in an effort to scare up some business. Fifty such telegrams were sent to possible customers, and these brought in orders amounting to six thousand dollars, which were hypothecated at a bank, enabling the company to obtain sufficient funds for immediate needs, and thus secure a new lease of life.

One of the most effective uses of the telegraph is for the purpose of collecting difficult accounts. Because of the importance attached to a telegram slow-pay customers will heed such a message requesting money when a collection letter would be thrown into the wastebasket. There is a forcefulness and urgency about the telegraphed communication that impels immediate action. One company in Tennessee decided to use the telegraph on parties where every possible method had been exhausted, in attempts to get a reply. Wired messages immediately brought letters promising settlement on specified dates, and there were checks to settle accounts that dated back two to three years. An up-to-date company in Cincinnati handles all delinquent accounts by mail correspondence up to a certain period, and when this proves unavailing the telegraph is employed. This latter method results in the prompt collection of two-thirds of the cases.

An original use of the telegraph was made recently by a Pacific Coast hotel. This hostelry sent one hundred night letters to prospective out-of-town visitors to an annual convention that was to be held, soliciting their patronage. As an added inducement they inserted in the message: "This telegram good for your taxi fare from depot or dock to hotel." As a result of these telegrams, costing twenty-six dollars, there were sixty reservations. One reservation alone, covering a party of eight, more than paid for all the wires that were sent. Quite a few of the telegrams were turned in by the taxi drivers.

A project of some magnitude was carried out by a large Philadelphia department store not so long ago. The establishment had been considerably altered, and just prior to the opening of the enlarged store the merchant arranged for the transmission of thirty-three thousand night letters inviting possible customers to attend the opening. The response was so satisfactory that the store was crowded the entire week. The messages cost the concern six or seven thousand dollars, but the returns more than justified the expense incurred.

Let us devote just a little attention to several fundamental principles in the preparation and sending of telegrams. All messages if typed should be double-spaced, regardless of length. Code words should be written in capital letters. Punctuation marks unless paid for are not transmitted, and it is important therefore that telegrams should be so phrased that their exact meaning is not dependent on such marks. Always write out numerals, not only to avoid error but in many cases to reduce the cost. A date when spelled out will often make but one word, while if figures are used it will frequently run two to three words. Do not use contractions such as "can't" and "won't." This endangers accuracy. Spell out the words "east," "west," "north" and "south"; and omit such affixes as "st," "nd" and "th." For example "36 W. 40th Street" is preferably written "36 West 40 Street." A careful and complete street address facilitates delivery, and no charge is made for words in addresses. If the foregoing address was in the body of the telegram it would be cheaper to change "40" to "fortieth."

If a message is not to bear a signature there should be written in place of the signature the words "Not signed." It is also advisable for the sender to write his local street address and telephone number at the bottom of the blank. He should indicate the class of service desired, and in the lower left-hand corner of the telegraph blank state whether it is to be sent paid or collect. If a charge account has been arranged the word "charge" should be noted. If it is desired that a report of delivery be made or that a message be repeated the sender should write at the top of the blank the words "Report delivery," or "Repeat back." When you wish an answer do not say "Wire at our expense"; but write the words "Answer collect." If the sender resides in an Eastern state he should not overlook the fact that west of Chicago he has from one to three hours' time in his favor. Often in such a case a day letter will arrive in good time and save on expense.

Abbreviations of weights and measures and of the names of cities, countries, provinces, and so on, are counted as one word. If in a signature you write "Harry Smith and William Jones," you must pay for three extra words; but if you say "Harry and William," you get by without any additional cost. One sure way to delay a telegram is to try to save money by combining two words illegitimately. Even if the message is accepted as written it is checked and rechecked at every handling, and the sender is likely to lose far more in service than he gained by his small fraud.

More than two hundred million dollars is invested in the United States in the world's greatest telegraph service, and yet how many of us appreciate in full the possibilities of this invaluable instrument of business? When we think of the telegraph we still hold in our mind the picture of the old-time operator sitting at his small desk, wearing his green eyeshade and ticking away at his keys. Not one of us in ten is fully aware of the marvelous advances that have been made in recent years in the art of sending communications by wire. To-day the telegraph installation in every large center is a monster automatic machine. In times past the wire carried only one message at a time, but now we have quadruplex operation, which permits the simultaneous transmission of four messages over a single wire, two going in each direction.

The Multiplex Receiving Apparatus, Which Automatically Writes the Messages at Their Destination

Distribution Frame and Rear of Main Line Test Board in the Main Operating Room

Aliens Returning Home

AN INVESTIGATION covering many industries in various localities indicates that as soon as steamship accommodations can be obtained there will be a large exodus of aliens from America to their native lands. The coal mines and steel mills are suffering most from the movement. Some of the men may come back, but that they do not now expect to return is evidenced by the fact that they are taking all their money with them. In certain regions the ticket agents for the steamship lines have refused to accept any more applications for passports because of their inability to handle the volume of business offered.

The departures from the United States so far have not reached a total that is alarming. The records show that though only 7038 emigrants left our shores in December, the first month after the armistice was signed, we are now losing more than 20,000 a month.

It is known that thousands of Europeans are thinking of coming to America. They anticipate a rate of taxation at home that will be all but unbearable. On the other hand, conditions in some of the countries that gave us many immigrants are so unsettled that most of the common people want to remain in their native land in the hope that the final conditions will afford them better opportunities to live than existed in the past. If European home conditions become attractive few people will want to emigrate. Revolutionary leaders have made large promises. If the hopes they have fed are at last disappointed the tide of travel will again flow toward America. Poverty, a shortage of ships, and passport regulations are other factors that affect the problem, so that we need expect no influx of foreigners to this country for at least a year or more.

As to the reverse current—the men who are leaving us—it cannot be denied that our industries are facing a problem of much importance. Steamship companies have not encouraged emigration since the war, and our foreign-language papers and foreign-speaking clergy have urged our aliens to stay here. But this has not overcome the desire of our foreigners to learn what has befallen their families in their native lands.

Have you tried one lately?

Wherever you go, these midsummer days, you should be enjoying Robt. Burns' cool, companionable aroma—a fragrance due to *full Havana filler* made palatably mild by skilful curing of the clear Havana.

Robt. Burns comes in three convenient shapes—*Bouquet, Invincible,* and *Longfellow.* The Longfellow size is foil-wrapped.

The Robt. Burns quality is identical in all three sizes. If you approve the modern Havana *quality,* it's merely a question of selecting your favorite size.

Wherever men travel throughout the United States they will find Robt. Burns cigars.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Robt. Burns
CIGAR
3 NATIONAL SIZES 11¢—2 *for* 25¢—15¢

Invincible Size
2 *for* 25¢
(13¢ *for* 1)

THE ACTOR AND THE ARMY

By James Forbes

AUTOBIOGRAPHICALLY speaking I never had so interesting a time in my young life as the period of my association with America's Over There Theater League, which as you know was organized to provide entertainment for the A. E. F. If you didn't know it you know it now. I had more thrills and more worries to the square inch, and incidentally more of my raven locks turned gray, than ever before.

That is rather remarkable when you stop to consider how long I have been in the theatrical business. Anybody belonging to it will take a day off any time to swear that taken by and large no other calling in the world can equal it as a sure-fire producer of the aforesaid thrills, worries and gray hairs. How long have I been in the business? Well, it's no longer tactful to mention the exact number of years, at least not to go and blurt it right out to my face. Anyway, we were talking about the League.

For the greater part of a year it was not like man's love, "a thing apart." I was married to it. Like any man's wife, when I was awake it nagged me. When I was asleep I had nightmares about it.

When the Y. M. C. A. people had thrust upon them the task of furnishing entertainment for the A. E. F. they emitted a call for help. Winthrop Ames and E. H. Sothern responded to it. They went to France, investigated conditions there, and on their return issued a call to all the members of the theatrical profession for a meeting to be held at the Palace Theater in April. To an audience that packed the huge auditorium and that was representative of every branch of the profession Mr. Ames and Mr. Sothern related their experiences in France. They told us of the urgent need of entertainment for the A. E. F., of the manner in which the Y. M. C. A. was attempting to supply it, and of the immediate necessity of our coming to the assistance of the organization in this branch of their great work. Mr. Ames urged us one and all to avail ourselves of the splendid privilege being afforded us to do our part by sending the best in the American theater to our boys in the trenches.

The response to his stirring appeal was immediate, and America's Over There Theater League was launched then and there. How many times in the months that followed I wished it had been possible to back up a half dozen Leviathans to the doors of the Palace Theater that morning and fill them with actors before the enthusiasm evoked by Mr. Ames had had time to cool. I must correct that. It didn't so much cool as become withered by being too tightly bound up with red tape. Eventually the tape was cut, but in the interval the League almost strangled a-borning.

I volunteered my services immediately and had several discussions with Mr. Ames regarding the type of entertainment to be supplied. He was confronted with the problem of how to send the supply overseas and until that was solved I had to possess my soul in patience. We now come to an evening in May. To be exact it was the thirty-first day, of the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen. The bell of the telephone tinkled. How little one appreciates that moment when Fate, out of a clear sky —— Odd, by the way, why it's always a clear sky. I have usually seen lightning strike out of a cloudy sky. But we are not here to discuss the weather. As I was saying, how little Fate, and all that sort of thing—by this time I had reached the telephone.

The War Job Arrives

A VOICE informed me that Mr. Ames would like to speak to me and would be on the phone in a moment. Rather odd place to be—and now how does a perfectly good author indicate conversation? Well, this will have to do:

"How are you," said he.

"Well," said I.

"And strong?" said he.

"Fairly strong," said I.

"That's good," said he.

"And how is the League?" said I.

"Fine. I've decided to turn it over to you," said he.

And never a word said I. My motor wasn't transmitting.

"I'm going to be its godfather," said he.

"And what am I going to do?" said I.

"The work," said he.

I won't say that I fainted, but I have a vague recollection that folks were doing something to my hands. I thought they were slapping them to bring me to. They were shaking them in congratulation.

This was my war job.

And when you've been grouching round the home fire for a year because you couldn't go to Plattsburg owing to Nature's having deprived you of those

I Had a Grand Title. Made It Up Myself. It Was Chairman of the Program Committee, No Less

highbred Spanish arches, and you have to acknowledge that a cat is more useful in the Navy, and you've speculated until everybody's tired hearing you how on earth Pershing and Sims are going to get along without you, and you're real discouraged for your country, and every friend you have has taken you to one side and told you that it's your bounden duty to write another comedy and make people forget their troubles, and you think about Belgium and France and Poland and Serbia and you don't care a continental cuss whether anybody in America ever laughs again, and every woman in the house is knitting and you can't even drop a stitch—well, is it any wonder they shake your arm loose at the mere prospect of getting you out of the house?

Oh, I knew what was underneath all this apparent congratulation. And so being called bright and early and told not to take all day in the bath, and "What difference does it make what tie you wear?" and "Two cups of coffee are bad for you anyway," and you are pushed out the front door, which is double locked and the chain put on and you hear everybody running to fasten the windows that give on the fire escape and you realize that you can't get in the house again unless you meet a burglar—why, there is

Mr. Winthrop Ames

nothing else to do but tackle the League. At least if there was I didn't think of it or I would have done it.

When I arrived at the Little Theater, the headquarters of the League, I found on the desk assigned to me a bunch of memorandum cards on which Mr. Ames had jotted notes pertaining to the volunteers who had offered their services to the organization. In looking them over I found one that bore the date of my first visit to his office. It read: James Forbes. Chase.

He'd caught me.

Presently a secretary appeared and asked me if I had time to see Mr. Ames. I sure had. I didn't see where I was going to get off as a single-handed S. O. S. for the army-entertainment needs. It was going to take me a lot of time to say all I had to say. But it's unsaid yet, for in the face of tremendous difficulties Mr. Ames had not only preserved his original enthusiasm but had a reserve to pass along to me.

In the time that had elapsed since the organization of the League Mr. Ames had decided on the manner in which it would function with the Y. M. C. A. That organization was to furnish all transportation and all uniforms, to pay the volunteers one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, to which sum the League would add two dollars a day. Every volunteer must agree to serve three months from the date of arrival in France or England. Mr. Ames had also made a careful study of the questionnaires filed by the volunteers to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., compiling from them the form to be used by the League. He had arranged that all matters pertaining to passports and steamship reservations were to be in charge of a passport department officered by Miss Helen Arthur and her assistant, Miss Rose Schiff. The post of official greeter, whose duty it would be to interview the applicants, was assigned to Miss Virginia Chauvenet, while to Mr. Johnson Briscoe were delegated all the jobs that everybody else could crowd on him. In reality he was my mainstay.

The Simon Legree of the Outfit

MY ESPECIAL task was the division of the talent into small groups, deciding upon the programs to be presented, supervising rehearsals—in a word, the preparation of the shows for the A. E. F. Incidentally I was supposed to be the Simon Legree of the whole outfit whenever I could get away with it. Mr. Ames adhered firmly to his position of godfather, though we had been in operation but a few days when he had to go out and buy a mackintosh. So many people sobbed out their troubles on his chest that he was getting rheumatism.

I had a grand title. Made it up myself. It was Chairman of the Program Committee, no less. I saw myself coöperating with a group of theatrical and vaudeville managers, authors, and so on, in the preparation of entertainments for the A. E. F. that would be a proud record for the theatrical profession. Alas, those were the days when Mr. Ames and I had a great vision. I do not pretend to explain why that vision was unrealized, nor to condemn anyone for not aiding its realization. All I do know is that we all did our darnedest.

The first job to engage my attention was the jollying of the persons who, in April, had volunteered to go to France and who, on June first, were no nearer their goal than Broadway. Several of the more enterprising vaudevillians had recruited little companies, had been rehearsing and had even been inoculated and vaccinated.

The next thing to be considered was the case of the actor from the legitimate stage. I am using this term to distinguish it from vaudeville. Far be it from me to cast aspersions on a stage that started me on a profitable career of crime, though I hope sincerely that all the people who have paid hard cash to see my illegitimate plays on the legitimate stage will not now have a lasting grudge against vaudeville. So far as I could judge from the reports of conditions in France, there were no facilities there for the presentation of plays. Therefore, unless the actor could "double in brass"—in other words, tell a story or sing a song—he was dead wood. Then Mr. Sothern, who had been reciting in the Y huts while on his tour of investigation in France, had, at the Palace Theater meeting, deplored his neglect of what I suppose we should call the stepsister art of song-and-dance.

My own experience in the camps in America—now don't worry, I wasn't reciting—had convinced me that our boys yearned for the knockabout comedian, the monologist, the sister act and the jazz soubrette. For the latter they just yearned and yearned. It was something terrible how they yearned. So vaudeville was perforce—good word, that—the first slogan of

(Continued on Page 34)

From the P.A. to the G.M.

MEMORANDUM

From [illegible]

To [illegible]

...s you have been interested in knowing what paper we were going to standardize on for our letterheads and office forms, I am sending you specimens of all I considered before deciding on Systems Bond.

I compared these papers as to feel, appearance, strength, price. As a result I'm certain Systems is the sheet we want. It's a rag-content loft-dried bond, and it's been my experience that this means extra durability as well as attractive appearance. It has a good crisp feel about it, and as a nationally distributed and advertised product I know it's bound to be always uniform in quality.

The clinching argument is its moderate price.

I feel pretty well satisfied that Systems is fit choice for any business of standing.

J. W. E.

P.S. I am getting two copies of the book mentioned in the attached clipping and will send one to you.

SYSTEMS BOND is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and [illegible]ed—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest watermarks.

[illegible] of our Systems for your next order of letterheads [illegible] our book "The Modern Manufacturer" [illegible] one paper buyer. [illegible]

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

[illegible], Me.

New York

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 32)

the League. For this we were much criticized. But the critics did not stop to think—for that matter they never do—of the difficulties we should have encountered had we attempted Shakspere or Maeterlinck by way of a pleasant evening's diversion. At the beginning there was not the time to search for material adapted to the limitations of the stage in a Y hut. Speed in the early days was the prime essential. Therefore we must enlist those who had material tried and proved, and who could present it on the back of a motor truck, a station platform, a roadside—any old place where an audience might be found. Naturally we called upon that branch of the profession which was thus equipped, which needed neither accessories nor background, the vaudevillians. Later in the game we should be able to vary our programs with short and long plays, but until such time we could not use the services of actors. I so advised them, the first heartbreak I was forced to deliver.

My next step was to go over the list of volunteers from vaudeville in order to separate the "sheep from the goats." I eliminated from it those who were tearfully declaring to audiences that they were going over to entertain "Our boys in France" but who were really going to the Pacific Coast, some considerable distance from the front-line trenches. The honest-to-goodness volunteers were subdivided into groups of teams, instrumentalists, monologists, soubrettes, comedians, singers and pianists. This process consumed time.

Vaudeville Shows in Miniature

IT WAS the middle of June and still we had no passports, for the getting of them was a long and laborious task. After the volunteer had filled out that soul-searching document, the questionnaire, say, on a Monday, he expected to sail the following Thursday. But he had to wait until six persons had vouched by letter for his loyalty, until some relative in Seattle, or Waco, Texas, had forwarded a copy of his birth certificate, or, if necessary, proof of his parents' naturalization. It sounds simple, but in reality it took weeks to gather all this data and by the time it was collected the only human beings who were closer to the verge of a nervous collapse than the volunteer were we of the League.

An important event was the meeting with the Y representative, who was really the liaison officer between that organization and the League. This used to create a slight feeling of panic. I think most of them went home and brushed up on the Shorter Catechism. One has heard a lot of criticism of the Y personnel. In this instance they certainly had secured in Thomas S. McLane the right man in the right place. He was human, he was kindly—attributes apt to win any person, but qualities especially fitted to attract the members of my profession, for whatever faults they may have, kindliness and humanity they have to a superlative degree. I've been of the theater for twenty years and I know.

The day following that interview, at which a pleasant time was had by all, the volunteer had to be "mugged" for his passport photograph. The result was always ghastly. I could not earn a plugged nickel as a movie beauty, but I'll own to a feeling of deep resentment when I was made to look like a composite of King Alfonso and a Bolshevik. One man put it rather neatly when he saw what the photographer had done to him. He said: "Who takes my Bertillon and my finger prints?"

Now with their passport application, several photographs, voluminous instructions and a two-dollar bill in one hand, and in the other one a citizen who had known them for two years, they went down to 2 Rector Street to apply for their passports. There they received a document, which they returned to the office of the League, and then, I imagine, they went to the nearest sanitarium.

While all this had been going on I had begun the formation of the units. At times it seemed a futile task, for the third week in June had come and gone and so far as we were concerned not a wheel seemed to be turning in the passport mill. Still, in case by accident somebody did get to France, it behooved me to prepare. It was my plan to present a series of vaudeville shows in miniature. Each person in the unit would contribute a turn to the bill, and everybody would appear in an afterpiece or sketch. The evening's entertainment, which could last only an hour and a quarter, would conclude with ensemble singing of popular choruses in which the boys could join.

The ideal unit consisted of a pianist who could sing, a comedian, an instrumentalist and a team—a man and a woman—who could do a talking, singing and dancing act. But in trying to attain perfection I had to bear in mind that flivvers would be the only mode of transporting the units from their base to the outlying army billets, so in addition to being talented the five entertainers must be thin. Where Nature had been generous in the matter of curves it was necessary—as so often happens in life—to compromise with your ideal. Therefore it resolved itself into the svelte quintet or the plump quartet.

Another thing to remember in selecting the individuals for a unit was that congeniality was almost as important as ability. They would be together constantly under the most trying conditions. You have traveled with your wife and little ones? It would be that, plus. Once assembled very few of them dissolved here, and though jealousy is supposed to be the actor's middle name I saw no evidences of it nor did any of them display any desire to be the whole show. They do say that headliners will fight like wildcats about their spot on the bill at a vaudeville theater. It wasn't my experience, for in putting the shows together it seemed to make no difference to them whether they opened it or closed it. At first I thought it might be necessary to defer to the wishes of the headliners in the matter of the people to appear with them, but the invariable reply was: "Anyone you select."

I recall very vividly a case in point. It concerned a former light opera star. In discussing with her the personnel of a unit I mentioned the name of a well-known figure in musical comedy.

"Isn't it singular, Mr. Forbes," she said, "that you should have selected the one woman in the profession who for some reason dislikes me cordially?"

Her remark gave me furiously to think. I had always heard that she was amiability personified, and adored by everyone in her companies. She hadn't objected to the hardships of the work overseas, had hardly batted an eyelash when I told her that she would have to forgo the services of a maid, and I am sure that was the greatest sacrifice I could ask her to make. Was she going to be difficult about her company? I looked over my lists and found that there were unassigned a trio of men and a once-popular concert singer whose voice not being what it had been had volunteered as an accompanist. I mentioned the name of the singer. The star was delighted, but did I think the singer would care to go with her? That sounded promising. I knew that the men were rehearsing on the stage, so I excused myself and went to interview them. They were flabbergasted at the honor of appearing with her. I introduced them to her. In the presence of celebrity they were shy.

She sensed it, smiled and said: "Mr. Forbes would like me to go with you." Mark the phrasing. They stammered that it would be a great honor. She waved that aside and motioned to them to sit down. Then my astonished ears heard her say: "Boys, I can't do very much now. How do you think I will fit into your program?" Oh, gracious lady, all my life I will salute you.

Never did I have a more heartbreaking thing to do than to inform the boys the next day that the lady's family had made such decided objection to her volunteering that she had been obliged to withdraw the offer of her services.

The Rare Gift of Jazz

THE greatest difficulty I encountered in the formation of units was in providing the right sort of an accompanist, and one was essential to each group of entertainers.

Through bitter experience I learned that though many can play the piano mighty few can jazz it. A player who can is able usually to get by with the better class of music. On the other hand, a person may read at sight any kind of song, but when it comes to jazz, you "either got it or you ain't." How bored I got of "Sure, she's a nice girl, but she hasn't got the beat."

Though these units were being organized for France their first performances were given in America. Entertainment was in great demand for the camps in and round New York, and we were willing to supply a share of it. Our contribution served many purposes. It gave our volunteers an opportunity to try out their shows before audiences similar to those they would have in France. The riotous way in which they were received renewed their enthusiasm and their stock of patience, rapidly dwindling because of the delay in getting them to the scene of their real work.

Above all, the camps solved a problem for me that was growing troublesome. It was natural that many of the volunteers from vaudeville should be unknown to me, and I was not able always to get a line on them from the vaudeville agents. But I was not playing favorites. Anybody who could entertain was entitled to go, but I must be certain of their ability. It cost a large sum of money to send an entertainer to France for three months, and above all I did not care to wish an indifferent performer on the Army. They had troubles enough. It was, then, essential that they be tried out here. Singers could be heard at the Little Theater, but it would have been manifestly unfair to ask a comedian, a jazz soubrette or, in fact, any vaudevillians to give you a sample of their ability, as they require the response from an audience.

In addition to these unknown professionals there was a large and clamorous crop of amateurs. Many of them

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The Pioneers

The Comfort Car

H

THERE are several reasons why the Hupmobile is regarded as an especially stable value.

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Mechanical and general designs, as worked out in the beginning, have proved basically sound and right.

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Hupmobile

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were very easy to look at, and I saw no reason why the boys shouldn't have an eyeful as well as an earful. Some of them were very clever, but I must confess that though many were heard few were chosen. Every amateur who applied was given a chance to appear before the jury, the martyrs being Miss Chauvenet, Mr. Briscoe and myself. We drew the line at obvious candidates for the Old Ladies' Home, and we never ceased to be astonished at the number of elderly unattached women who wanted to work with the dear boys.

When I am a tottering old man I shall recall those auditions at the Little Theater with a shudder—several shudders. If a candidate was hopeless she was so informed, politely and firmly. Almost to a woman the rejected assured me indignantly that they had appeared in all the camps near New York. After a great deal of this information had been hurled at me I became puzzled as to where my real duty lay. Should I continue with the League or would it not be more humane to resign and form a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soldiers? No wonder our boys were clamoring to go overseas. What was a hot sector on the Front compared to a home entertainment? I could have formed a regiment that would have made Russia's Death Battalion look like a piker. Put a bunch of the amateurs I had heard in a front-line trench and let them sing at the Huns. Why, those boches wouldn't have stopped this side of Vladivostok!

The Unknown Star

One thing I positively refused to allow: No living human being could recite at me. Classic dancers were a torment to the spirit. I could not believe a doughboy who had been chasing Germans all day would care deeply to spend any part of his evening watching some damsel illustrating The Chase of a Chaste Butterfly. Moreover, the garb they affected was that of an early—you might say a just awakened—Greek lady, and that was hardly appropriate attire for a Y. M. C. A. hut. Possibly I am a trifle bitter on the subject of the amateur, but I sure had reason to be. There are "amachures" and amateurs. Those of the latter class were given an opportunity to appear before the boys here, and if they survived the acid test—that is, if the boys whistled at them—they were to be found later Somewhere in France.

I shall always regret for their sake that more of the better-known people of the stage seemed unable to avail themselves of the great opportunity for service offered by the League. And I shall always regret it for my own sake. I should have been spared a lot of agony, yet on the other hand I should have been deprived of a very great pleasure, for I know of nothing quite so exhilarating as the discovery of talent new to me. In the entertainments given by our volunteers we found some wonderful people who had never been heard of on Broadway.

Of the many places we visited our favorite "try-out" depot was Ellis Island, where the buildings formerly used by the immigrants were occupied by our sailors. Taps did not arrive so early in the evening as at the camps, so we were able to give a longer bill, test more people. The acoustics of the auditorium were excellent. It boasted a stage with footlights and a curtain. No volunteer could complain of the proper facilities for his act, and he certainly could not complain of his audience. They were courteous to mediocrity, but if you were the real thing their enthusiasm was unbounded; in fact, the applause gave you a very good idea of what a welkin sounds like when it rings.

You will hardly credit it when I say that in years of theatergoing I have never had such thrills as at Ellis Island. But have you ever heard a thousand boys cheer? Have you ever heard a thousand boys whistle the chorus of a popular song? Have you ever heard a thousand boys sing Just a Song at Twilight while above their voices rings that of a great singer, and through it all throbs the violin played by a famous woman star of the concert stage, and you realize that the surge of melody is from the throats of men who have risked their lives for you over and over again convoying other men who are going to fight for you, and you fear that some of those voices may be stilled forever? I want to tell you that life provides few finer moments.

Another heart-warming memory of the "gobs" was the welcome they gave us. To my infinite sorrow the applause on a first night of one of my plays has never roused any emotional response in me. I have always felt as did the New England woman after she had murdered her husband: "Thanks be, that chore's chored." But when I appeared on Thursday nights with our little band of entertainers and we were greeted with whistles and cheers, no actor ever loved his reception from a first-night Broadway audience any more than I did mine from the "gobs."

It enthused all the entertainers to do their best. And how anxious they were to make good; in fact, they were overanxious. I have seen people who wouldn't turn a hair before an audience at the Palace Theater pitiably nervous before those boys. We could gain an excellent idea of values, for it was a discriminating crowd. They were not so critical of the lighter sort of entertainment, but if you "pulled" the aria from Samson and Delilah you had to know how to "pull" it. Appreciating their love of good music we tried in making up our programs to include a "straight" singer. It was due to that fact that we made one of our most wonderful discoveries of unrecognized talent.

Once I became rather peevish when I learned that our prima donna of the night was unable to appear and that an unknown singer had been substituted. I did not know that the other members of the jury had heard her and were going to put something over on me. The bill turned out to be an exceptionally good one, everybody a "riot," which meant a half dozen more winners for my units. I forgot that it had been a day of stress and strain, that I was worn out with the heat. I was growing quite genial when I awoke to the fact that the unknown was going to "close the show," the most difficult spot on the bill, and doubly so when all the preceding numbers have been "hits."

I spoke my mind to the jury frankly, freely and at length. I took the opportunity to say a few things about office matters. I referred bitterly to the way in which they had handicapped me from the first day I had joined the League. Afterward I recalled that they had been suspiciously meek, because as a rule after a day that began at nine in the morning and would end at eleven at night, along about ten P. M. anybody was apt to get as good as he sent.

The unknown came on. I admitted grudgingly that she was a pleasant-looking person. She was decidedly good-looking, but I wasn't saying so then. Her voice was a lovely mezzo and when she sang she didn't make faces at you. I can't abide them when they start at their big toe, close their eyes and begin to squirm all over like an Oriental dancer. It gets me so nervous. I'm always afraid the note is going to get stuck somewhere, and then what's everybody going to do about it? But that's neither here nor there.

Barbed Wire Passport Rulings

Her first song was well received. Her second was applauded riotously. My fellow jurors were wearing smiles that endangered their ears. The accompaniment for the encore began.

"Now," I thought, "she has gone and done it!"

I had heard the selection sung at, done as a recitation to music; and, worst of all, before this very crowd of boys. They began to shift in their seats. She had lost them. But something in her attack of this song, which I had always thought a bit of popular slush, quieted the audience. As she sang the stillness grew, became intense, and when she reached the final phrase and her voice pealed out like an organ, that audience rose as one man and cheered itself hoarse. I spoke in a whisper myself for several days. And that wonderfully gifted creature has been singing Katusha in The Mikado on the Chautauqua circuit.

And as I am writing about her she is risking that glorious voice in France, but she is getting something in return that she couldn't get were she on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House—the heartfelt gratitude of some homesick doughboy who is forgetting as he listens to her that his ship doesn't sail Thursday.

I could recite similar instances by the hour of people who, not yet known to fame or the Broadway manager—and it's one and the same thing—are giving now, have given since August, 1918, and will continue to give as long as entertainment is needed overseas, three months, six months or a year, from the pursuit of a career where every moment of youth counts—counts fiercely. They've received a big reward over there, not in things material but spiritual, and I do not know but that they are after all farther ahead in the real game than the slackers who may have slipped into popularity while they have been giving their all.

These test performances were adding to our lists many new entertainers, all of whom were being groomed for the passport battle. July first was approaching and still no one had gone to France. The delay was seriously jeopardizing the existence of the League, for should any of the original volunteers withdraw from it—and they could not have been censured had they done so—the ensuing publicity would automatically stop recruiting.

My anxiety grew as new rulings regarding passports began to be shied about until I felt like a Coney Island Aunt Sally. When it was decided that no woman with a brother in the service could go abroad I bore up bravely, notwithstanding that it deprived us of some of our best talent; but when the edict went forth that wives were also to be barred I was tempted to throw up the sponge, for practically every unit then assembled was blown to smithereens. Until this disaster overwhelmed me I had never appreciated how prone vaudevillians were to marry. The teams, who were in many cases the backbones of the units, had been among the first to volunteer.

Plucky Players in Hard Luck

I broke the news to them as gently as possible, stating that Miss Arthur had gone to Washington to present their case to the authorities, but that there was no certainty of her being able to secure for the wives of entertainers an exception to this ruling; so I thought it might be better for them to accept the contracts they had been refusing because of their desire to be ready to sail as soon as I gave the word. I shall remember always that their first thought was of me. They appreciated how hopeless I must feel. They reached me by phone—failing that, by wire—to assure me that so long as there was any hope at all they would stick by me. Talk about being good sports! They even tried to hand me a laugh, knowing that I could use one. One headliner wired: "Perfectly willing to divorce friend husband for the sake of our boys if you can provide equally good piano player." Another star heard of the ruling before we did. He came over to the office to talk with me about it, but as I made no mention of it he said nothing. Afterward I asked him why he hadn't told us. His reply was indicative of every volunteer's attitude to us.

"I felt sure," he said, "that you hadn't heard because you couldn't have camouflaged a body blow like that. It was Saturday and I hadn't the heart to spoil Sunday for you all, for the Lord knows you people needed a day of rest."

Yet that man had rented his home, given his automobile to the Red Cross and was waiting in Weehawken. Verily he had begun to do his part.

The elimination of the teams reacted on the single performers who had been placed with them in a unit. It meant the reassembling of everybody, additional rehearsals, with slight possibility of putting together anywhere near so good a show. Miss Arthur had returned from Washington with the news that there was a bare possibility of an exception's being granted. All agreed to wait; this in spite of the fact that they were being made to look ridiculous. If you had announced to all your friends in April that you were going to France immediately if not sooner, your presence in New York at the end of June called for some explanation. Those who were most humorous at the expense of the volunteer were fellow performers—slackers who had not offered their services, making a plea "What's the use?" really using our failure to send anyone as a screen for their own lack of patriotism.

All who finally went overseas suffered delay, but nothing in comparison to these pioneers, and it is only natural that I should cherish an especial admiration for them. They were one and all making sacrifices of a pecuniary nature. I've often lain awake nights thinking of the amounts of money they might have earned. It was a staggering total. I couldn't dismiss my responsibility lightly. Not that they ever made me feel it; all of them were animated by the thought that their sacrifices were as nothing to those that were being made for them by our boys. It was this spirit that, in the early days, kept the League alive. Many a time did we hold over it what closely resembled a wake. Still in our heart of hearts there was always the conviction that everyone's unselfish devotion to a good cause could not go unrewarded. And what examples we had of that devotion! Well-known performers whose savings were exhausted and who were unable to get bookings in the larger vaudeville houses in New York, rather than accept an engagement in some other city where they would not be able to keep in touch with our office, played under assumed names in the cheaper picture houses, giving, in that blistering July heat, three and four shows a day to get the wherewithal to keep them going.

Where are you going to find words to express what you think of a small-time girl unknown to New York, unable to get a hearing at even the cheaper-priced theaters, who, to keep a roof over her head until she could sail, took a job as chambermaid at the Biltmore? She might have asked me to help her secure a temporary engagement—but "her affairs weren't my funeral." And she didn't go about bragging about how patriotic she was. We learned by accident of what she was doing. Did she make good over there? Rather! Later in the game, but I want to mention it here. Two men, also unknown, worked in the shipyards; and after a day's hard labor were at our command for performances in the camps. They played so great a variety of musical instruments that they were a host in themselves, and frequently gave, unassisted, an entire evening's entertainment of an hour and a quarter's duration.

There was also the "ingénue in burlesque." That designation was a new one on me, for you don't as a rule associate the one with the other. I'm ashamed to say that at first she appealed to me in rather a humorous way. I didn't know her then, nor in what straits she was financially. On one occasion I needed her to "jazz" a bill, and when I phoned to her she asked me what she should wear. I replied that the entertainment was to be given in a tent, and stage clothes were out of the question.

"All right," came the reply; "I'll give the hem of the black taffeta another haircut."

I remembered seeing her a few days before in a light frock. I suggested it.

"Sorry," she said; "the gingham is in the tub. It's either our old friend the taffeta or the bath towel. Take your choice."

A Girl With Real Grit

I laughed and didn't think anything more about it. The following day she came into the passport department to sign some papers. A new stenographer asked for her address.

She gave it and added: "If I'm not there, dearie, page Central Park."

I asked her to come over to my desk, and said to her bluntly: "Are you broke? Are you going to be thrown out of your hotel?"

She began: "You see, it's this way: On account of my being sick I have had only half a season. Every summer for years I've lived at that hotel, and if I ran short before the next season began I could hang the old lady up, because she knew that she'd get hers. I've told her that I was going to France for the boys and that I'd save it out of the money from my next job. But that dame hasn't any more patriotism than you could put in your eye. She knows I have had several offers, but until you tell me I can't go I'm not going to take any of them. I've tried to get some dates, but you know what it is in the summer. I don't know how to do a darn thing but sing and dance or I'd do it. But say, listen, you've enough on your mind. Don't go clog it up worrying about me. I wouldn't have told you. Now after all that sad story give me a little slow music and I'll fade out of the picture."

And yet there were people in her profession whose weekly earnings ran into three and four figures who "couldn't afford to go."

That little girl? Oh, yes, she went to France free and clear, and what is more saved out of her munificent salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month the sum advanced to get her out of the clutches of her unpatriotic landlady. She's over there yet, and one of the happiest moments I had in France was when I heard, on Christmas afternoon, the doughboys cheering her eighth song.

While we were waiting the settlement of the man-and-wife problem I began to

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All Dressed Up and Some Place to Go!

SOME Place!

A place that may be the white snows of Alaska or the white sands of Florida. Green valleys or rocky mountains. Broadway at noon or a farmhouse at midnight. Or *all of them!*

A place where you may be a frock-coated or an over-all'd hero. Tussle with a smooth villain or a tough thug. Love a heroine in décolleté or apron. Or *all of them!*

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Bryant Washburn in

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Enid Bennett in "THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
Dorothy Dalton in "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Charles Ray in "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"

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"False Faces"
"The Firing Line"
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"Secret Service"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
"The Career of Katherine Bush"

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "FOR BETTER FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in
Elsie Ferguson in
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
Wm. S. Hart in
Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "THE SAP"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"TRYING TO
"AMONG THOSE
Paramount-Drew Comedy

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rehearse with feverish activity a unit comprising four British subjects and a Hollander. They had passports from their governments and could go. I had not wanted this unit to be the first one to sail. It seemed a little unfair to the Americans to have foreign subjects take precedence. But it was a case of getting somebody over and exorcise the hoodoo. Passages had been engaged, costumes secured, uniforms ordered—when the British Government issued a ruling that made it impractical for the unit to sail. I was literally sick, for I had prevented one of the girls from taking a lucrative contract for Australia. Praise be, she has a good job in a New York production.

The damage did not stop with the demolition of that unit but disrupted two others. When, on the same afternoon, one of our volunteers who had been hanging about since April came in to inform us that he was in serious danger of being arrested under the provisions of the antiloafing law, I became desperate and decided to put the whole proposition up to the powers that be in Washington. A few days before they had lifted the ban on married entertainers. This argued a sympathetic attitude toward us. I was not mistaken.

Nothing But Trouble

When I arrived in Washington I did not know that I had selected as the day of my offensive the one on which the Big Push was to start in France. I sensed the excitement at the War Department, but I was given an immediate audience by General March. In response to my frank question, "Does the Army want entertainers or does it not?" I was assured that it did, decidedly. When I had explained our difficulties instant aid to their solution was offered. General March referred me to Brig. Gen.—then Lieut. Col.—Marlborough Churchill, the head of the Military Intelligence Bureau, where all applications for passports were cleared. I left General March, convinced of his hearty indorsement of the League's purposes and the assurances of his cooperation in their fulfillment. So, very much heartened, I went in search of General Churchill. After my interview with him, my troubles were over. Had I known then the volume of work devolving on the M. I. B., I doubt that I would have had the nerve to argue our cause, for after all we were a small group of war workers compared with the forces represented by the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross and the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations. Luckily I was ignorant, my only thought being that I didn't dare return to New York without those passports; and I didn't.

My pleasure over the success of the trip to Washington was short-lived, for immediately on my return I was informed that there were no steamship reservations available. The possibility of such a calamity had never dawned on me, and to say that I threw a fit is putting it mildly. It would be futile to attempt any further jollying of the forty-four holders of passports. Anyway, I was all out of "salve." I rushed to Y headquarters, for I had heard that they held some reservations for secretaries and canteen workers.

Into the sympathetic ears of the then head of the Women's Department I poured my tale of woe. I was ruthless. Let the canteeners wait. Their failure to sail would not jeopardize the future recruiting of women for that work, but any more delay for my entertainers would put the League out of business. The volunteers, grown hopeless, would leave us flat, and small blame to them. If they couldn't sail before August first I was ready to give my desk and my pretty blue blotter to anybody who was fool enough to take them. It was a very difficult situation for her, but I think she realized that it was either give me some reservations or call a cab and escort me up to Matteawan. So she agreed to give me enough for the women if I could secure others for the men. So back to the mackintoshed bosom of Mr. Ames, who waded in, and after two days of constant work succeeded.

Naturally all of this had been carefully concealed from the pioneers, whose initial joy over the receipt of their passports had been somewhat tempered when they began to learn of the few odds and ends requiring attention before they could get on a boat. We all pitched in to help, and many times during the rush we would have gladly sought a moment's respite in the nearest madhouse, only it would not have been enough of a change. Final rehearsals, usually enough of a strain, were the merest incidents. Everybody who hadn't been inoculated and vaccinated must have both done immediately. Some of the later volunteers were apt to take to their beds after the process, but the first crowd to go didn't have time.

One day must be given over to standing in line waiting to have British and French visés stamped upon their passports. Another day must be spent securing a war-zone pass. There was the final shopping to do. When Miss Arthur broke the news to the women that they were allowed one trunk and that one must be fourteen by thirty-six inches, I had particular business elsewhere. But their outraged feelings were soon soothed when they learned that the reason of their being limited to one trunk for the stateroom was in order that every inch of hold space be given over to Red Cross or army supplies. In addition to the trunk each passenger was allowed a large suitcase or carryall or telescope. We had prepared a list of suggestions as to the articles they might require in France and have difficulty in obtaining there. The list for the men enumerated woolen underwear, woolen stockings, gloves, helmet and socks, warm nightclothes, warm bathrobe, flannel bed shoes, grease paint and heavy make-up powder, make-up mirror, plenty of razor blades, shaving cream, lots of cold cream, plenty of shoes, bath towels, hand towels, laundry soap—as they might have to do their own laundry—candles, about five pounds of sugar, chocolate, 500 cigarettes, American postage stamps, and a comfort bag containing a good supply of aspirin, quinine, witch-hazel, alcohol, peroxide, iodine, laxatives, chocolates, a bottle of brandy, and so on.

Who Carried the Soap?

In addition to all this the women had only to take care of one or two suits of silk underwear, dark bloomers, dark slippers and stockings, one or two cloth dresses with high back and long sleeves, an afternoon dress, evening dresses—which should not be too scant at either end—a flat hat to be worn when hair cannot be arranged for an entertainment, a comfortable corset—I didn't know there was such an animal—one pair of arctics, an old fur coat, one or two rubber bathing caps to protect the head, an electric iron and, if you sailed by a British boat, you could take a solidified-alcohol outfit. It was also suggested that a woman entertainer intending to remain through the spring would do well to "slip in"—I suppose when the trunk wasn't looking—an organdie or other light dress. Of course a woman didn't have to take any razor blades or shaving cream, so that gave her a lot of extra space.

I had nothing to do with the preparation of this list, as until the entertainers sailed I'd never known a woman who could go anywhere with one trunk. I wondered sometimes how the women managed, and I will say that I was never asked to pack a trunk, though one woman did telephone to me at midnight to ask me what she should do with her soap. I am no great shakes at packing a trunk in the ordinary manner, and I'll be hanged if I could do it by telephone.

Knowing every woman's passion for that last-minute paper-wrapped bundle, I suggested that she make a parcel of the soap.

She replied sarcastically: "I've only a suitcase, a bag, a hand bag, an overcoat, a couple of small packages; so you can see that every hand I have with me will be full."

She admitted that she could manage to get another package to the boat, but what would she do when she got to France? I assured her that one of the men in her party would carry it. Yes, he would—not! But I was sleepy and wanted to go back to bed. When I met her later in Paris she didn't look as though she had ever been without soap. I forgot to ask her who had carried it for her, though any officer or doughboy would have been delighted at the chance, for she was a "riot" with the A. E. F.

A Real Riot in Progress

Speaking of riots in the real, not the slang sense of the word, we had one on our hands when the women first saw the uniforms they were obliged to wear. The men were delighted with their outfits, and I thought the women looked very trig and natty in theirs. If I had stopped there all would have been well. If I had thought for half a minute I should have appreciated that no article a woman wears has the remotest suggestion of good sense. If it had she wouldn't wear it. But I had to make a bone-headed play and say that the Y uniform was a sensible outfit.

"Yes," came quick as a flash, "so is a street-car conductor's. If I have to wear this I'm going to look like a brakeman on the Erie."

Another piped up: "I suppose you call this color sensible. This shade of blue on me is going to make the entire A. E. F. bilious."

"My dear," said her chum, "wait until you see me. They'll put me up on the boat's cowcatcher to scare away the submarines." "Oh, let them come!" was another's despairing cry; "it doesn't matter to me now how soon I die for my country."

Speaking of submarines, I suppose you are wondering if our pioneers gave much thought to them. I think they were too busy. I do remember that one day one of the plump ones sank down at my desk despairingly and said: "Mr. Forbes, why didn't you tell me the truth about the lifeboats?"

"Lifeboats? What lifeboats?" I asked.

"Why, a friend of mine," she explained, "tells me that they lower you in the lifeboats five or six times a day. I know I enlisted for active service, but that's too active. I can't climb up and down the side of a ship like a chipmunk. Anyway, if I could I'm likely to tip over anything but the Leviathan."

Everything in the merry madhouse was going swimmingly. The first units were to sail on the last Monday in July, the others the following day. I had declared in a heated moment that unless somebody sailed before the first of August we might as well put up the shutters. We were congratulating ourselves in gaining our objective by even so slight a margin when—bingo! I was told on Thursday that all our reservations were required for some arm of the service.

At first I was paralyzed. Then I recovered and, shutting myself in a room so that I could give free rein to my language, I grabbed the phone, reached down and dragged from the innermost recesses of my memory some vivid and varicolored cuss words I hadn't made use of since the days when a rival advance agent covered my show's paper, and, believe me, I talked to some purpose. Later in the day they returned them. The following morning they took them away, but in the afternoon we had them again, and this time for keeps. But when on Saturday morning I learned that in restoring them to us they had so mixed the reservations that husbands and wives were assigned to different boats and that no one unit was all on the same ship, I went home and to bed. That night I was advised that the difficulty had been adjusted. The news left me cold, for by that time I didn't care a hoot whether or not anybody ever went to France.

Sunday restored enough vitality to carry on. On Monday morning we were all gathered in the office, somewhat wan of countenance. Miss Arthur had assured me that they all had their passports with French and British visés, war-zone pass, Y. M. C. A. certificate of identification, certificates of inoculation and vaccination, orders for steamship tickets, twelve extra passport photographs, French and English money, baggage labels, contract with the League and the Y. M. C. A. and the League salary card. These were the ten essentials that a "leaguer" must have in his possession before he could sail. I had just remarked that nothing could possibly happen now, when it did.

Into the office burst a wild-eyed young woman who was supposed to sail that afternoon at two. It was then eleven o'clock.

The Tenth Indispensable

"Oh, Mr. Forbes," she cried, "I can't go to France! Isn't it awful?" Then she began to cry.

I was speechless. No one in the group could have thought a thought if his life had depended on it. We were just gone "bla." I think that Miss Chauvenet and Miss Arthur were so near hysteria that they giggled.

From a dim mist I heard the girl say: "Look, Miss Arthur, I put everything you gave me in this very bag. It has never been out of my sight. I went straight home. Mother and I have unpacked my trunk and all my hand luggage twice. We haven't slept all night."

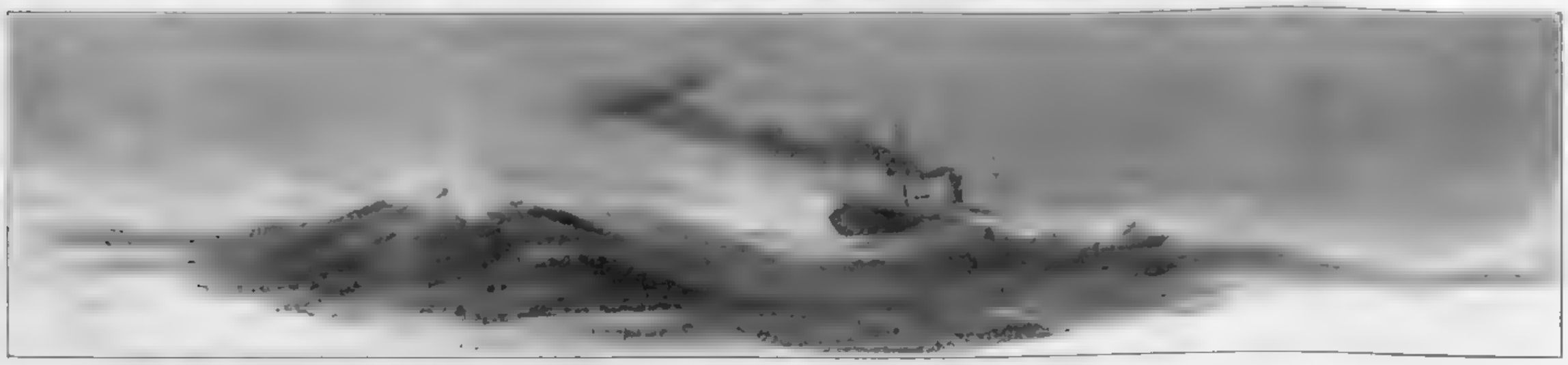
Miss Arthur came out of her coma sufficiently to say "Yes, but why can't you go to France?" Not that she or any one of us cared by that time.

"Goodness gracious! Haven't I been telling you? You have to have ten things to go to France, and I've only got nine. Look for yourself"; and she dumped the contents of her bag on the desk.

We checked them off. The missing essential was the baggage labels. They were on her trunk.

No one from the office was allowed to accompany the embarking units to the pier, but I had arranged for news by telephone. The first thrill occurred at one o'clock, when it was flashed to us: "They're on the dock." Another half hour of agony. Then came: "They're on the boat."

At two o'clock they had sailed. I don't know what the women in the office did to relieve their feelings. Possibly got fuzzy on nut sundaes or had a permanent wave put in their hair, but I do know that every man round the place offered up fervent thanks that New York was not a dry town.



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In the interim between writing the announcements and their publication, some four or five weeks, dealers booked orders faster than we could produce cars.

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The Super-Six, from the first, has outsold all other fine cars. The present situation is but a repetition of what has happened each of the past four years.

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The service of those 60,000 earlier Super-Sixes accounts for today's demand.

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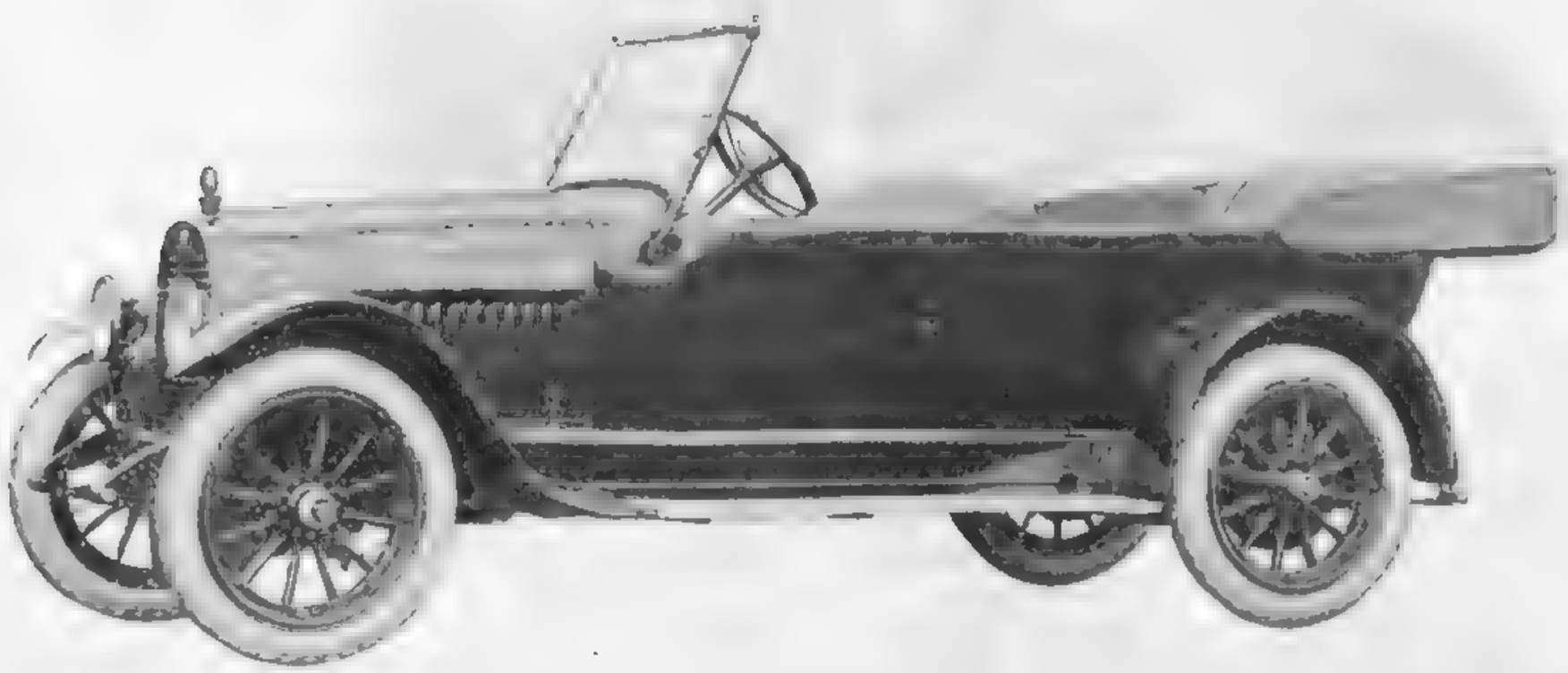
There is a great demand for all good cars. There never was such a shortage. Eagerness for prompt delivery has caused many to accept makes that were not even second choice to Hudson. Avoid the possibility of disappointment by ordering your Hudson now. Accept the earliest delivery you can obtain. Remember that the car you buy must serve you a long time and that a slight inconvenience in delivery now will be offset by the satisfaction your Hudson will give.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit



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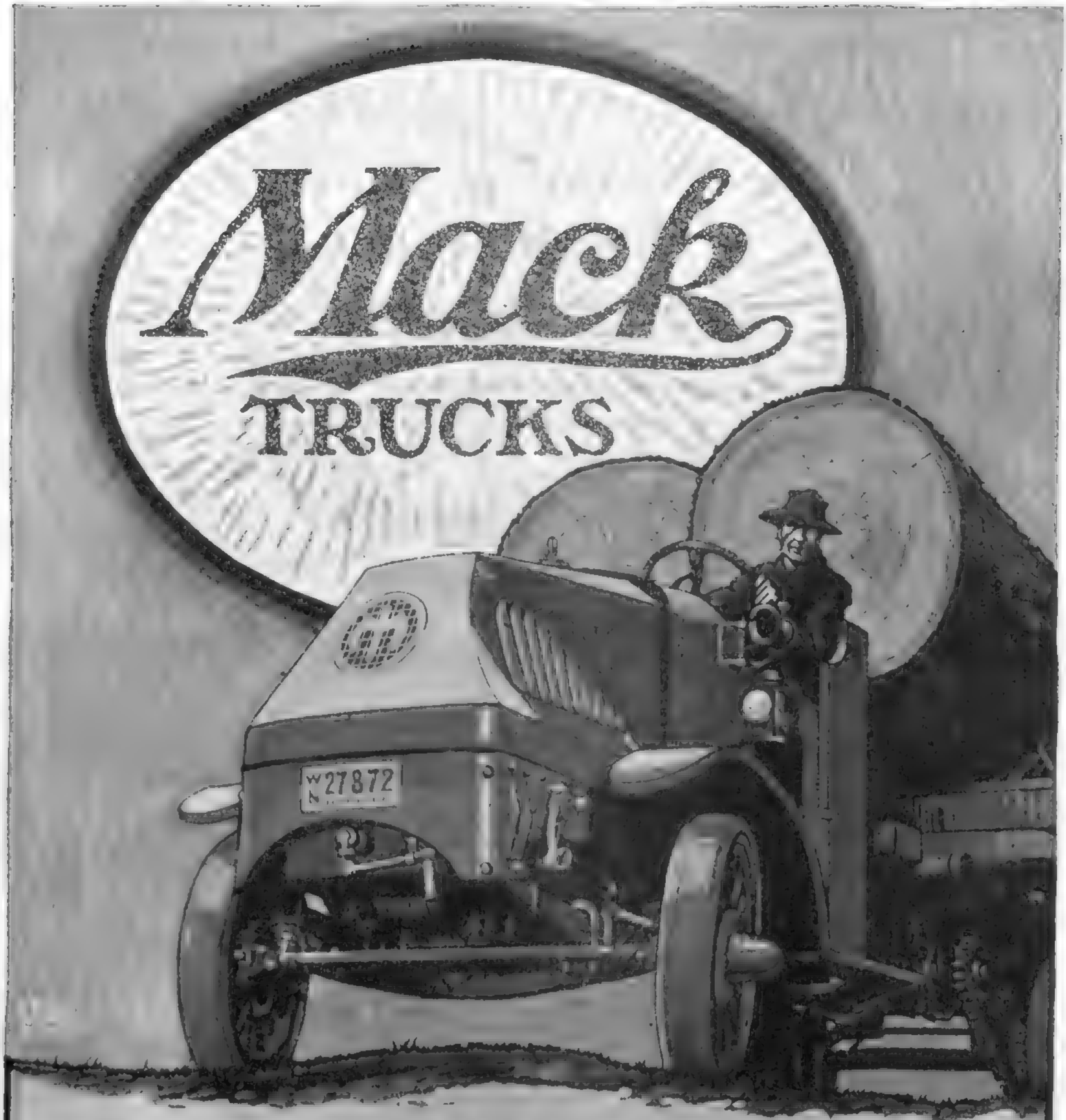

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INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK

TICKER TAPE — By Maxwell Smith

AT FIRST Garrens was grateful. He had been on the borderland when Kiverly took him in tow; he admitted that—the borderland of right and wrong, and headed toward the latter.

After a while he lost his gratitude. It galled him to see Kiverly making money and keeping it. Galled him the more when he, through dwelling on the subject, developed a magnified distorted view of the part he played in the amassing of Kiverly's riches. In time he convinced himself that he should get a bigger share. Why should Kiverly become wealthy while he continued to rub along, constantly out of funds and out of luck? The thought that he was not being given a fair shake became his constant companion, ever at his side.

Once he had mentioned something like that to Kiverly—only once. The result had aggravated his grievance. He never could forget the laugh that had greeted his envious remark or the contemptuous gleam in Kiverly's bland colorless eyes. Garrens set that memory down to be balanced some day—when the opportunity should come for him to take a more equitable proportion of the money he had helped Kiverly accumulate.

Kiverly was the hinge of the twain. Garrens was the flange that swung at his bidding. Like others who lurk in the background of the Street, unknown even to the brokers who execute their commissions, Kiverly was one of the spiders, sitting back, watching, waiting, ready to pounce and snatch the reward. Garrens could not do that. Because he could not, Kiverly found him useful and retained him in association.

In both appearance and temperament were they far apart. Kiverly was slender and short and—though his mellow countenance did not betray it—he was ten years older than Garrens. His fair complexion and hair emphasized the expression of kindliness with which he chose to smile on the world. Why shouldn't he when the world was good to him? Still he did not wish to mingle with his fellow men, but only to play his game and indulge that abnormal passion for secrecy which was responsible for his employment of Garrens. But for his desire to remain aloof, he would have had many friends. Garrens on the other hand had not the complement to make himself well liked. Heavily built and tall, he was striking enough, but there were lines on his face that bespoke his discontent and, some were pleased to say, a hint of worse and more brooding thought. Nor was the impression heightened by a mole on his left cheek close to the eye that gave his face an irritating lopsidedness. He went abroad in the Street, however, and knew its deepest paths to the very bottom—for which Kiverly valued him more—but he was tolerated, not encouraged.

Besides the sixth sense that permitted him to keep his finger on the pulse of a complicated and manipulated market, Kiverly had another gift equally valuable—patience. The turning of a trick never went to his head. He knew how to wait, cold-blooded. If the prospect was not exactly propitious he would ignore it. Kiverly was not a gambler. When he went into the market he was guided by an instinct that made him win. There again, in being patient when it affected his fortunes, he had an element that Garrens lacked; that Garrens was aware he lacked and—because of that knowledge—which added to his rancor.

Garrens was a gambler pure and simple. It was in his every nerve and fiber. He could not endure the long waits, the periods of inactivity that Kiverly stood with such equability while the market backed and filled. Whenever he got hold of a dollar, Garrens bet—and eternally cursed his luck. Had he strung consistently with Kiverly he must have come out to the good. He made when Kiverly made; not greatly but still in amount that could have been cuddled along to respectable dimensions—but between whiles he lost. His was an inordinate knack of guessing wrong, when he guessed himself. That was why Garrens was forever without capital and dependent upon the commissions Kiverly paid him, for subsistence and the wherewithal to gamble again.

When Garrens went broke, Kiverly smiled. Such a condition kept Garrens tied to him. On occasion he restrained himself when he could have taken profit, simply because Garrens chanced to be in funds. He would delay then until Garrens, goaded by the irresistible tingle in his veins that compelled him to wager, had backed his own judgment and lost. He refused to lend when Garrens, stumbling upon something that was ripe for picking, might have made a fair haul.

Kiverly did not want Garrens to have money; not enough to make him foot-loose. With his inherent sidewise crafty way of going about a thing, Garrens was too competent in carrying out orders without revealing their origin. So long as Garrens was dependent therefore he would remain, for the money he derived from Kiverly was his only income. He had been a failure and a piker, drifting rapidly into the ring of cheap grafting market touts, when Kiverly picked him up. He would sink there again and farther, if without having made himself secure he lost the anchor he had in Kiverly, his only client. With his reputation as a never-winning speculator of small parts he could expect nothing else—nothing, that is, on the safe side of the law.

Between Kiverly and the Street, then, there was Garrens as a screen. Through Garrens all his trading was done, but it was scattered and camouflaged as Garrens was so adept at doing. Not much could be traced back even to him. Accounting for the business that he did place without concealment, he let it be understood that he acted for a few periodical speculators. Regarded generally as a mere hanger-on, none bothered to doubt his statement. His personal contributions, which always went clear through the bucket, strengthened that conception of him and enhanced his worth to Kiverly. A few hundreds here and there, sometimes a thousand or two, Garrens' own was piker stuff. Thus he could contrive without attracting attention to put the bulk of Kiverly's trades upon the floor of the exchange by twisted ways whose deviousness absorbed their identity.

To outward appearances these men had but nodding acquaintance. Their offices were in the same building, an old and unpretentious structure on a narrow court off Water Street, in the backwash of the financial district. Their location had been chosen by Kiverly because it was quiet and permitted his comings and goings to be inconspicuous. The rearing of the skyscrapers had thrown it deeper into the eddy upon which the warehouses reaching up from the East River encroached. There were few tenants left in it. The ground floor even now was being used for the storage of tea and coffee after having lain idle for long. Flanking it on one side was a tobacco warehouse; on the other a leather house.

The place suited Kiverly admirably in that it lent him no sign of prosperity. He preferred to let those who noticed him believe that he was something of a joke—a bug and mildly harmless. Now and then he traded a little in an amateurish way on the curb. Never more than a little, though, and he went about it in a rather bewildered and breathless manner. His blond lusterless face, his slight figure and his diffidence sustained his rôle. It fitted his pose to be considered as one of the oddities bred by the Street; and when they joshed him good-naturedly on his infrequent visits among them, he took refuge in a wistful vacuous smile and timidity.

Kiverly was on the fourth and top floor, Garrens on the third. Because ostensibly there was no relationship between the two men, they seldom entered one another's offices. The need of doing so had been obviated by the installation of a private telephone years ago when the building had been fully populated. Here was another exaggerated expression of Kiverly's passion for secrecy. He would not trust a line on which someone might cut in when with operations under way he was giving directions to his agent. For like reason, when it was not an emergency, he always summoned Garrens to his house out in the suburbs to receive detailed instructions; or when the movement had been completed, to present a balance sheet on the cash that had passed through his hands. Kiverly could use nothing but cash, of course, since checks must have betrayed his interest in the market. And it was in keeping with his character that he should trust Garrens with such sums, though he knew Garrens' nature to its innermost corner; knew that he would be dishonest were he not deterred by a ghastly fear of prison. He played on that fear by taking some casual means every so often to remind Garrens how merciless he would be to anyone who robbed him. It was an implied threat which Garrens never forgot; which kept him honest in act at least.

Yet during their long association Garrens had been a thief in mind a thousand times. Morally he was a thief. In intent he was one, for his brain revolved continually upon how he finally

should obtain a share of Kiverly's money—the money he helped to make. In this respect alone had he succeeded in exercising patience. He had to be sure, so very sure, that he could get away with it.

The coming of another customer produced a crisis for Garrens. An old lady whom he met at the home of a friend commissioned him to buy certain bonds. She had the mistaken impression that he was a reputable broker.

When he procured the bonds she was out of town. While they still were in his care he got a market tip. As usual, he was short of capital. His appeal to Kiverly was turned down. He saw another opportunity to set himself up going glimmering. Then he thought of the securities he was holding for their owner.

Garrens struggled against the temptation to use these bonds as collateral. Cursing, he watched the stock on which he had such a hot tip advance a fraction. Again he appealed to Kiverly; again was rebuffed. In the end he pledged the bonds.

Within twenty-four hours they were wiped out and prison confronted him! Three days later, while he sweated blood, there came a note from his client requesting him to deliver the bonds. In desperation Garrens went back to Kiverly; went out to his home in the evening. He required eight thousand dollars.

"For what?"

Garrens avoided the colorless appraising eyes.

"For a deal I'm in," he answered sullenly.

Kiverly nodded slowly. It was plain to him that Garrens was in difficulty. He wanted to learn what it was.

"How long till I'd get it back?"

The gentle query with its inference that he was to get the money roused Garrens from his despair. His tense nerves quivered, his face became eager.

"A few days—a few days," he lied.

Better to take his chances with Kiverly than with a stranger. Besides, if Kiverly made him this loan he could sue him only civilly for its recovery. The woman whose property he had converted to his own use could and doubtless would put him in Sing Sing!

Kiverly lay back in his chair, thinking. It would be unfortunate at this stage, when he was planning a coup, to clash with Garrens. It would be unfortunate also to allow Garrens to become possessed of too much money at this juncture. He had immediate need of Garrens. Should he refuse the loan, Garrens might throw him down. Should he grant it, the same thing might happen if Garrens made a strike. What bothered him was that he could not decide whether the cash was sought to get out of trouble—or into it. He could not imagine how the other man could have run up indebtedness amounting to eight thousand dollars. He had no credit.

"Tell me what you want this money for and I'll consider it," he said again. "You lose so often—perhaps I can save you from dumping that much more into the hole."

Garrens shifted uneasily and his countenance blackened. He foresaw another refusal. While his expectations sank, his anger rose. Mentally he damned Kiverly and clenched his teeth to prevent the thought becoming speech. Kiverly was his only hope. Nobody else would lend him more than five dollars. He repressed his rage but his voice was thick:

"I can't tell you now—not now. It's a good thing—a sure thing."

He moistened his lips. The only sure thing right now was that if he did not obtain the money the gates of a prison would close on him! He had an impulse to confess what he had done and beg for help. He remembered Kiverly's reiterated warning about thievery and understood that he would receive neither assistance nor sympathy.

"You see, I'm in on the ground floor," he went on jerkily. He wondered what floor they would put him on! Tiers, they called them, but the name made no difference. "It's—it's one of—of these things—you know!"

Damnation! Why didn't Kiverly say something instead of sitting there like an image, staring, staring as though he'd pick the thoughts from a man's brain. Garrens held himself together except for a hysterical pitch to his tone.

"It isn't big enough for you, Kiverly, or I'd have got you into it. I promised not to tell—anybody. Stealin' your stuff," his words slurred in his anxiety. "You never tell what you're gonna do. But this is good dope, believe me. It's ——"

The surprised raising of Kiverly's brows brought him back to earth. Garrens realized that he had been talking feverishly, almost incoherently, like a fool. His nerves were running away. Sing Sing! With set jaw and burning eye he leaned forward. He controlled himself by an agony of will, waiting for Kiverly to declare himself.

Kiverly made a mistake. He concluded that Garrens wanted the money to back a tip. Judging by the amount asked, he decided further that this must be something comparatively big, which would explain Garrens' excitement. He squelched the last ray of hope.

"No! I can't have you tangled up in anything at present. I'll need you in a day or two." Swinging round to his desk he missed the spasm that swept over Garrens' features. Opening a drawer, he took out a bundle of bills and counted some off.

"Here's five hundred advance."

He stopped at sight of Garrens' bulging eyes and rage-diffused face. But he sat still, emotionless and unfrightened, when Garrens leaped to his feet and towered over him. He did not quite understand this outburst, but he did not fear violence. Physically bigger, Garrens was mentally smaller. Kiverly smiled faintly and presented that steady uncompromising gaze which Garrens never had been able to stand. Already he perceived that Garrens was wavering before the dominant personality.

But Garrens wasn't through.

"To hell with five hundred dollars!" he yelled. "I told you what I want and I want it now—quick!"

He snatched the proffered money and threw it on the floor. The obsession that he had a right to part of Kiverly's fortune clouded his senses. He started to voice that distortion of his imagination.

"It's mine!" he proclaimed. "I've a right to it! You owe me ——"

His face pressed close and Kiverly caught the odor of liquor. He sighed in relief—and erred again. He attributed Garrens' behavior to rum.

"Sit down!" he interrupted sharply, without attempting to grasp the meaning of what the other was saying. "Sit down and I'll show you more money than you ask—if you'll listen."

Despite his fury, the promise penetrated to Garrens' consciousness like a cooling shower. He bit off the excoriation upon which he had launched. His cunning prevailed. It was within Kiverly's power to do as he said. He sat down, flushed and snarling but holding his peace.

"You've been drinking, haven't you?" chided Kiverly mildly. "You mustn't do that—not for a few days anyhow. You'll need a clear mind. I've a job for you."

Garrens scowled and took the rebuke.

"Where do I come in?"

"Five per cent of what I make," returned Kiverly promptly; "that's your end. It will ——"

"It won't do!" Garrens started up again in bubbling anger. "It'll be a gamble! I've got to be sure! I've got to have the cash!"

Kiverly laughed.

"Sounds good to hear you—you, Garrens—objecting to a gamble," he jeered softly. "What are you doing—reforming?" He waved Garrens down. "Stay quiet and I'll tell you something. You know how Insoluble Carbon has been slipping since the war ended. It's away down now—cancellation of government and munition contracts did that. All right! Insoluble Carbon is going up—way up. And I'm going up with it! Wait a minute!" He silenced an ejaculation of disgust from Garrens. "I'll make half a million. Figure your bit at five per cent!"

Coming from Kiverly, it sounded good—he was such a consistent winner. But —— Garrens shook his head sulkily. All that would take time. Before it could be accomplished he would be in Sing Sing! Unless—he glanced obliquely at Kiverly—unless he could gouge out of Kiverly the money to replace the bonds by threatening his financial plans.

"How soon do we start?"

"To-morrow or the day after. I'm waiting for—news."

Garrens pondered. If he could stall a while on the matter of restoring the bonds—a gambler's hunch was forming in his mind.

"How do you know it's going up?" he queried suspiciously.

"I know—that's enough," smiled Kiverly. He never had taken Garrens into his confidence; never had given him reasons for going into a market. He wouldn't do it now, though he might have told that he had just sewed up the rights to a new refining process which would cut costs in half. Also he knew that big contracts had been placed, at far below war prices, it was true, but nevertheless enough to assure practically wartime profits through this improved process. He stretched himself and yawned. He had kept Garrens in line.

"You'll put off that deal of yours, Garrens?" He took it for granted. "Run along now, I'm going to bed. I'll phone you in the morning."

Garrens brought himself back to the present. His thoughts had been running into the future. He saw how the menace of Sing Sing could be removed temporarily at least. Perhaps he could do better than that. There was one point he wanted cleared.

"You're going into Carbon alone?" This was contrary to Kiverly's custom; heretofore he always had hitched onto a movement directed by the interests.

"Yes. Why?"

Garrens grunted.

"No reason," he evaded, and moved to depart.

In the hall they met Kiverly's wife. She smiled and spoke softly and Garrens felt again that rising sympathy which she always evoked from him. Since the first time he had seen her—and he never had spoken more than half a dozen words with her at a time—Garrens had been affected by a surprising compassion, for Mrs. Kiverly was lame and her back was crooked, the result of a train wreck nearly a score of years ago.

Though he did not realize it, Garrens was as much touched by the devotion of Kiverly to his wife as he was by the woman's patient suffering. Had he thought to analyze it, he would have classed Kiverly among the heroic, but Kiverly did not so consider himself. Neither did Kiverly cherish the frail broken woman whom he had plucked as a flower simply because that appeared to be his duty and in conformance with his vows. It was a fact that his devotion had grown throughout the years of her helplessness; and finally when she had been mended enough to walk again he had rejoiced, not because that reduced his burden but solely for the joy it brought to her weary eyes. Even Garrens had a sort of sneaking regard for Kiverly on that account. His wife's affliction, in fact, was the greatest reason for Kiverly's avoidance of his fellows. Unable to entertain during the years she had lain in bed, he had been content to drop intercourse with his friends so that he might minister the more to her, and the habit had grown. When at last she had become able to get round again, her sensitiveness about her twisted body had impelled her rather to shun company—which was not so difficult, for her long incapacitation had caused folks to count her out. Understanding her attitude, Kiverly had fallen in with it and they had gone on in their secluded way, she basking in his unstinted and unfailing consideration and love, he in her appreciative worship.

This example of tender martyrdom and sacrifice had exerted probably the only softening influence Garrens ever had experienced, and now as he faced Mrs. Kiverly for a minute and heard her gentle courtesy he found himself smiling and his own troubles momentarily forgotten. From her receding figure he glanced at Kiverly, whose eyes still followed her. Then as she disappeared slowly, painfully through a doorway, Garrens shook off this indulgence in sentiment and spoke brusquely:

"You'll phone me?"

"Early." Kiverly went on to the door with him. "Good night."

"Good night."

As the door closed on him Garrens drew a deep breath. His hunch swelled. This was his chance! Hadn't he told himself for long that Kiverly's winning streak could not continue forever? It had to break some time; the law of averages said so. This was the time! None but a cocksure idiot would try to drive up a stock like Carbon. Carbon was dead! Everybody knew that!

Looking backward at Kiverly's house, Garrens snickered. He forgot the crippled woman within it to whom Kiverly meant so much and who meant so much to him. He chuckled aloud as he went on down the quiet street. Here was where he would cut into Kiverly's bank roll! It would be as easy as cutting into cheese.

Having already committed one criminal act, he found in himself the courage to go farther. He could not impair his position much more. Sing Sing was the worst he could get, and even that would be remote. Besides, as he stood at present, Sing Sing was sure. If he nicked Kiverly and things did go agley he would have the advantage of being able to jump. He would have money—Kiverly's money.

All of which proved that Garrens had learned nothing in his years of unsuccessful gambling. Hunches ever had been his long suit. He should have known enough to shun the hunch that now was leading him on. Having learned nothing, however, he went blithely to his office and wrote the woman whose securities he had stolen that "Mr. Garrens was out of the city but would return within a week," adding that the bonds were in a deposit vault and could not be reached until his return.

Late into the night Garrens pored over a file in a newspaper office, studying Insoluble Carbon. Soon after the cessation of hostilities its downward trend had begun. Once or twice the figures reflected a brief steadying, but that these rallies had been ineffectual was demonstrated by the succeeding quotations. The cancellation of war contracts was marked by a loss of more than ten points in a day. As a war baby Insoluble Carbon had been a rich proposition. As a peace stock it was negligible. The pre-war price showed that.

In the morning he went downtown earlier than usual. He was backing his hunch, but there could be no harm in making certain there was not a hidden joker. Circumspectly he inquired in various channels. His wormish method of hunting often gained information where one more frank would have been denied. All he could discover was that sizable contracts had been placed with Insoluble Carbon but at virtually the prices that had obtained before the war. That caused him to grin. Kiverly was losing his mind! Because of these contracts he had picked a dead one as alive, forgetful that wages and taxes and everything else pertaining to industry remained far above normal. Another thought recurred: That Kiverly had been fooling him all these years; that he was not as market-wise as he had seemed but really had a pipe line; had advice from someone on the inside. That would explain why he never had lost. It amused Garrens that he should have been so credulous in regard to Kiverly's alleged omniscience—amused him while it increased his confidence.

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 42)

His scheme was simple. A newsboy had given him the idea. He had laughed when the gamin with a broad grin had shown him five dollars and said that he was making it. "How?" Garrens had asked. And the boy had replied that he was taking the bet himself instead of turning it in to a handbook, as he was supposed to do for a man in an office.

"But what if the horse should win?" Garrens had suggested. "Win at long odds?"

"Agh! They ain't a chance!" had been the reply. "Th' guy 'at's playin' it doped it out hisself. He's bin playin' tips an's gotta think he knows su'thin'!"

Sitting in his office waiting for Kiverly to call him on the private telephone, Garrens ruminated on that incident. The more he thought of it the closer became the parallel. Kiverly had been a winner so consistently that he reckoned now he could win without help.

"He's gotta think he knows su'thin'!" That was it.

So Garrens purposed taking Kiverly's bet on Insoluble Carbon instead of passing it on to the brokers and those who at present held the stock.

When Kiverly phoned it was to announce that—as was his peculiar habit—he would hand in at Garrens' door the money with which to proceed. Garrens had the receipt ready for him—a receipt for sixty thousand dollars. His orders were to buy Insoluble Carbon as quietly as possible; to distribute the money so that it would dribble in.

The stock was quoted at fifteen. It had been dormant there for nearly three months, with no bidders. Garrens noted that as he fingered the currency and endeavored to convince himself that he was not stealing. He was betting that the stock would not rise. Kiverly was betting that it would. Kiverly might as well lose to him as to the professionals who were waiting to gobble up such lambs. Furthermore, this was only some of the money which rightfully belonged to him. He dodged the question of the morality of taking a bet which he could not pay in the event of losing.

First of all, Garrens procured bonds to replace those he had stolen. He mailed them to their owner. Sing Sing slid into the distance.

Then he offered a thousand shares of Insoluble Carbon at the market. Nobody was interested. He bid 14½ for a thousand shares and absorbed his own offering. He offered another block and bought it at 14. Intermittently throughout the day he continued his wash sales. He had to do that to manufacture evidence for Kiverly that the deal was being carried out. Each transaction was recorded on the ticker over which Kiverly watched in his office; he could not know that they were not bona fide.

Naturally this trifling activity attracted a few gamblers. Also it brought out some actual stock. At the close Garrens really owned 600 shares of Insoluble Carbon. The last price was 13½.

To Kiverly he reported that in addition to the 600 he had bought 2800 shares which were yet to be delivered. Including commissions paid, he represented that he had expended roughly $49,000, leaving a cash balance of $11,000. In reality he had spent less than $18,000—for the 600 shares and the bonds and the double commissions he had to pay since he was both buyer and seller on the bogus transactions. The net result was that he was now holding $40,000 of Garrens' bet and had brought the market down a point and a half.

The lower price elicited Kiverly's approval. He promised a bonus if that happy circumstance could be continued.

"There will be more stock offered to-morrow," he predicted. "A lot of folks have been wishing they could get rid of Insoluble Carbon. We'll give 'em the chance. You'll have nearly twice as much money to-morrow—a hundred thousand—so you may put in the night figuring how you'll spread it round."

Garrens spent the night figuring, but not on where he would place Kiverly's money to pick up Insoluble Carbon. He devoted himself to calculating the profits that would accrue to himself. He also anticipated that the ripple he had engineered in this dead stock would bring forth a moderate supply. He would have to discourage that.

At the opening session on the second day he stayed entirely out of the market. A couple of traders bought half-heartedly, then when support failed to materialize they fell out. Observing the slackening interest, Garrens stepped in and offered a number of blocks. There were no bidders. He broke the price to 12. He dumped several more thousand shares. They went begging. Carefully he took up his own offerings, keeping the price slipping.

Over in his office Kiverly's bland smile crinkled as the tape jigged through the ticker. Garrens was doing wonderfully. He had serious thoughts that afternoon about letting Garrens have the eight thousand he had begged two nights ago! He was glad that Garrens had not forced a quarrel over the incident.

The day's transactions in Insoluble Carbon totaled more than 10,000 shares. Garrens reported that he had procured 9000. In truth he had purchased 500. The rest existed only in his wash sales and the little legitimate trading in the early hours. The closing price was 10.

"Splendid!" commended Kiverly. "No, don't come out to the house to-night. I'll be busy."

He hesitated on the verge of confiding to Garrens about the new refining process which would revolutionize the industry. The secretiveness that had become second nature restrained him. His next remark puzzled Garrens.

"There won't be much doing to-morrow. I don't believe there's a great deal more Carbon loose anyway. We can lay off." As a matter of fact, Kiverly knew where the big holdings were and he had not expected to accumulate as many shares as Garrens claimed.

"What do you mean?" Garrens asked. "What makes you think it's getting scarce?" The speech worried him. To-morrow he aimed to push Insoluble Carbon down again; to make Kiverly realize that he had made a mistake and try to save what he could from the wreckage.

"Oh, just an idea—that's all," was all the satisfaction Kiverly gave him.

Garrens reassured himself. His hunch was making good. The worthlessness of Insoluble Carbon was proved when his operations roused no interest. If there was anything to it some of the big fellows surely would take a hand. He thrust aside the misgiving engendered by Kiverly's concluding remark and settled down to review his position.

Altogether he owned 1100 shares. That, unfortunately had been unavoidable; some of his brokers had bought in the wrong place. Kiverly believed he had 12,400 shares and that they had cost approximately $150,000. Garrens had paid out for stock, in round figures, $16,000. All told, he had used $26,000. There was $134,000 of Kiverly's money in his possession. The accounting he had made showed a balance of only $10,000-odd.

Garrens did not expect that the stock could be put below 8.. That was the lowest it ever had been. He purposed making Kiverly sell in that neighborhood.

Once Kiverly became convinced that he had staked good money on a flivver and—accepting defeat—issued orders to unload, Garrens planned to let him have back $100,000 through another series of wash sales. Perhaps if Kiverly was inclined to be too critical he would get a half or a whole point more. With the sales negotiated at 9 there still would be left a round $50,000 for Garrens.

Kiverly never would find out; he had no fears on that score. Kiverly did not know where and how the trades were placed. He would believe that his orders had been executed legitimately as they had been in the past. So far as Kiverly was concerned, Garrens felt that his honesty was not doubted.

It was all fair enough, he told himself again and again. He had taken Kiverly's bet—and Kiverly had lost. True, he had manipulated matters to bring about that outcome, but others would have done likewise. Sure they would!

On Saturday Garrens was instructed to invest the remaining $10,000 and he apparently bought 1000 more shares. In the evening on invitation he went to Kiverly's house. His employer nodded satisfaction over the elaborate balance sheet and the receipts which were supposed to represent stock.

"Good! Good!" he exclaimed. He smiled drowsily at Garrens and passed cigars. "You'll be twenty-five thousand richer," he added; "not less than that."

"Huh?" Garrens stared while his back chilled. Kiverly was so infernally confident. Couldn't he understand what had taken place? Garrens laughed harshly and tried to remind him. "I've been calculating that you'll be out about—well, you'll be lucky if you pull back half."

A flicker of fire gleamed in Kiverly's pale eyes. His mouth weaved in a slow smile. Bending to Garrens, he gestured impressively.

"Insoluble Carbon went close to sixty, you remember, at war prices. It will go back up there."

"What—how ——" Garrens cleared his throat that had suddenly become dry, but his voice was a husky whisper. More than ever he felt the strength of the opposing personality. Before the words were spoken he comprehended that he was in the pincers.

"You'll see on Monday," came the thunderbolt, "when it is announced that costs have been cut in two for the Insoluble Carbon Corporation. A new refining process—that's it! And"—in his own elation Kiverly construed the other's shocked amazement as a tribute to the completeness of the surprise—"and that will make profits almost as big as in wartime. Get that, Garrens? Also that explains why so little of the stock was available. The big holders agreed to let me gather up what I could get because I have a grip on the patent. The time allowed me is up. Monday they begin to send Carbon where it belongs!"

How he went through the rest of that interview Garrens never had any conception. Until he got out of Kiverly's presence, however, he managed somehow to control himself. Sing Sing was back on the horizon—closer and more inescapable. There was no hope of mercy. He had cheated Garrens out of half a million dollars!

A hunch! What a hunch!

As he had done three nights before, he snarled back at the walls that sheltered Kiverly. But it was a snarl of hate and terror, not one of anticipation, as when he had viewed so pleasurably the annexation of Kiverly's money!

Flight! Seeing that as his only possible course, Garrens hurried into Manhattan and to his rooms. From a trunk he took the money he had held out. It would take him fast and far. He packed a grip with some necessaries. Within a few minutes he was ready to go. He did not know where—anywhere. On the way to the station he would think of that.

Taking a last look round, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. The drawn expression caused him to press near to the glass. His face was gray; his eyes were glary with the deadly fear that was in his soul. That wouldn't do. He strove to compose his features more naturally. He pinched the cheeks to bring the life back into them. He smiled—a grisly smile that was a failure.

And then with a racking oath he fell back in dismay. What would flight avail him? With ten times the thirty-six-hour start that would be his, he never could get away! He was branded for every man to recognize—branded with that cursed mole that stood out on his jaw like a beacon!

He was done—through! There was no way of retrieving himself. Given the support Kiverly had indicated, Insoluble Carbon would open Monday at a substantial advance and move up rapidly. The announcement would appear on the ticker before the market opening. He knew the procedure. He was in the meshes this time, snagged, and there was no way out.

It was early morning when Garrens gave heed to the thought that had been tapping insidiously for attention. Stretched fully clothed on his bed, he had lain for hours in a semidaze, but now he bestirred himself to this only alternative to a living death in prison. As the obsession that he should have part of Kiverly's riches had overcome him, so did this murmuring swell in his brain. There was a way out!

There the psychological reaction from the restraint in which he had harnessed his criminal taint these many years attained its fullness. Roweled by the impending consequences of what he already had done, his moral perceptions, never keen, vanished. The criminal streak in his nature came into full play, controlling and dictating, and he gave it rein. He could not live in prison. Kiverly would send him there—the woman whose bonds he had stolen would send him there. At the expense of Kiverly alone could he hope to survive. Wherefore he nodded finally over the inescapable conclusion—he must if necessary kill Kiverly to retain his own freedom. With the woman he might plead for mercy and obtain it. To do so with Kiverly would be futile. Could he but remove the menace of Kiverly he would be safe from both angles.

Garrens contemplated his problem with calm cunning. With a shrug of annoyance he shut out a picture of Kiverly's wife and the thought that without Kiverly she would lose the courage that had borne her up so long and would die. The atom of good in his make-up squirmed over that idea—he had no quarrel with this woman who had suffered so much, only compassion—but he downed it as maudlin; he had himself to look out for first.

The same recklessness that marked his gambling proclivities took hold of him. This, too, would be a gamble—for the whole hog or nothing, except that in this case "nothing" meant prison. And—he concentrated the harder—he would have to act quickly. By Monday afternoon at the very latest it must be done.

The answer came to him through thinking of Monday morning when Kiverly would call him on the private phone connecting their offices. In a flash it all spread before him. The phone was the cog essential to his program.

Again he blinked away a vision of Kiverly's wife, yet he made a concession to it. With what seemed to him praiseworthy virtue he decided to spare Kiverly's life, notwithstanding the added risk; that is, he would not try to kill.

If he let Kiverly live, Garrens understood as he weighed the point carefully, the issue in the end would become one of veracity. He was willing to gamble on that, for the odds were in his favor. He would have the advantage of Kiverly's reputation for eccentricity, even queerness, topped furthermore by the fact that Kiverly would be suffering from serious injury to his head. Reviewing his recent operations on the market, which, of course, would be checked up when Kiverly accused him, he was satisfied that these would not dangerously embarrass his side. His defense would be an alibi, riveted and unshakable. He would admit having acted for Kiverly on Insoluble Carbon, but would maintain that the wash sales had been executed according to orders. So could he reasonably dispute Kiverly's assertion regarding the amount of money provided for the transaction, because the wash sales naturally need not represent much actual cash—they could have been engineered with the same money working in a circle.

It would suffice to concede that Kiverly had given him twenty thousand dollars and he would turn over the 1100 shares he had purchased, as proof of his good faith. Backed by an alibi as impenetrable as he would make it, they would have to give him the benefit of the doubt against Kiverly, who as everyone knew always had been odd in behavior; and who—it would be fair to assume—had been

further affected mentally by the blow on the head which would precede his charge against Garrens.

Pausing in the perfection of his alibi plans, Garrens sat up with widening eyes and chuckled. Through this revision of his scheme he would be better off than ever. Instead of a mere fifty thousand dollars he would pull out more than a hundred and thirty-five thousand to the good! Instead of returning a hundred thousand to Kiverly to settle the account, he would be required to restore only a fifth of that sum! His "profits" would be almost trebled—provided his alibi was staunch!

With a little luck he was confident he could make himself secure. The old building wherein were his and Kiverly's offices never had much traffic. Particularly at noontime was it deserted. That would be his hour. All he had to do was to time his movements with exactitude.

Though this was Sunday, Garrens obtained down on the lower East Side the simple requirements for his plan. These consisted of a length of telephone wire and a leather-jacketed billy. The resources of the East Side are manifold and the seller seldom is inquisitive. To each end of the wire he had terminals affixed by the jack-of-all-trades in whose basement shop he made the purchase. Equipped thus, he went at once into the deserted streets of lower Manhattan and up to his office.

His preparations were as meager as his purchases. Applying a scrap of random knowledge—cautiously confirmed when he had got the wire—he connected the private line leading to Kiverly's office with his ordinary telephone. With exceeding care, noting the numbers on the wire ends—the interwoven varicolored threads denoting which belonged to receiver, transmitter and bell—he screwed them to the posts.

When the job was done he had a connection with the central exchange from the instrument belonging to the private wire. He had "cut in" the private wire. And a test showed that while it did not carry the voice any too clearly, it was no worse than the noisy line to which everyone is experienced.

Sitting beside the phone, fingering the billy, he conjured the morrow's scene. The receipts he had given Kiverly were still in the latter's pocketbook; Garrens had seen them the previous night. In Kiverly's safe, he knew, was a memorandum book containing the only records of their dealings. With these receipts and that book destroyed, Kiverly would have no means of supporting his charges.

Garrens calculated to make the crime appear to have taken several minutes at least in consummation. It must not bear the stamp of haste. He would have to drag out his stay in Kiverly's office—leave evidence beyond doubt that Kiverly's assailant had been unhurried. The more leisurely the crime appeared to be, the stronger would be his alibi. He reduced it all with mathematical precision—the striking down of Kiverly and the rifling of his pockets and the safe. And all the while that was taking place he would be talking on the telephone—ostensibly over his own phone, really over the private wire he had looped up to the outside. He foresaw no difficulty. Anyhow, here was his only chance of avoiding Sing Sing. He had no choice.

His office was close by the stairs leading to Kiverly's. The stairway was dark. It was improbable that he would meet anybody. The building was virtually deserted by its few occupants at noon. Kiverly's door was right at the head of the stairs. The offices adjoining his were vacant. Kiverly would be wholly unsuspecting. No, there was little danger—if he moved with precision.

Disconnecting the tap from the telephone and locking the billy in a drawer, Garrens went home to sleep.

Before the market opened Monday the ticker told that Insoluble Carbon had procured the patents which would slash costs. Garrens read it as the tape unreeled in his office. He sat by the ticker until prices began to come over. Among the first quotations was Insoluble Carbon at 14, up 4½ from Saturday's close. Within fifteen minutes it advanced 7 more points, then hung fire.

Schooling himself for the climax, he quietly answered the jubilant tone in which Kiverly phoned him. By an innocent query he confirmed his supposition that Kiverly would stay in to note the rising price.

"You can have that eight thousand dollars now if you like," Kiverly ended. "I guess you've earned it."

"Thanks!" Garrens clutched at the edge of the desk; it was disconcerting to have an offer of money from the man he was robbing and shortly would blackjack! "Thanks—I don't need it now. Nothing you want of me? I'm going out."

"Nothing." Kiverly laughed softly. "Going over to watch a board where the prices move faster than on the ticker?" he joshed. "I'd like to go myself."

"I'll probably do that. Good-by."

Garrens closed the conversation. He was afraid Kiverly in his exultation over the killing in Insoluble Carbon might call for the complete statement of the operation.

Never were there such long hours. Walking the streets aimlessly, he gulped in the air as the delay, so near the goal, dragged at his nerves. When the moment arrived he would go through with it, cruelly unmoved, callously unaffected. But he wished the moment would speed.

The chimes of Trinity heralding noon called back his composure. He turned toward his office. From a booth in a crowded cigar store on the way he phoned a message to be delivered to a curb broker with whom Kiverly sometimes traded. To the clerk who answered he gave instructions to have the broker telephone Kiverly at 12:40 o'clock. It was important, he impressed, and Kiverly would be available at that minute exactly.

At 12:15 he reached the dismal building on Water Street. He nodded to a couple of workmen sitting eating lunch on the loading sill of the adjoining coffee warehouse. Immediately upon entering his office he telephoned a brokerage house where he was known and inquired about a stock then coming over the ticker. He wanted his movements to be recorded. The quotations he referred to would be remembered. The time they were sent out could be fixed. The ticker tape would furnish proof that he had been in his office from the time of reaching the building until he left it.

During the succeeding fifteen minutes he was occupied continuously putting in calls to talk about current quotations. Constantly he referred to the tape that clattered through the machine.

At 12:35 he cut in the private phone on the other, fastening the terminals while he conversed.

Getting connection with another broker, he again discussed the trend of the market, citing with emphasis the figures appearing on the tape in voicing his opinions. Especially did he want this man to remember. At 12:41 he requested the other man to hold the line. His body straightened, tense as a steel spring. Everything depended upon the next forty seconds.

A step took him to the door. As he had anticipated, the hall was empty. Three steps at a time, he went upstairs. His right hand holding the billy in his pocket, he opened Kiverly's door.

In the act of setting down the telephone—he had just told the man whom Garrens had had phone him that there was some mistake—Kiverly looked round.

The peakedness of Garrens' face suspended the question on Kiverly's lips. The pleasure born of the continued upturn of Insoluble Carbon was displaced by an unreasoning hint of danger. He felt the air surcharged; was startled by the blaze in Garrens' eyes.

But Garrens gave him no opportunity to ponder the situation, to understand his foreboding.

"See what just came over the ticker?" he demanded sharply.

"No! What ——"

"Then look!" Garrens gestured peremptorily. "Look!"

Kiverly turned to the ticker. The billy crashed behind his ear. Vagrantly hoping he was measuring the blows without too much force, Garrens struck again—he had to be sure—and Kiverly went down insensible.

Snatching up the private telephone, Garrens resumed his conversation.

"Peddler at the door," he explained, his voice dry and rasping but level. "Now, about"—he pulled the ticker tape to him—"about Consolidated Common ——" and he talked on of what the quotations portended, incidentally and casually mentioning the time. "It's eighteen minutes to one."

The telephone was of the style that combines receiver and transmitter. Without interrupting his talk, he was able to stoop quickly over Kiverly and withdraw his pocketbook. From it he extracted the two receipts bearing his name and some money.

Still talking of the flurry in Consolidated Common that was showing on the tape, he threw the pocketbook on the floor and turned to the small safe which stood open and within reach. Recognizing the memo book he was after, he stuffed it into his pocket, then dropped the other contents of the safe onto the floor as they might have been cast by someone who had examined everything. The drawers of Kiverly's desk were rummaged and emptied in like manner.

He grinned over how the ticker tape had conspired to help him. The long series of Consolidated Common transactions would stamp their conversation indelibly on the mind of the man at the other end of the wire, besides making it possible for Garrens to give more attention to Kiverly's papers than he had expected.

Several times he frowned doubtfully at Kiverly and had to control his voice. Kiverly looked so—so dead, lying there half on his face, through a grotesque twist in his neck, and the blood oozing from the puffing welts on his head.

Looking at his watch, Garrens concluded.

"It's five minutes to one. I have a date up street at one. Thanks for the dope on the market."

Without the loss of an instant, he gave the operator another number. He signaled her impatiently, complaining that she was slow—and unscrewed the wires. When he got his party he exchanged a few words and asked that the line be held.

With a jerk he tore loose the telephone instrument. He bent to learn that Kiverly was breathing. Opening the door an inch, he listened. There was no one on the stairs, no sound of anyone stirring. Silently he sped down and, unseen, regained his own office.

The connection was alive on his phone. He continued the conversation. Beside him the ticker clattered, but he was no longer interested in what it related. His prime concern was to get out of the building—and stay out.

His fingers were busy loosening the phone terminals.

"It is three minutes to one," he said. "I'll meet you at Pine and William in a couple of minutes."

His friend's office was at Pine and William Streets. Garrens could reach there handily by one o'clock. He was awkwardly coiling the length of wire used in his tapping operation into his pocket as the other acquiesced and hung up.

Detaching the private instrument as he had that at Kiverly's end, he threw both into a cupboard. He would dispose of these to-morrow. It was inadvisable to go out carrying a package.

Whistling softly through dry lips, he quit his office. Three girl employees on the floor above, returning from lunch, went by while he locked the door. On a lower landing a man passed him.

Walking briskly to keep his engagement, he recapitulated: Kiverly last had been known to be all right at 12:41; the broker who had phoned him would testify to that. From 12:15 until 12:57 Garrens had been continuously on the telephone. From 12:37 until 12:55 he had been connected with the same person. Thereafter he had talked with another and gone out. All that time could be fixed definitely by the quotations on the ticker tape and by the phone operator whose sheet would record the series of calls. He had been seen departing from his office and from the building. According to all reason, he had not had time to commit the assault and robbery on the floor above, which on the face of things must have occupied several minutes.

He had no idea how soon Kiverly would revive; no assurance that he would recover at all. Now that it was done, he had a feeling that it would have been safer to kill Kiverly outright. He should not have remembered Kiverly's broken wife and how she lived only for Kiverly's love. Still—his hand closed on the little book he had stolen—it wouldn't matter if Kiverly lived; he had nothing to corroborate his charges, and it would not be farfetched to contend that he was suffering from an exaggerated hallucination due to his injuries.

Garrens relaxed. Every minute, every second practically, was accounted for. He had fared more profitably also than he had reckoned in the beginning. Almost three times as much, he rejoiced, as would have been the loot had he gone no further than "taking Kiverly's bet"! He had a wave of gratitude toward the man he had slugged for having forced this greater step!

Garrens persuaded his friend to take the afternoon off and go to a theater. They dined together and did not part until after midnight. No question could be raised about whether Garrens had been back at his office that day.

On the road home he got an early edition of a morning paper. In it he read that Kiverly had been found in the evening by an office cleaner and at last report had not returned to consciousness. His skull was fractured.

Garrens slept fairly well. He did not deviate from his usual schedule in the morning. That the police had not come after him conveyed the inference that Kiverly had not recovered; that perhaps he was dead. He trembled a bit as he got a paper at the subway station. Kiverly still was alive—and Garrens breathed easier upon noting that the police were admittedly at sea. He had left nothing to identify himself with the crime.

Garrens went round by the hospital but did not tarry there. The figure of Kiverly's wife in a chair by the bedside, a great cloak hiding her twisted body, her face wrought with anguish, struck into him too keenly. With a murmured expression he moved away, unable to stand the agony of despair in her staring dry eyes as she shuddered at Kiverly's unintelligible muttering. In that instant he regretted what he had done and prayed for Kiverly's life; and he shrank from the thought of how easily they could break him down by confronting him with this woman. Then he hardened again and the twinge of regret was overcome as he chatted with the policeman who hovered near. He suppressed a grin when the officer remarked that he was waiting for Kiverly to rouse and give a description of his assailant. Garrens also was looking forward to that.

Proceeding downtown, he came upon the police examining the papers in Kiverly's office. The inspector in charge of the detective bureau, two detectives and a Bertillon expert were present. Seated at the desk while he went through its contents, the inspector glanced inquiringly as Garrens hesitated on the threshold.

"Has anything—developed"? Garrens' tone was hushed. He was not nervous, but there was a stiffness in his vocal organs; he had to strain to get the words out. This was too much like stuffing one's head into the lions' den! It irritated him mildly that Kiverly did not at once come to. He would then get past the ordeal of arrest.

(Concluded on Page 48)

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REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO., INC.

ALMA, MICHIGAN

(Concluded from Page 46)

The Bertillon man, on his knees at the desk, lifted his gaze from the magnifying glass through which he was comparing finger prints with the black imprint of ten finger tips on a card. Garrens' eyes flickered at the card—Kiverly's finger prints. He gulped at this unpleasant reminder, though he knew the effort would avail them nothing; he had left no such traces.

The ticker rattling out the gossip preceding the market opening suddenly sounded disturbingly loud. He wished it would be still.

"Know him?" The inspector had been appealing vainly to heaven to send someone who was intimate enough with Kiverly to supply something to start on.

"Yes." Garrens moved a step into the room. "I worked for him—at times." He played up to the situation well, his face tragic, an arm thrown out, the newspaper crushed in his hand. "God! This is terrible!"

The inspector looked him over with dawning interest.

"What d'you mean, worked for him? When did you see him last?"

"As his broker—yesterday morning." Garrens answered both queries and added: "My office is downstairs. I saw him in the hall when he came in—just said good morning."

"Didn't see him later than that—say, in the afternoon? Didn't see anybody suspicious-looking in the building?"

"No-o. I wasn't here much yesterday—only early in the morning and a little while at the noon hour." His gray face pursed sympathetically.

"Poor old Kiverly! They say at the hospital that he has a fighting chance. It—ah, must have been some aimless thug, don't you think? Though how he should have picked on Kiverly is hard to understand. He has the reputation down here of being a piker, you know, though," Garrens smiled, "that isn't quite true."

"What d'you mean?" The inspector got up. This was the most interesting news he had heard. "Wasn't he just a piker?"

Garrens shook his head. He balanced his words. "He made folks believe he was, but at times he played pretty heavy. He was queer that way—queer."

He related the manner in which Kiverly had operated, always secretly, never letting it become known that he was in the market. He did not talk too much but enough to lend an indistinct and eccentric atmosphere to Kiverly and his methods.

"I wound up a deal for him on Saturday," went on Garrens, "in Insoluble Carbon. I was to turn over the stock and make an accounting to-day. I bought 1100 shares for him—he put up twenty thousand dollars. Carbon closed at 27 yesterday, double what he bought at. Maybe," his brows lifted lugubriously, "maybe you'd like to see my accounts, inspector, to make sure I'm all right."

The inspector stared at him.

"I guess that ain't necessary," he grunted, and swung about to answer the telephone. He grimaced at Garrens as he set the instrument down, and jested. "Giving me the dope on you."

"Huh?" Garrens' eyes flew wide and his muscles tensed. In the same breath he realized that the officer's remark was not ominous and recovered himself. His fright passed unnoticed as, settling again at the desk, the inspector amplified that the call had been from a detective to whom Kiverly's wife had mentioned Garrens as a possible source of information. Garrens already having told of his relationship with Kiverly, the inspector attached no significance to it.

"If I can be of any assistance ——" Garrens broke the silence tentatively.

"Sure!" The inspector accepted without turning his head. "You might be able to help us out, once we lay hands on a lead. Can you stick round?"

"Yes; I'll be glad to."

He felt that his apparent frankness had made his position more solid. The police would recall it when Kiverly made his accusation—if he ever revived sufficiently to make it. In conjunction with the absence of any evidence bringing him into the case, and on the contrary his thorough alibi, it would discount the charge and give weight to the contention that the blows had upset Kiverly's brain.

Shortly after ten o'clock a loose end was gathered up. The broker who had telephoned Kiverly at 12:40 o'clock notified the police of that incident. Headquarters passed the information on to the inspector on the scene.

Immediately this was fastened upon as a pointer on the hour at which the crime had been committed. It narrowed the question of time, and that was not a worthless consideration. The purpose of the fake message, it was decided, had been to make sure that Kiverly was in his office.

They traced the call promptly, only to learn that it had originated in a cigar store where the public phones were in steady use. But though they drew blank in that direction, the closer approximation of the time permitted a more circumscribed search for the guilty. Attention was focused upon those who had been in the building at 12:40 or soon thereafter.

Garrens again was brought into the limelight. Like everybody else on the premises, he was asked to account for himself.

His hand was firm as he toyed with a cigar and made pretense of jogging his memory. "Let's see ——"

He smiled now at the ticker humming with the day's prices. He wondered how Insoluble Carbon was coming on! He smiled at the ticker—the mainspring of his alibi! "Let's see. I phoned some folks about stocks—that's why I came to the office. I was checking up on the market—to decide whether I ought to get in."

"Ye-ah." The inspector nodded. He supposed he was wasting time on Garrens, but it had to be done. "You talked with ——"

"Simpson, at Marson & Company," filled in Garrens, "about Modern Petroleum. The ticker showed it up a fraction and I wanted to know if that meant anything. I asked him about a couple of others that came on the tape then, but I don't recall what they were."

He named three more men with whom he had conferred on current quotations, and wound up with:

"Then I talked to Campbell at Bannon's. Consolidated Common looked good to me. There was heavy trading in it—a whole string of sales on the ticker, I remember, while we talked. It looked like a good buy, but Campbell said not and I let it alone." He paused, chewing on the cigar. "That was all, I guess—oh, yes, except that when I got through with Campbell I phoned a friend and went to meet him." He gave the name of the man whose company he had been in throughout the afternoon and evening.

"Uh-huh!" The inspector hoped the two men he had dispatched to canvass the building were learning something. He turned apathetically as the Bertillon man pointed to the bell box of the private telephone.

"What did he have two phones for?" queried the finger-print expert. "Where'd this go to?" Garrens gave him back a vacant stare and held his breath. He was fearful of the magnifying glass in the hands of this keen-sighted man, though he could not conceive of any danger it might reveal. The inspector removed any immediate threat which possibly was there.

"Something that wasn't worth taking out, most likely," he said. "Let's take a run through this plant and see if anybody can remember a thing."

Garrens went downstairs with them.

"I'll be here if you want me," he remarked, unlocking his office.

"Say!" The inspector called a sleuth who appeared from another office. "Go along with Garrens. He'll give you some names—the fellows he talked to yesterday. You can phone 'em for confirmation."

Garrens held the door open for the detective. The humor of the situation was increasing. Now they were going to use his own phone to substantiate his framed alibi! He laughed to himself while he wrote the names and phone numbers in the order he had made the calls. It was funny to listen to this man ask the others to fix the exact time of their conversations with Garrens.

Having reached the broker with whom Garrens last had conferred, it was gleaned that they had been on the wire from about 12:40 to 12:55.

"He was asking about Consolidated Common," said the broker. "There was a whole clutter of it on the tape right then."

Automatically the detective glanced at Garrens' ticker. His eyes brightened, narrowed—shifted to Garrens, who stood looking out a window at a dead wall.

"What is the symbol for Consolidated—how does it appear on the ticker?" he questioned. "What? CN? Thanks! That's all."

Thoughtfully he hung up the receiver. His gaze wandered over the room—and rested on the bell box which lacked a telephone instrument! He remembered the duplicate in the office upstairs and was thinking of that when Garrens swung on his heel.

"All O. K?"

"I guess so," the reply came absently. "I wish you'd dig up the inspector for me while I call the man you were out with. Will you?"

"Certainly."

No sooner was Garrens out of the office than the detective bent over the ticker. He swore softly, joyously. He did not make the further inquiry by telephone but posted himself at the door instead. There he intercepted Garrens and the inspector.

He shot a significant glance at his superior.

"Maybe if Mr. Garrens went over the papers up in Kiverly's place, inspector, he might see something that we couldn't make out—something worth looking up."

"That won't hurt." The inspector had caught the warning. "You don't mind, Garrens?"

"Of course not! Wait till I lock my office." What a pack of dolts they were!

As Garrens began his inspection the detective went out, remarking that he'd help interrogate the other tenants.

Half an hour later he reappeared. A stranger accompanied him.

"We've got it on him, inspector," he announced abruptly, loudly. "Like a tent!"

Garrens spun in his chair. He could not down the dread that blanched his face. The paper in his hand fell to the floor. The words had come to his ears like an explosion of dynamite.

"On—whom?"

The words burst unbidden from him in a great throbbing breath. His heart constricted. A crushing weight seemed to settle on him, paralyzing and disastrous. He fought to maintain his poise. His alibi was good! They could not break it down! They couldn't ——

"On you!" retorted the detective succinctly. "Like a tent!" He paused with triumphant effect before he explained. "You'll have to subpœna the Stock Exchange records, inspector. Here's a man with a copy of what went on the ticker from noon until after one o'clock. That's all we need."

Like a hunted animal in doubt which way to spring Garrens sat tight in the chair, his lips wreathing in a snarl, his hands clawing. It was unbelievable! What if they had the ticker records? The ticker would ——

The detective confronted him.

"You remember that string of Consolidated Common sales you talked to Campbell about—between 12:40 and 12:55? We-ll, if you were in your own office how did you get them? Your ticker ran out of tape at 12:46! That flurry in Consolidated was just getting under way then!"

Closing his eyes, Garrens lay back. His rage subsided; gave way to the death chill of despair. Distantly he heard the detective elaborating to his chief.

"I don't know exactly how he managed, but I've a guess these dinguses they fix the wires to," he indicated the telephone box, "will show some fresh scratches. There's a box like that down in his office—and two telephone instruments in a cupboard. A phone man can dope out the rest."

Garrens opened his eyes. The policemen were looking at him and he smiled bitterly. There wasn't any use being mad! He had lost another bet—his last bet! What a damnably small thing to lose on—Ticker Tape!

He listened as a detective set down the phone.

"Kiverly's come to—they think he'll live. He says Garrens did it."

Ticker Tape! Another two yards would have saved him. His luck had held rotten to the end!

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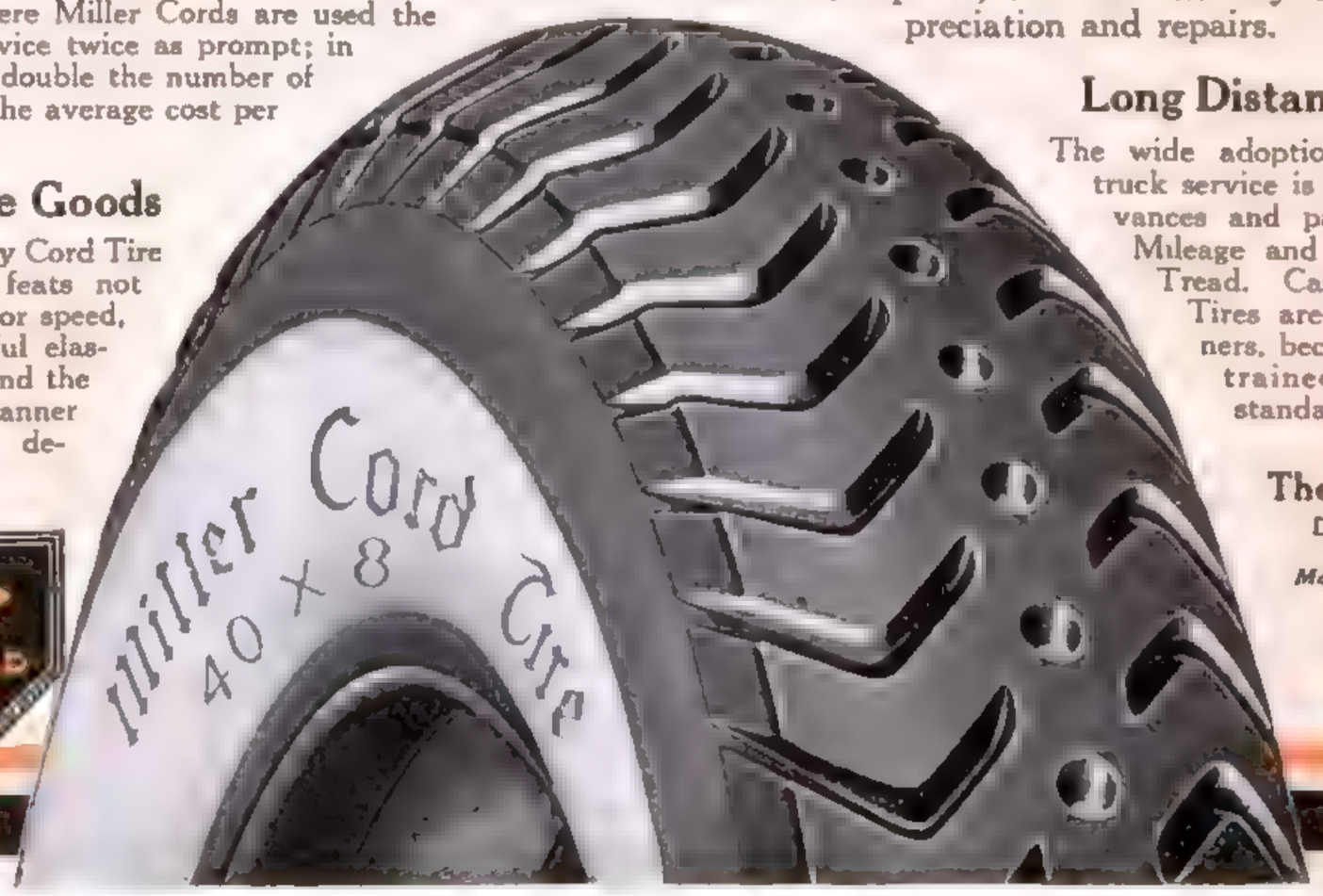

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But We Can Have Quite a Lot

By M. J. PHILLIPS

GINGER FLYNN was in there for the Cormorants and pitching magnificently. Even the Sea Wolves' fans applauded him; and that was a tribute, for they hated Ginger. As he went along setting the Wolves down in order inning after inning, the archaic grand stand, the last wooden structure in the big leagues, rumbled in reluctant tribute.

Ginger himself had hopes of that no-hit game that had eluded him in sixteen years of pitching in the bushes and under the big top. He wanted that and he wanted it now; there weren't many good games left in him. The flame-topped one, from a physical standpoint, had an aging frame and an arm as fragile as a wine glass. Mentally he had a mean disposition, the strategy of a Foch, a terrible knowledge of every batter's weakness, and ability to put the ball through a knot hole about four times out of five.

He was using the entire arsenal to-day. For almost six innings the Sea Wolves had come up to the plate, waved weakly or popped little flies or trickled puny grounders. They were eating out of Ginger's freckled hand.

Late in the sixth Tom Derry hitched his belt, sauntered to the plate, tapped the dirt out of his spikes with the bat, drew a line to mark the inner side of the batter's box and faced Flynn.

Ginger smiled sardonically. He wound up with the lazy grace of a stretching panther and sent the venom-laden pill over. Plock! Ball and bat met with a queer hollow sound like the popping of a cork, and Tom tore for first. The bleacher gods, noting that sound so different from the usual clear whiplike report, turned to each other and said wisely: "Hit 'er on the end of the bat that time."

The effort seemed poor enough. A pale liner, breast high, headed straight for Ginger. The big pitcher squared himself and waited for it.

A queer thing happened. Halfway from the box the ball seemed to stop. For a flicker it hung in the air. Then it dropped. There was no arching over as a fly droops in a gentle curve as it loses momentum. One instant the ball was traveling in a straight line down the diamond. Then it stopped and sought the ground as though falling from a hand. It simply described a right angle instead of the usual parabola.

Flynn, the shock of surprise past, flung himself at the ball. But he was hopelessly late. Derry had crossed first with the Sea Wolves' first hit of the game. There was no niche in baldom's hall of fame this day for Ginger.

Flynn's uncertain temper burned like his hair. He passed the next batter and made a two-base wild throw in an effort to catch Derry napping. The Sea Wolves' second baseman slid home with the first run of the game.

Incidentally it was enough. Pudge Hicks was pitching some ball too. The Cormorants got a hit occasionally, but they couldn't score. A one-hit game helps some, and that seemed Ginger's achievement until Derry came up again in the ninth. He waited for three balls, caught a good one with a swift chop and sent a grounder toward short.

There was another hollow cork-pulling sound. Though the ball got away with a good speed it hopped in a queer, stilted fashion. When still twenty feet from Bugs O'Brien, who was waiting for it at the edge of the grass, the unruly sphere rocketed in the air, gave up all forward motion and died ignominiously. Derry had it beaten so far that Bugs made no attempt to throw.

"The lucky stiff!" crowed the bleachers. "Two on the end o' the bat and the only two hits of the game! Atta boy, Tom!"

"Hold on a minute!" snarled the empurpled Ginger to the umpire. "This piker's packin' a flat stick. Go take a look at it."

The official looked. He called his colleague from the field and they put their heads together over the bat, while grinning Tom Derry squatted on first and the grand stand boomed and trembled under happy heel beats. After a thorough survey and various tappings and squintings, Umpire Gleason announced: "Bat's all right. Must have hit it on the end. Batter up!"

Ten minutes later the sporting extras were trumpeting in great black type: "Sea Wolves, 1; Cormorants, 0."

Katherine Cahill, cashier of the Occidental Hotel, was standing behind the wicket of curlicued bronze. She didn't look too stylish, as young lady cashiers sometimes do. One gathered the impression that her clothes were not entirely for ornament. But she looked very desirable with her clear blue eyes and her clean-cut features and the deep-brown hair that stopped just this side of outright curling.

At just this moment Miss Cahill was somewhat nervous and embarrassed, though hiding her feelings well. Only a spot of color in each cheek betrayed her. For on the other side of the wicket, shoulder brushing shoulder offensively, stood the duelists of the afternoon, Ginger Flynn and Tom Derry. They had been standing thus for ten minutes, each refusing to give ground. To one whose sight was not hopelessly impaired it was evident that Tom Derry was fathoms deep in love with Kitty Cahill and that he was perspiring from mingled wrath and mortification. It was also plain that Ginger esteemed Miss Cahill just as highly and that he was spoiling for a fight.

The conversation was a monologue; the pitcher, with a grimace that passed for a smile and a joviality that fitted as awkwardly as would a dress coat on a grizzly, was flaying his milder rival.

The brace of blows of the afternoon were the subject of Ginger's talk. He had already referred to Derry as the "ping-pong kid," "burglar" and "bush wizard" when Bill Paradis, baseball writer for the Morning News, spied the trio from afar.

"Friendly as a bulldog with a sore foot," murmured Bill as he altered his course toward the cashier's window. "If I don't split 'em out there'll be blood on the chandeliers. Kitty wouldn't like that.

"Good evening, folks," he began breezily as he reached hailing distance. "Howdy, Miss Cahill? How are the dollars and the tens and the twenties coming in? That's fine! Hard game to lose, Bob. You certainly had the old Wolves acting as though they'd found some poisoned meat." He hooked his arm into that of the second baseman. "Busy, Tom? Want to chin with you a little." He led, or rather propelled Derry away, leaving Flynn in surly triumph by the wicket.

"Was the old redtop having some fun with you?" he queried when they were safely out of earshot.

Derry's face, usually placid, was wrinkled into a scowl.

"I'd like to punch him in the jaw," he declared fervently.

"But you won't, old kid," returned the newspaper man. "It isn't done, you know. You two birds mix it, and everybody knows the answer—Kitty. That wouldn't help her any."

"Don't you suppose I see all that?" retorted Derry. "My hands are tied and he knows it. But I'd like to crown him just the same. He's been riding me all season."

"You handed him something to-day all right; and the Lord, as well as most people, loves a winner. Where can we go to have a little talk?"

"Up to my room," replied Derry, whose anger was subsiding in a series of growls.

"I came over here," announced Paradis, when he had lighted a cigarette and thumped the pillows into a comfortable ball behind him as he sprawled on Tom's bed, "to find out about this afternoon's performance."

"What performance?"

"Those two funny hits of yours."

"Why," grinned the second baseman, "everybody says I hit 'em on the end of the bat."

"I don't," returned the other positively. "I was watching the first one. I didn't notice your swing particularly, but I never saw a ball act as that one did. You line it out; it hangs in the air like a toy balloon and then falls as straight as though someone had rolled it off a roof. The second time I kept my eyes glued on you. That grounder wasn't hit on the end; I can swear to that. You've got something up your sleeve and I want to know what it is."

Derry leaned back in the one chair the room boasted, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and sighed with utter satisfaction.

"Bill," he said in a voice that trembled slightly with excitement, "I've got the world by the tail—and a downhill drag."

"I knew it," Paradis nodded vigorously in compliment to his own shrewdness. "Well, give me the dope. Mind you start at the beginning."

Derry rose to pace the floor; in his growing enthusiasm and elation he could not sit still. Like Ginger, he had passed the first flush of youth. The newspapers, with unconscious cruelty that made him wince, called him "the veteran of many a hard contest" and recited the great changes that had taken place since he broke into the big show. He admitted twenty-eight years, which meant he was thirty-four or thirty-five.

"It started accidentally down at training camp last spring," he explained as he paced back and forth. "We were all in the hotel billiard room one rainy day and some of the fellows got to fussing with the balls. You know—they'd twist them in their fingers and throw them out on the table with a snap. Then the English would take the ball and make it come back to them again."

"Oh, yes!"

"I tried it. You see, I have long fingers." He raised his hands and Paradis saw that he spoke truth. Tom's fingers were long, very slender and well modeled. His wrists also were long and very slim and supple. The hands, in short, were of the type possessed by artists and musicians, very different from the spatulate-fingered, stumpy mitts of most ball players.

"I found I could get more English, more twist than anybody. I could make 'er do all sorts of stunts. Sometimes it'd spin clear to the other end of the table before the reverse. Then she'd hook back to me, making a big curve as it came. Nobody else of the gang could do anything of the sort.

"It set me thinking. A billiard ball's about the size of a baseball, you know. 'Why won't a baseball do that?' I says to myself. Of course a ball does curve in the air. I began wondering why, if a pitcher can get a big hook on the old pill in the air where there isn't much resistance, you couldn't get more where your resistance is furnished."

"I get you!" broke in the newspaper man eagerly. "The pitcher puts the English on just as you did. Your billiard curve takes when the ball hits the cloth, though the twist is there when it leaves your fingers just as it's on the baseball."

"That's it," nodded Tom. "Ever notice a hard-hit grounder—look at it close, I mean? Remember how the hops slant back toward the plate—don't they?"

"By Jove, they do!" agreed Paradis. "It isn't a straight line that the ball describes from the ground up to the top of the bound. I've noticed 'em lean back and I often wondered what made it."

"I thought that was the English the pitcher put on, 'taking' because the pill was hit. The bat and the ground furnished the resistance that the table did for the billiard ball. I argued a little further. I couldn't see why, if the bat was whirling when the ball hit it ——"

"That it wouldn't impart the spin that your fingers do to the billiard ball," broke in Paradis. "Crazy—like a fox!"

"Right you are!" grinned Tom, pausing in his stride. "I got a bat and began practicing on it. I'd stand up and spin it when I got a chance until I could just make her purr. I keep one right by me so I can work some evenings. See here."

There was a bat in the corner of the room. He caught it up by the handle and extended it horizontally in front of him, grasping the handle with both hands.

"Now watch!"

He turned his supple wrists far over until the right one was bent on the forearm at an acute angle. His long fingers, intertwined about the tape-wound handle, jerked suddenly like the snap of a whip. The bat leaped into instant motion. He withdrew both his hands.

The club remained horizontal in the air, absolutely unsupported. But it was spinning from left to right on its axis with incredible speed, giving out the low hum of a top as it is spun. For a moment this intense whirling motion overcame the force of gravitation. When Derry seized the handle deftly, the hum ended abruptly in a raspy "Z-zip!"

"Ever see that done before?" he demanded proudly.

"Never!" breathed the pop-eyed Paradis. "Say, boy, she sang like a buzz saw!"

"It took me months to get that song out of her," smiled Derry. "When I did, I figured things ought to happen. So I got a sand-lot pitcher and a couple of kids for chasers to sneak down to the ball yard with me one morning. I told the boy to put everything he had on and lay 'er over waist high. Well, he did!"

"What happened?"

"Not a thing! I got a nice clean little hit over second. I twisted the old bat good and hard just as I swung too. We tried it again; this time it was a grounder. No English at all.

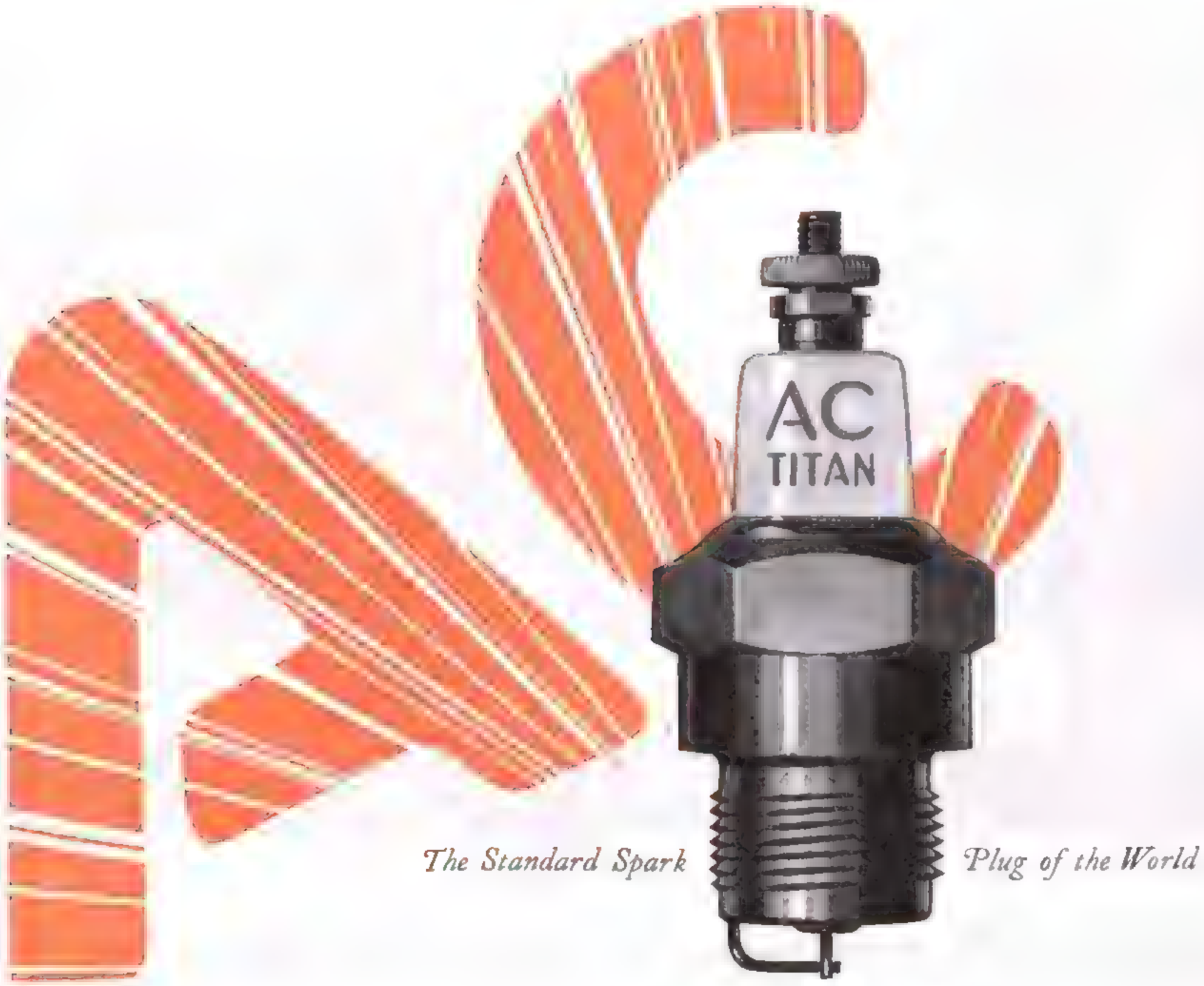
"I couldn't believe my idea was as foolish as it looked and we kept it up all morning. Those kids chased balls till their tongues hung out, but the old reverse never worked once. Looked as though I'd backed a dead one.

"Tried it next day with a better pitcher and still all I did was to sharpen my batting eye. There was never a false move to the little old pill. I came back to the hotel, threw the bat under the bed and tried to forget my foolishness. But I couldn't help puzzling over it. I'd been at it so long the thing was a bug with me, like perpetual motion to some guys.

"After a while it struck me all of a heap: Why not try the twist in the opposite direction? That seemed worth trying. I dug out the bat and started in all over again, bending my wrists the opposite way until I could spin her just as hard.

"I'd learned something from my experiments. As I started my swing I also started the spin. But I gripped the bat again just as it met the ball. That killed some of the spin—deadened the English I wanted to pass on to the pill. I had to learn to guide the bat without gripping so the ball got the full benefit of the reverse English.

(Continued on Page 53)



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United Trucks
Vim Trucks
Ward La France Trucks
Westcott
White
Whitney Tractors
Wilcox Trux
Wisconsin Motors
Wolverine Tractors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

Kreolite Floors Increase Human Efficiency in the Glass Industry

New plant of the Owens Bottle Company, Charleston, W. Va., equipped throughout with Kreolite Wood Blocks

THE greatest factor to be dealt with in the manufacture of glass is the intense heat.

Men cannot safely work around the furnaces which throw out temperatures up to 1800 degrees Fahrenheit, over floors which conduct heat

Furthermore, most floors soon crumble under this high temperature.

* * *

GREATER endurance, and adaptability of Kreolite Wood Block Floors have made them indispensable to this industry. The specially designed, well seasoned Kreolite Blocks are first thoroughly impregnated with Kreolite Preservative Oil by our own patented process, then laid so that only the tough end grain is exposed

Each installation is given individual thought and attention by our Factory Floor Engineers, to fit the floor to the specific conditions it must encounter.

Many installations are made over worn floors without interfering with production.

* * *

THE Plant of the Owens Bottle Company at Charleston, W. Va., furnishes another excellent example of the remarkable qualities of these floors.

UNDER varying conditions of heat, cold and extremely heavy wear, they have stood the test. In 1917, this company constructed a complete new plant at this point.

The floor problems in this plant, devoted to the manufacture of bottles, are both difficult and vital to the success of the industry

* * *

PART of the floors are subjected to blistering heat. The floors are laid within 18" of the melting pots.

In this one plant 200,000 sq. ft. of Kreolite Groove Block were laid according to our specifications. At about the same time, 210,000 sq. ft. were installed in the plant of the Libbey-Owens Plate Glass Plant at Kanawha City, W. Va., and over 100,000 sq. ft. in the Whitney Glass Company's Plant at Glassboro, N. J. The plans for all these plants were designed by The DeVore Company, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

A LETTER from the Vice President of the Owens Bottle Company expresses the satisfactory way in which Kreolite Wood Block Floors have met these conditions.

"KREOLITE Wood Block Floors have been proving very satisfactory, they are comfortable under foot, stand up well under heavy trucking, eliminate all dust, and in addition they are more durable than any other floors."

Kreolite Wood Block Floors are now being used extensively in the glass industry. One of the latest plants to install them being the Illinois Glass Company of Alton, Ill. This concern laid 30,000 sq. ft. last winter and has since contracted for 15,000 additional sq. ft. of Kreolite Wood Block Floors.

* * *

KREOLITE Wood Block Floors are specially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, area-ways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries, stables and garages.

Our book on Kreolite Factory Floors covers this subject thoroughly. It contains authoritative information useful for Construction Engineers, Architects, Industrial Executives and others interested in better and more permanent factory floors. It will be sent upon request without obligation.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches; New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities

(Continued from Page 50)

"I didn't dare let anyone know what I was doing and I did most of my practicing in my hotel room, wherever we happened to be playing. I broke two electric light globes and a looking glass, but the hang of it was coming to me."

"You were perfecting your technic."

"That's it! When I was sure of making a swing from any place and at any angle, high ball or low ball, with the old wagon tongue humming her little song, I tried it again. And this time—she worked. Every morning for two weeks I rehearsed what happened this afternoon. Paradis, I can hit 'em if I can dope out the pitcher at all, and put on that old reverse English every time.

"It's all the same—grounder or liner or fly. The reverse takes 'em sooner or later, depending on how hard I hit. If it's a liner she drops down dead as you saw to-day. A grounder is only good for three or four hops—never more than five. A fly may start for the bleachers, but it drops down fifty to a hundred feet back of the base line.

"They can't dope 'em. A fielder'll start for the fence on a long hit and the old whiz-ball will make him look foolish. And the infield can't judge 'em, as you saw to-day."

"They'll get next to you after a few games and play in close," objected Paradis.

"I'll drop the whiz and knock their teeth out," retorted Tom. "I've gone over it from every angle, old-timer, and she's absolutely fool-proof. I got this baseball world by the tail, I tell you!"

The sport-writer's answer was to roll off the bed and shake hands tumultuously.

"You lucky son-of-a-gun!" he pronounced. "You're as much of a philosopher as Ike Newton, or Jim Watts, the teakettle fellow. You've discovered and applied a new principle of physics."

"Whatever that is," grinned Tom.

"That's right!" vociferated the excited William. "Many a college'd haul off and give you a B. S. for less'n that. You lucky stiff!" he breathed again between awe and admiration

"Now to cash in on it," he continued, resuming his place on the bed and hooking his long right leg over his left knee. "It's sure fire, you say. What can you hit?"

"Better than eight hundred, allowing for everything. Once in a while some real pitcher's going to slip something over on me. But not often. I had to watch the ball pretty close and I improved a lot just from the practice. I'm batting right round three hundred as it is. With that old whiz-ball—oh, boy!"

"I noticed your clubbing's picked up lately. How much money you got?" he demanded abruptly. "Not a buffalo nickel, I suppose."

"Who, me? I got six hundred cases in Liberty Bonds!" announced Tom proudly.

Paradis scorned him with a fluted whistle.

"Six—hundred—cases, and you've been fifteen years in the big show! What you demon ath-a-letes do with your coin gets me. Say, man, you should have thirty or forty thousand dollars.

"Six hundred—man, if you were thinking of getting married that wouldn't buy the license these days. You were thinking some that way, I take it?"

"I was," agreed Tom, blushing an honest red.

"All set, then. Guess I'll put you over strong; smear you all over the sport page; give you the banner line to-morrow morning. A story like that'll bring a thousand more people to the park. You won't throw me down though—sure you can deliver?"

"Dead sure, Bill!"

"Then you strike old Buck for a thousand more for the season, conditional on the Sea Wolves' taking the flag. Does he know about the whiz-ball stuff?"

"Yes; he noticed something and I told him. He swears I'm lying to him."

"The old porch climber! He knows if you've got it the boys'll breeze in. Why, their heads are up this minute! They had everything but a little luck, and this stunt of yours brings them that. So you go out there and get three hits to-morrow and then nail him for the thousand. I'll put you across for a wad of dough that'll make your Sea-Wolf salary look like cigarette money."

"How?" queried Tom curiously.

"I don't know—exactly, but I'll do it. You just dump the old apple six hundred or better and I'll find the way. I have a scheme or two in my noodle that I'll work out."

Derry was looking down into the street from the open window.

"For half of it, I suppose?" he suggested dryly over his shoulder.

"For not a thin dime of it!" was the scornful reply.

The ball player wheeled about.

"Then what do you get out of it—all this extra work and everything? I suppose there'll be a lot of work to it?"

"Some," agreed Paradis, standing up. "I'll be paid. My artistic sense'll be gratified in mapping an ornamental career for you; in proving to the blasé young gentlemen who write sport stuff for various slimy contemporaries that there's something new in baseball; and by trying out various wrinkles in the selling game.

"Oh, I'll be paid, all right!" He kindled under his own words. "I'll make theater managers forget Harry Lauder, and the Chautauquas hurdle Bryan to get you. Shouldn't wonder if I put you in the movies. Ever make a speech?"

"Never did," said the puzzled Tom.

"Fine! Virgin territory from the jawbone up. All you got to do, old top, is to step out there and make the pellet say 'plock!' every day. Start 'er with three to-morrow."

Derry saw dimly the possibilities of much money unfolding.

"Gee, I wish I'd staggered onto this thing ten years ago!" he mourned. And then he added philosophically: "Aw, well, we can't have everything."

"No, we can't," responded Bill briskly. "But we can have quite a lot."

Tom contributed four hits next day. One was a line drive that dumped abruptly over second. One started like a screamer toward left-field bleachers and dropped yards behind Jack Cannavan as he was legging it for the wall. One was a miserable little grounder. The fourth was an honest smash against the shins of Bugs O'Brien, who came far up on the grass to pick on the next cripple and came near being crippled himself, since Derry put no reverse on that one.

Tom drove in four runs and scored two himself. It was a free-hitting game and the Sea Wolves won—eight to four. A crowd of large proportions, drawn thither by Bill Paradis' story in the Morning News, yelled itself to a joyous glow each time Derry came to bat—winey music to a veteran who yesterday was all but through.

Buck McCue, cynical philosopher who managed the Sea Wolves, proved unexpectedly mellow when Tom approached him for a thousand-dollar bonus, to be paid if the Wolves won the pennant.

"You got something, old-timer!" agreed Buck, placing a fresh ration of fine-cut where it would do the most good; "you got something—I'll say that for you. I don't know what the hell it is and I don't care so long as it wins ball games. Them Cormorants are wailin' like banshees already, and they're the gang we're racin' to the rag. I'll fall for anything—once. We win this pennant and you get a thousand berries. But"—and he lowered grizzled brows forbiddingly—"you're in there every day, peckin' away and rollin' up your hits. You're worth more at the gate than Ty Cobb and Hughie Jennings put together."

Tom Derry gave the tang to a baseball season otherwise featureless. The newspapers played him and his whiz-ball from Skaneateles to San Francisco. The Sea Wolves played to sinful crowds—ropes and ground rules even on rainy days. The seven other teams fought among themselves like rival mothers at a baby show as they tried to grope a system that would beat Tom Derry.

He was a left-field hitter. A majority of his offerings normally went to the left side of the diamond. All sorts of trick defenses were engineered against the whiz-ball. Every shortstop and third baseman came in close—once. After Tom had left off the English and shot a fast one in their direction the infielders returned to their normal positions and stayed there, commending Tom's offerings to Providence and the pitcher. There was nothing in their contracts, they loudly proclaimed, requiring them to face death or a broken nose every time the Sea Wolves came to town.

The Woodpeckers staged a combination of the old tandem football style. The second baseman moved over back of short; the right fielder filled in between him and the left fielder, giving them five men on the left side of the diamond where they normally had three. Unfortunately for their plan, Spider Cohen was pitching that day and he had worlds of speed. Crafty Tom was quick to see that a slow swing against so much smoke would send the ball at a different angle. He cut out the twist and whistled three beautiful hits between first and second before the Woodpeckers sullenly gave it up and went back to their normal positions.

On other clubs left fielders and center fielders played close in to garner the drooping whiz-ball as it nose-dived. This was useless since the batter had the last guess. When they crowded the base lines he smashed it over their heads, so that an ordinary fly became a thing of extra bases.

The Grizzly pitchers, acting under instructions, tried passing him every time up. This brought such a howl from the home fans that the scheme was withdrawn the third day. They had come to see Tom Derry hit. They would have preferred his being put out. But if that were impossible they were willing to stand the consequences. It wasn't, as the British say, cricket to deprive him of his chance. Besides, since he had been moved to lead-off man in the batting order, right behind him batted that brace of eminent murderers, Cunnane and Westrop, each of whom had a swing like a pile driver and who were never happier than when breaking a pitcher's heart. No; passing him wasn't the solution.

A few tried the old beanball. When the Sea Wolves suspected a pitcher of dusting Tom off, his career round the bases was a perilous one. They jolted him and spiked him and stepped on his toes. Tom was too precious an asset to be knocked out or to have his nerve broken by some fool pitcher. So that didn't work.

The thing sunk in after a while that there was nothing to do about Tom Derry—or with him—except pitch to him the same as to any other batter and trust to luck and good fielding.

Tom didn't always hit. Sometimes he fanned; and occasionally the whiz refused to impart itself to the ball. On such occasions the crowd got its money's worth and the opposition carried valiant heart of hope, since it had rediscovered that the old villain was human after all. But one cannot be scornful for long periods of a bludgeon-bearer who hits between .700 and .800. And that is what he did.

He was a national figure in no time. Paradis is the man who really sold him to the American public. As a press agent he made typewriter agitators for prominent movie stars turn a dingy yellow with envy. He thought of everything—and did it. He cultivated a beautiful teamwork with Tom, who obeyed to the last punctuation mark on every suggestion.

"It's like this, old-timer," explained Bill, in mapping out the raid on careless shekels. "The newspapers can make you or break you. When any of the boys of the press want anything, you get up in the night to see they get it. Stand for a picture or an interview or a josh. Don't try to be a prominent citizen with 'em. Play with all fifty-two cards on the table, face up. Just be plain old Tom Derry. For a guy who writes things for the papers can smell a hypocrite farther than a mountaineer can scent a still. Be a buddy to the scribes, Tom.

"But the rest of 'em—oh, boy! If the agent for the Blue Racer wants to have you snapped stepping into one of his hay balers, let him snap—at fifty dollars a click. If a prominent minister, on the watch for a little cheap notoriety, asks you to occupy his pulpit, tell him sure, and that your rate for sermons this year is a hundred a throw. Don't you ever speak in public ——"

"I told you I couldn't make a speech," interrupted Tom, wrinkling his brows in a worried sort of way.

"I know it; I'll teach you how. And we'll have you write some syndicate stuff."

"I can't write for the papers either."

"I can! Watch your step! Don't make any speeches until you get in touch with me. If any guy tries to use you and I'm out of reach, figure what would be a good stiff price for the service—and double it. Get me?"

"I get you!"

The Sea Wolves romped home with the pennant, beating the Cormorants by a comfortable margin. In doing it they broke the heart of Ginger Flynn, who took Tom's uncanny batting ability as a personal affront. In every game they played he tried to prod Tom into a clash. His line of attack was not the usual ball-yard rough stuff, forgotten before taunter and tauntee were under the showers. It was fighting talk, spat out with a forked tongue.

Tom longed to grind the redhead's nose into the dirt and felt in his bones he had the ability to do it. But the thought of Kitty Cahill and how people would talk always cooled his blood and relaxed his fists.

On the last day of the season Bill Paradis pronounced oracularly: "We will now proceed to do some acquiring while the acquirement season is propitious. In other words, old-timer, let's go get it!"

He went fast and he went far. He talked Tom into twelve weeks of vaudeville at a perfectly outrageous salary. He syndicated baseball articles by "Tom Derry, the Wizard of the Whiz-Ball," to 862 newspapers in the United States and Canada, one in Mexico and two in England. He prepared a talk to be delivered to Boy Scouts on Just How I Work the Whiz-Ball; another on Why Clean Men Make the Best Athletes, for Y. M. C. A. audiences; and Rational Exercise for Business Men, which went big in rotary and athletic clubs. He made Tom learn them word for word with the proper inflection and gestures. The gestures, by the way, were few and repressed, but effective.

He sold Tom to scores of audiences. He levied tribute on school boards with a high-school talk on Mental Discipline a Baseball Necessity, though that came later.

Tom got the money. He was a simple, likable chap who put on no airs and had no temperament, and the newspaper fraternity were for him unanimously. On dull winter days the first assistant sport writer would say to the head of the sport department of almost any daily paper: "Ho hum! She's awful dead to-day. What'll I spill a story on—the Sea Wolves' wooden grand stand fallin' down some day, or Tom Derry?" The chief almost always answered: "Ol' Tom's a good fellow. Boost his game a little. You can wreck the ball yard next week."

What worried Tom, when he had time to worry, was that he made no progress with Kitty Cahill. She liked him, it was plain, and was willing to attend the theater with him occasionally. But Ginger Flynn was wintering in the big town and she saw some of the new shows with him too.

November, December, January hustled by, with Tom putting money into the savings bank at an awesome rate.

February—and the teams took wing for the training camps. Wise old Thomas had carried a bat with him on his theatrical and lecture tours and practiced daily. His long slim fingers and limber wrists were as obedient as ever. When he straddled the plate for the first time and dumped a liner in the center of the infield, the ball breaking down as sharply as though it had collided with a wall, the team crowed loudly. The old pennant was the same as in.

That season was the same as the last—apparently. The Sea Wolves went out ahead and stayed there. The Cormorants were a bad second. Tom whizzed them or hit them out to the tune of .763 before May was gone. Ginger Flynn set everybody down except the Sea Wolves with his old demoniac cunning. Kitty Cahill liked both her cavaliers—and showed it. She wasn't coquettish; she was natural and sincere. But no one knew which of the two was going to win. Maybe Kitty herself didn't.

Everything seemed just the same, but wasn't the same at all. Tom's legs were requiring more attention than those of the old thoroughbred who has begun to stumble from too much racing. Only Tom and Buck McCue and Sam, the rubber, knew how bad they were. Ginger Flynn was winning regularly on past performances and blind luck. His fast ball was more and more like a young pitcher's slow one. After every game the Cormorant trainer earned his salary taking the kinks out of aged muscles.

Relations seemed no more strained between the rivals than they had been, but the men were drawing nearer to a collision. The Sea Wolves' grand stand seemed as safe as ever. No one caught a new note in its complaining as thousands of heels drummed it frenziedly in the lucky seventh.

There came a blistering, suffocating day in full summer. The Sea Wolves were entertaining the Cormorants in a listless, gaspy sort of a game in which tempers flamed as if touched by a burning glass. Ginger was pitching, setting them down without a run. Yet he knew he would lose and that Tom Derry was the man who would beat him. As for Tom, he had failed of his hit the first two times up. Ginger had fanned him once—on a third strike that floated past, big and slow as a football. The redhead grinned like a hyena and for good measure tossed in a centipedic remark that poisoned with every syllable.

In the seventh came the blowoff. The melting multitude felt a premonitory thrill and quit fanning to sit up and buzz. The Sea Wolf coachers barked and snarled on the side lines. Ginger three-shelled the first pair of hitters back to the bench but the next two got on somehow. Tom Derry came to bat, a tingle of anticipation running pleasantly along his nerves. Contrary to custom, he smiled toward the upper tiers of the center of the grand stand. He had just discovered that Katherine Cahill, in a white dress with short sleeves, was sitting up there.

The infield fidgeted and cursed him; came up on the grass tentatively and cursed again; went back to the paths. Then, with a final crackle of profanity, it elected to play close for one of the hated whizzers.

Tom let a bad one go by, fouled a slow ball and then slapped a clean and honest single over third. Two runs raced home. Everybody knew they were enough—best of them all, Ginger Flynn knew it. That ball game was gone. Playing it out was a mere formality.

Derry came up in the ninth as the crowd was rising languidly. Flynn stood beside the box, toying with the ball. In a low conversational tone he applied the fighting word in various unpalatable forms. The umpire was silent; he knew how Ginger felt on losing and he was inclined to give a little latitude.

If he had known that Tom Derry's temper was fast slipping he might have stepped in, but Tom had stood for so much in the past that umpires didn't waste time studying him. They devoted themselves to the bad actors instead.

This arbiter's head jerked up quickly when Tom's voice whipped across Ginger's monotone. He sent back the challenge that mustn't be uttered without a smile—but he neglected to smile. And then he raised his tones until the benches and even the grand stand, quiet for the moment, heard this sentence: "Get in there and pitch, you big redheaded stiff, till I drive you back to the bushes!"

Flynn had been facing third in an exaggerated attitude of indifference when this threat went home too deeply for words. He pivoted on his heels with a hiss of hatred and threw the ball with all his strength at Derry's head.

There was no time to dodge. It was instinct that made Tom fling up his left arm to guard his eyes. They heard the crack all over the field as the ball, with an unbelievable force, struck him on the wrist.

He staggered, dropped the bat, jostled the clutching umpire out of the way and raced for the box. Ginger put his hands up sturdily enough, but the pent-up rage of a full year was behind Tom Derry's rush. His fist went through Flynn's guard as a circus rider smashes a paper hoop. The blow caught the pitcher fairly on the nose. A good many who saw it declare Ginger's head hit the grass before any of the rest of him did. He went down quick and hard—and he stayed down.

Everybody surged forward to see the blow. A united, vigorous thrust is not good for a grand stand expanded as to joints by an egg-frying sun. The center section dropped out with a ripping, splintering crash.

That sound and the awful commingling of shrieks and groans that followed dashed the red from behind Tom's eyes. He turned from his twitching foe and sprinted back. He dived into the netting which protects the center section from foul tips. A large piece came away at his rush; he never realized it had been an obstacle. He went bounding up the seats alongside the yawning hole which was half filled below with sunshot wreaths of dust and below that with screaming, writhing horror. For Kitty Cahill, caught in some miraculous manner under the arms by two sagging scantlings and a broken board, was teetering above eternity.

Tom tore loose a plank with one hand and a berserk determination that would not be thwarted; thrust an end of it under a seat brace that remained firm and adventured over the chasm by straddling the plank and inching himself along.

Swaying fifty feet above jagged upstanding timbers waiting to pierce his vitals, he clinched his legs beneath the plank and reaching up toward the hot blue sky, worked Kitty loose with his right hand. He caught her ere she could drop into the inferno beneath. In his struggle to keep her on the plank, Tom looked down—once. He saw a man with blood on his face and across him the body of a little girl. Arms and legs writhed from the mass like imprisoned ants and people ran about the edges of the heap and babbled. That one look and Kitty's weight and the pain in Tom's left wrist very nearly sent him over, but he locked his ankles and hung on until the giddiness passed.

With some help from Kitty, who was as pale as her dress but not of the fainting kind, he progressed backward like a crab to safety. The cracking of the plank added a sporting element to the journey and the seat brace under which the plank was anchored groaned with the strain. Kitty shuddered at that.

When they were back on the tottery edge of the chasm, Tom said, with gasps between the words like a runner who has come a long way: "It's—all—right—darling!" Then he kissed her, lingeringly and enjoyingly.

This is not a story of that grand-stand crash and the city, state, national and grand jury investigations thereof; of the arrest for criminal negligence—of which nothing came; of the damage suits that are still pending. Everybody knows all about them anyway. It is mainly about Tom Derry, who woke next morning to the belief that each of his two hundred and eight bones had been broken at least once, and that he was a hero, a knowledge which eased the aches somewhat.

Tom had done the one picturesque, clear-thinking thing in a panic and his newspaper friends played it for all it was worth. It really didn't need much touching-up, that story, for one of the wonder wrists which had indirectly caused the whole catastrophe had been broken by Ginger's frantic fling. Love, jealousy, rivalry, courage, self-sacrifice—it had all the elements, with the broken wrist thrown in for good measure. One gloating city editor summed it up: "Some touch, that broken wrist—oh, lady!"

Of course every Derry partisan who was sure Tom was a hero was equally sure that Ginger Flynn was a dog, and said so, more or less libelously and slanderously. They had seen Ginger fling the ball at Tom's head. The persistent nagging of the pitcher, and its cause, and Tom's generous and chivalrous forbearance were also pretty well understood.

If this were merely a story the interest would have ended with that kiss, on the edge of the pit which had death at the bottom. For the end of such story, given the above situations to work on, is logical and inevitable: Ginger is barred from the league and from organized baseball and sinks into miserable oblivion; Tom recovers, goes back to the adoring Sea Wolves and wins another pennant, loads of money and much adulation. He marries Kitty; they live happily ever after.

Unfortunately, this isn't a story; it is a fragment from life and life is inevitable but it isn't always logical.

A winning pitcher isn't barred from baseball for any crime short of mayhem. The Cormorant's manager got busy. The second day's papers contained a signed statement by Ginger from the obscurity of St. Mark's Hospital, declaring that he had not intended hitting Derry, but was in the box and simply attempted to sneak a strike over on him. He didn't blame Tom—which was generous—for his display of temper and hoped that the broken wrist would mend rapidly.

Public sympathy shifted a trifle. The manager, with the aid of the club's press agent, gave that gem a wistful note. It made the fans feel that though Ginger was a dog he was undoubtedly the under dog. So he wasn't disbarred. He came out of the hospital a week later, wearing a nose which never was quite straight again and joined the team, which had moved on. At the park that afternoon he started to warm up.

A scowl knotted his face at the first slow heave of the ball and he grumbled an oath of pain and perplexity. That mad fling at Derry's head had cracked the bubble-glass arm. A brittle tendon had gone and Ginger Flynn's name appeared in no more box scores, ever.

Tom's wrist, as the X-ray showed, knitted perfectly. He took his time about coming back, for the team was going like a house afire with the momentum he had imparted. When he did face the pitcher and an ovation after his leisurely recovery, he got one sickly hit out of six times up. The fracture had upset the delicate balance that had enabled him to manipulate the bat. Just as a grain of dust in the right place will throw a watch off its stride, so that jolt had hopelessly kinked a nerve or broken a few cells in some tiny muscle.

The whiz-ball was a tradition. He spun the bat until sweat blinded him, but the old marvelous technic eluded him. He could not impart the wizard English any more. He was simply a .225 hitter—or so they figured him—with bad legs under him and too many years behind him to stage a come-back. For sentiment's sake, the club carried him the few remaining weeks of the season, and then made him a free agent. Which meant that any club could sign him—and no club would. He was through.

The new Hotel Monolith—5000 rooms and 5000 baths—had taken on its usual evening bustle. A carving line a hundred yards long, writhing between great marble pillars, waited to register. Lobby lizards, trying to look like patrons, looked in vain for empty chairs. Bell hops sprinted, skated and slithered. Head waiters regretfully turned squads of hungry from all eight dining rooms.

In one corner of the great lobby is the glittering cigar stand. Its cash register was tinkling melodiously and continuously. Outside, above the broad window which looked on the street, was a whirling incandescent baseball which alternately glowed and paled. Beneath the globe was a great, white, many-globed sign—Whiz-ball Cigar Company.

In the private office, all marble and mahogany, behind the stand, the stockholders, board of directors and officers of the Whiz-ball Cigar Company were holding their first annual meeting. They were doing it without crowding, confusion or dissension.

The vice president and secretary, who was also one-half of the board of directors and owned fifty per cent of the stock, announced, after reading briefly from a large book: "So our profits on the three stands, exclusive of what we've taken out for living expenses, are $18,472.18."

"Nine thousand apiece," commented Tom Derry, who was—and is—president, treasurer and the other fifty per cent of everything else. He sighed with robust satisfaction. "Not so bad, eh, boy?"

"I don't feel right about taking it," observed Paradis, closing the book. "What have I done that you should take me into a young gold mine like this without a nickel of my money invested?"

Tom waved his hand.

"Aw, forget it!" he advised. "I took you in because you made me, that's why! I couldn't have stung the world with all those lectures and movies and things without your help. If it wasn't for you, Bill, I'd be washing cars in a garage right now, without a thousand dollars to my name. Tut, tut, for you!"

A look of carefully concealed affection and complete understanding passed between the partners. Bill rose, opened the door of a shiny gold-striped vault that was let into the side of the room and deposited the book therein.

"Guess who I saw to-day," he said as he twirled the combination knob after closing the door.

"Who?"

"Ginger Flynn."

"Naw, did you? How's the old redheaded crab coming, anyway? I haven't seen him since the day he tried to bean me ——"

"And you knocked him kicking," grinned Bill. "Oh, he's ambling along! He didn't have much luck for a while after his arm went bad—wrestled plank in a lumber yard for three dollars a day. But he's riveting in a shipyard now and doing well. And say, Tom!"

"Yeah?"

"Old Ginger's quite a citizen. He isn't pretty. The nose you flattened for him lies over on its side yet. But he seems to have that cussed temper of his under control. You'd think he'd be grouchy over his luck, but he's cheerful and contented; says quitting the game is the best thing that ever happened to him. He's saving money now. He asked about you and seemed glad you're doing well."

"Did, eh? I don't hold the redhead any grudge. When you consider how the old whiz-ball got his goat, he had a right to act up some."

They smoked in comfortable silence, soothed by the two-noted popular music of the cash register, which tinkled almost uninterruptedly beyond the open door.

"Bill ——"

"H'm?"

"What did you do it for—work on me the way you did—coach me in speech making and get the vaudeville engagement and write all that stuff? Why did you—huh?"

"Why—ah, I wanted to prove to myself I was a real press agent. I was curious to see if I could sell you to the public."

"Can that!" interrupted Tom mercilessly. "I've heard all that bunk before. Come clean now: What did you do it for?"

Bill strolled to the window, hands in pockets.

"Well," he said softly as he watched the crowds outside, "I knew you were in love with Kitty and I thought you'd won with her. I wanted to see Kitty do well, because ——"

He paused. The cash register jingled four times before he went on: "Because, darn it, I asked her to marry me—a couple of years ago."

And that's that.

"Let's go to a show, old-timer," suggested Bill, turning briskly from the window.

The annual meeting of the Whiz-ball Cigar Company was over.

And that's all.

What became of Kitty? Oh, to be sure—Kitty!

"And, Tom," remarked Paradis with elaborate casualness, "Kitty's fine!"

"Is she? That's good."

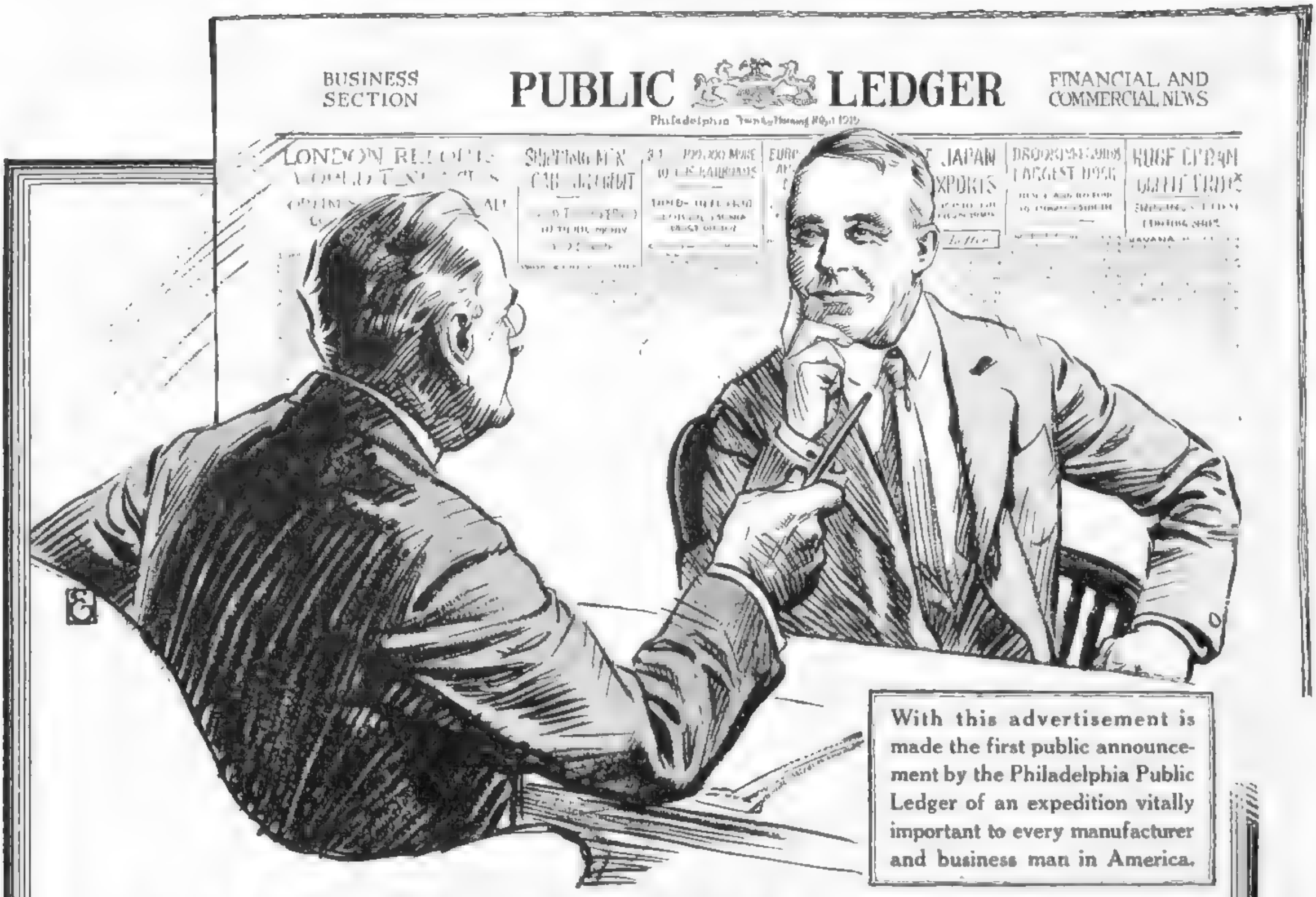
"Yeah! Old Ginger's as crazy about her as ever. Talked most of the time about her—and the kid. They got a little girl a couple months old. Greatest ever, to hear Flynn tell it."

"Oh, yes! I heard about the kid."

Silence settled, a silence pleasantly melancholy, not so bitter as it might have been once. The busy little bell that marked another sale punctured it several times.

"Ho-hum!" sighed Tom. "Oh, well, I suppose we can't have everything."

"No," retorted the practical Paradis briskly, "but" ding-dang, said the cash register—"we can have quite a lot. Come on now, old Stick-in-the-Mud, or we'll be late for the show."



With this advertisement is made the first public announcement by the Philadelphia Public Ledger of an expedition vitally important to every manufacturer and business man in America.

JAMES H. COLLINS

Traveler, Writer and Business Expert

of international fame, will spend perhaps a year—whatever time is necessary—in Central and South America upon a mission of the utmost importance.

I expect soon to see the development of an international trade practice that does not now exist, except sporadically, in America. We shall see American international commerce expanding along permanent, safe lines—the result of a scientific ground work.

Mr. Collins goes in response to a great national need.

I believe that America is entering the most difficult of all her fiscal and commercial periods.

Work must be provided for our people.

The cost of living must be lowered by increasing the quantity of manufactures and raw materials.

An enormous national debt must be met and the interest thereon provided for out of earnings.

Confidence and friendship must be built up between the Americas.

The United States must come out of her corner. We must breed and train a race having the world-vision.

We must get access to new sources of raw materials and new markets for finished materials

We must learn to know new peoples—their likes and dislikes, their traditions, their strengths and weaknesses, their histories, their prejudices, and their opinions about ourselves.

These things we must get not only for our own benefit but for theirs.

The interests of all nations are now bound into one bundle. We must watch that bundle.

Its name is *Commerce*.

As our Chief Executive has said in an address at Turin, Italy: "The plans of the modern world are made in the Counting House. The men who do the business of the world now shape the destinies of the world."

Mr. Collins possesses this large vision of the place of international commerce in America's future life. He has imagination, knowledge, the critical sense. His letters will be intensely human and readable, and above all, vitally useful to the manufacturer who wants to *find*, *develop*, and *keep* a foreign market for his goods.

Through his daily column you will come to *know* Latin America and its people. You will have an inkling of the secrets upon which England and Holland and other nations, expert in foreign trade, have built their wonderful and permanent structures of world commerce.

Mr. Collins has already sailed. His articles will begin about September first. Authoritative foreign and domestic business news, not found elsewhere, is now appearing daily.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis

Send two dollars for a four months' subscription

THE PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER, Philadelphia, Pa.

How Shall Europe be Set on Her Feet?

By Frederick S. Bigelow

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ALMOST any day of the week we may turn to the financial page of any metropolitan newspaper and find some account of the extraordinary efforts being made by the leaders of American banking to popularize foreign securities and gradually to accustom the American investor to the unfamiliar notion of putting his savings into the obligations of foreign governments and the securities of overseas undertakings of one sort or another.

A nationwide campaign of education for the attainment of this end is in full swing. During the last banquet season no public-dinner program was complete unless at least one banker explained Europe's financial needs and urged his hearers to throw out a golden life preserver to our overseas customers.

No American financier just home from the Continent steps down the gangplank until he has explained to the ship-news reporters assembled in the smoke room of the steamer the whys and wherefores of European distress and has expatiated upon the enlightened selfishness that must hurry us to the rescue in time to avert the utter financial ruin of the Old World.

Not since the signing of the armistice has any known buyer of securities opened his morning mail without finding one or more carefully prepared circulars dealing with the same subject.

As autumn approaches the intensity of the campaign will be redoubled. The greatest peacetime security-selling drive in all history is in the act of being staged.

The men and institutions behind this movement represent the most powerful, the most aggressive and the most farsighted element in American banking. Their efforts are honest. Their movement is based upon conclusions arrived at with the assistance of able staffs of experts in commerce, banking, foreign exchange, economics, transportation, and in all the vast array of sciences that are factors in modern world business. They see an unparalleled opportunity for a commercial expansion that neither ancient nor modern history can equal and they have seized the forelock of Fortune with both hands.

This great movement by no means has its beginning and its end in money-making motives. It is quite as much a measure of insurance, of national self-protection, as an attempt to reap commercial advantage from the extraordinary set of financial and industrial conditions that have grown out of the great war. Even if money-making had no attraction for us and we could stop our ears to the call of one of the greatest opportunities in all history, we could not prudently sit with our hands in our laps and calmly watch European conditions drift from bad to worse.

The High Cost of Dollars

THE menace of a new war would scarcely be more formidable than the conditions that might readily arise if Europe's industries long remained paralyzed, her populations idle and underfed and her channels of trade choked.

These circumstances appear to force us into a hazard of double-or-quits. That is to say, we must find the funds wherewith to enable foreign customers to buy our goods and reëstablish the orderly processes of trade and industry—and by that very act hasten the era of social and political tranquillity—or we must thrust aside a prize almost within our grasp and be prepared to face those unknown but inevitably grave consequences that would almost certainly ensue.

Every circumstance points to a sane, practicable and successful solution of the great problem before the banking world. For many months the best minds of the banking fraternity on both sides of the Atlantic have been focused upon the development of a great comprehensive scheme calculated to meet the requirements of a highly complex situation. The very slowness of these international bankers in making public a definite, clean-cut program is evidence of their determination not to offer the American public an ill-considered, hastily constructed plan of action.

Before discussing possible solutions of the financial problems that Europe's plight thrusts upon our notice, the nature of these problems should be clearly stated from the viewpoint of the banking interests that have taken them in hand.

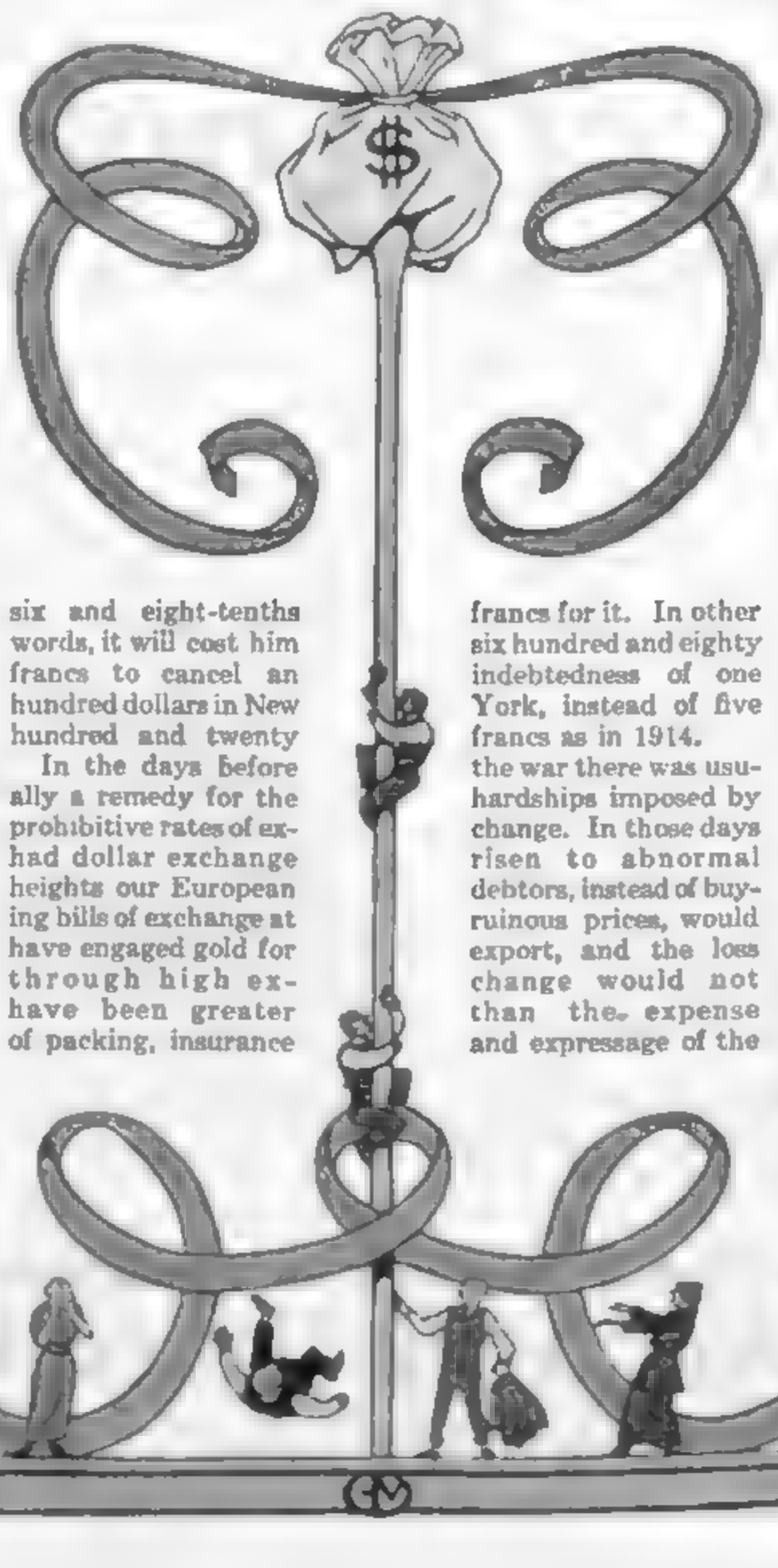
Europe is likened to a group of customers who have in the past bought much of our surplus output. These customers have been brought by the war to such a pass that they can scarcely pay for current needs and are not even in a position to buy raw materials to feed into idle mills and factories. If we are to continue selling to our former customers, we must make it possible for them to buy.

There is no question about the genuineness of their needs; indeed every mail brings fresh evidence that they have been understated rather than exaggerated. Doubt and uncertainty prevail. The burdens of national debts are almost insupportable. The benefits to be derived from the German indemnity are still nebulous and problematical. Shipping is still scarce. Railways are demoralized. The inflow of raw materials has not yet been reëstablished. There is no factor lacking to make the European purchase of American goods difficult and costly. Commodity prices are high and are still mounting. Interest rates are stiff and the cost of American exchange is almost prohibitive, except when bought in order to pay for absolutely necessary importation.

Consider, for example, the case of a French importer who has occasion to buy one hundred dollars' worth of American goods. His first handicap is one that Americans share with him in equal measure; that is to say, one hundred dollars will buy only as much merchandise as sixty dollars would have bought in 1914.

Had the transaction taken place in that year, the French trader would have had to lay down in New York funds only sixty dollars. In paying for his goods he would have bought American exchange at about five and two-tenths francs per dollar. In other words, his bank would have sold him a sixty-dollar New York draft for about three hundred and twelve francs.

At the time of writing the same importer who desires to buy a dollar's worth of American exchange must pay, say,



six and eight-tenths francs for it. In other words, it will cost him six hundred and eighty francs to cancel an indebtedness of one hundred dollars in New York, instead of five hundred and twenty francs as in 1914.

In the days before the war there was usually a remedy for the hardships imposed by prohibitive rates of exchange. In those days had dollar exchange risen to abnormal heights our European debtors, instead of buying bills of exchange at ruinous prices, would have engaged gold for export, and the loss through high exchange would not have been greater than the expense of packing, insurance and expressage of the requisite amount of gold. Unfortunately for Europe, this method of curbing the exchange market is no longer available. For a long period our exports have so greatly exceeded our imports that Europe has been compelled to adjust her debtor trade balances by the exportation of gold to the United States. This became doubly necessary after Europe had liquidated in America a large portion of her holdings of American securities.

There are six principal methods by which a debtor nation may cancel her obligations in foreign countries. By a process of exclusion it may be possible to determine which of them Europe has at her command for financing herself during her long period of physical, political and social reconstruction.

The first method and the one which in normal times is by all odds the greatest offset to foreign indebtedness is the exportation of merchandise. Each year Europe will become more and more able to increase the volume of her exportations of manufactured goods; but many years must necessarily elapse before she can put her industrial house in order and swell her surplus of manufactured goods to the old proportions of antebellum days.

More Paper and Less Gold

THE second simple and obvious means of paying foreign debts is by the purchase of foreign bills of exchange, or by drafts upon credits previously established in countries where goods have been bought. It has already been shown what hardships this method involves under present conditions.

The third common means of adjusting international trade balances is the exportation of gold coin or gold in bars. Unfortunately for Europe, this means is beyond her power. Already she has sent us so much gold that her scanty reserves are barely large enough to preserve the stability of her paper money.

There is no hard-and-fast line below which gold reserves must not be allowed to fall. There is no immovable reference mark like the graduation 32 degrees above zero which is marked Freezing Point on every Fahrenheit thermometer. Those who control government banks follow, so far as they are able, the rule laid down by Mr. Bagehot and keep their reserves above the apprehension minimum. That is to say, their stock of gold must not become depleted to such an extent as to give ground for alarm in financial circles. At some periods a low reserve will be regarded with more equanimity than at others; but at all times the prudent banker desires to be so situated that if his sixth sense tells him there is an undercurrent of uneasiness in the financial world he can promptly allay it by voluntarily strengthening his reserves.

To-day these considerations are theoretical rather than practical. To all intents and purposes Europe is off the gold basis. Her stock of gold is so slender that her paper money is practically fiat money. Ever since the great war began it has more and more implied activity of the printing press rather than new stores of the yellow metal in bankers' vaults.

Europe, then, is gold poor. All the gold money in circulation throughout the globe amounts to less than ten billion dollars; and of that total, relatively insignificant in comparison with far vaster sums involved in the transactions in which credit instruments take the place of the yellow metal, one-third reposes in American vaults.

One has to hark back only so far as the day of Mr. Cleveland, when Wall Street was on tenterhooks because our gold reserves dwindled below the hundred-million-dollar mark, in order to realize the well-nigh incredible change of our national fortunes in that brief span of years.

To-day the monetary systems of Europe may be said to be gold plated, with baser metal showing through on the high lights. That of the United States is, so to speak, solid gold. To say without qualification that Europe is flat broke might provoke contradiction in certain quarters; but many circumstances indicate that the statement does not far outrun the truth.

The fourth method, that of funding foreign debts by the issue of government obligations

(Concluded on Page 59)

Thickness

Before deciding on your next tire, have your dealer show you cross-sections of the various makes you are considering—so that you can measure the total thickness of the rubber and fabric used in building up the various makes.

You will find that Michelin Tires embody more of these mileage-giving materials. In the 34 x 4 Michelin Universal, for example, there is a solid though flexible mass of wear-resisting rubber and fabric almost an inch thick.

And every bit of the materials used is of the highest quality. Yet Michelins are moderate in price.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
Dealers in all parts of the world

MICHELIN

Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
Trade Mark of BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE
BRAND
by which their PRESERVED MILK will hereafter be designated; and for additional protection against imposition, each label will bear the signature,
Gail Borden
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Creamy Salad Dressing
Made with Eagle Brand

Lettuce and tomatoes crisp and cool—serve with Eagle Brand Russian Dressing (uncooked). Delicious with all vegetable and fruit salads.

Eagle Brand (Condensed Milk) is not confined to a few household uses, such as coffee, cocoa, etc., but is excellent for all cooking requirements calling for both milk and sugar, and adds a new deliciousness to many dishes which will cause your guests to ask "What's your recipe?"

Send for Eagle Brand Cook Book—60 delightful dishes with a flavor of their own.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Established 1857
Borden Building New York

(Concluded from Page 56)

to the governments or citizens of creditor nations, has been in vogue on an increasing scale ever since the flotation of the first foreign war loans in this country.

Even before the first shot of the war was fired German bankers, well knowing that the conflict was inevitable, began to employ the fifth method—that is to say, the sale in this country of American stocks and bonds owned by German investors.

England, France and Italy swiftly followed suit, and billions of dollars' worth of foreign-owned American securities were dumped on a falling market until Europe was to all intents and purposes swept bare of the stocks and bonds of American corporations.

The sixth device for the establishment of foreign credit is the one which we ourselves employed, not only during the earlier stages of our national development but without cessation up to the very eve of the great war. This of course is the sale of home securities to foreign creditors. This is the program that our great international bankers are preparing to carry out, with European industries, banking syndicates, governments, railroads and industrial concerns as sellers and American institutions and private investors as the buyers.

The banking interests that are trying to internationalize our investment ideas have been playing an uphill game. For generations American investors have thought in terms of home enterprises. There have been notable exceptions to this rule. A generation ago many a nimble Boston dollar went into Michigan or Mexican or New Mexican mines—not a few of which failed ever to return; others absorbed Western farm mortgages, some of which still clutter the safety-deposit boxes of Back Bay investors. But as a general rule we have preferred local real estate or the obligations of railroads we have traveled over or shipped goods over; or the stock of industrial concerns we knew something about.

There may come a day when we shall adopt the cosmopolitan viewpoint of English investors and share with them a perfect indifference as to whether our investable funds go into enterprises in South Africa, New Zealand, Argentina or Timbuktu; but the transition to that new attitude cannot be instantly effected and it is not desirable that it should be.

In anticipation of broadened European connections the National Association of Credit Men has lately organized what it terms the Foreign Credit Interchange Bureau. Mr. J. N. Tregoe, secretary-treasurer of the parent organization, says that this is the beginning of a movement for safer foreign credits, better business in foreign fields and the elimination of undesirable buyers.

All the world is aware of the old indifference of American manufacturers to the markets of Latin-America and the Far East. For decades faithful consular agents have exhaustively studied the opportunities open to American exporters in Latin-American and Far-Eastern countries. The State Department has published tons of careful, authoritative reports on trade conditions in those lands; but American industry has been incredibly slow to adapt its commercial practices in the matter of packing, shipment, credits, foreign-language catalogues and other trade details to the needs, customs and usages of prospective customers south of the Equator or east of Suez.

The Force of National Advertising

IT REMAINED for some far-seeing progressive bankers to risk their money in actual pioneer work and to establish—under the Federal Reserve Act—branch banks and agencies in quarters of the globe where formerly dollar exchange had been as scarce as Hottentots in Broadway. These foreign branches have done more to interest American manufacturers in new foreign markets than all the consular reports of the past generation.

These appear to be valid reasons why the disseminators of the foreign-security propaganda should have a hearing. They remind one of a definition in Mr. Pinero's Iris:

"What," asks one of his characters, "is a financier, exactly?"

"A financier? Oh, a pawnbroker with imagination!"

It is often the men with imagination who are best worth listening to.

Granting that the purchase of European obligations by American investors will prove to be a sovereign tonic and body builder for our world trade, just what kind of foreign securities may be fairly and confidently offered to the rank and file of our investors?

No one who has studied the effects of national advertising can be unaware of its stupendous force, or of the momentum that it gathers. There is nothing grotesque in the thought that foreign securities may be overadvertised until they are bought blindly and unadvisedly without adequate knowledge of their merits or demerits.

Among the most insistent advocates of credit extensions to Europe are the exporters with long-established Continental connections and the smaller producers who have goods to sell on the other side of the Atlantic. To them the matter is one of the liveliest concern, for they cannot do business with shillingless, francless, liraless customers. Some of the largest concerns engaged in foreign trade are quite able to finance their own customers without looking to any outside general movement in their behalf.

The Sixty-fifth Congress intended to do our merchants a good turn when it set aside a large fund to be used as working capital by foreign buyers of American goods. In doing this they not improperly saw fit to tie a string to their bounty by requiring the American exporters to become responsible for advances to their foreign customers. In these circumstances the exporters are inclined to look upon the generosity of Congress as a sort of Barmecide credit feast.

They say that the bigger the business they do along these lines the greater become their contingent liabilities. With every month that passes their obligations to our Government will increase. Each successive time they go to the bank for funds to meet local needs their total of contingent liabilities will bear a greater and greater ratio to their quick assets. As business men they dislike this complexion of the situation as much as the bank cashiers and credit men to whose scrutiny they must submit their statements of financial condition.

The exporters say that the solution of the problem lies in the financing with permanent or long-time funds furnished, not by themselves but by the manufacturers, producers, institutions and investors great and small who have vision enough to realize the importance of keeping the wheels of industry turning.

Great reputations bring great responsibilities and the major banking powers of the country owe it to themselves as well as to their prospective clients to throw every possible safeguard about the American dollars they purpose to send overseas. No one knows better than they how helpless the average business man is in appraising the merits and demerits of a distant enterprise in a field not his own. They should, therefore, voluntarily adopt a blue-sky code of their own, so conditioned by high factors of safety that they may confidently assert: Heads, you win; tails, you cannot lose.

Mr. Davison's Wartime Creation

THERE is a rapidly increasing body of financiers who feel that the whole great movement ought to be standardized and unified with this end in view. One of their suggestions is the formation of an intermediary holding concern somewhat along the lines of the American Foreign Securities Corporation, which, it will be recalled, was formed by Mr. Henry P. Davison, of the house of Morgan, for the relief of European wartime necessities.

This corporation loaned large sums to foreign borrowers, accepting as collateral securities of various sorts, consisting, for the most part, of the bonds of neutral nations and the shares of the Suez Canal. Against this security, duly safeguarded, it issued its own bonds to American investors. The conditions of the loan were such that the borrowers were required to see that the market value of the aggregate of the pledged securities at no time fell below one hundred and twenty per cent of the amount borrowed upon them.

The bonds thus issued fluctuated more or less in sympathy with the market for other obligations involving similar factors; but on the whole they gave an excellent account of themselves and more than once demonstrated the popular faith in their fundamental soundness.

A peacetime issue of similar securities backed by a varied and diversified collection of European collateral, each item of which has been hand-picked and accepted only after the minutest scrutiny, sounds like a plausible means of settling some of the difficulties of those who have something to sell in Europe. There would be nothing to prevent its issuing debentures against trade acceptances as well as against long-term obligations.

The distribution of such a bond issue would be a very different thing from the indiscriminate and unregulated peddling of the direct obligations of a thousand European borrowers.

In certain quarters the project based upon the experience of the American Foreign Securities Corporation is heartily commended. In others it is adversely criticized on the ground that it would not give Europe the precise kind of relief she needs. She would, say the critics of this plan, be doing business on newly borrowed funds on which she would doubtless have to pay stiffish interest rates. Could she, on the other hand, sell her securities outright she would be in a far better position and would be able, when the scars of war had healed and her fortunes had mended, to redeem and buy back a considerable proportion of the securities she had sacrificed under the duress of necessity. This criticism is worthy of consideration.

Another form of procedure that has been suggested proposes the extension of credit to European importers whose acceptances have been indorsed by their own governments. It appears likely that a certain amount of financing of this sort will go through.

Some weeks ago press dispatches announced that American interests had been awarded contracts for the reconstruction and rehabilitation of a considerable urban area in devastated France. It was stated that the amount involved was not less than $250,000,000 and that it might run into double that sum before agreements covering the entire region had been executed. Doubts have been raised in very high quarters as to the economic wisdom and practicability of carrying out such vast undertakings in favored regions, to the detriment of other localities.

The French Government is said to be planning the early expenditure of no less than forty billion francs on her program of reconstruction. In addition to this item, which is included in the national budget, there are many local projects for which funds will be required.

There is every prospect that a series of legislative enactments will shortly result which will not only be of material assistance in relieving Europe's most pressing necessities, but will pave the way for broad and concerted action over a long period of years. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, lately president of the National City Bank, and Mr. Henry P. Davison, of the house of Morgan, have already hinted tentative programs in public speeches; but at the time of writing no definite line of action has been decided upon.

Late in June, the Federal Reserve Board submitted to Congress a proposal to permit the national banks of the country to invest, before January 1, 1921, not more than five per cent of their capital and surplus in foreign credits. For the first time in the history of the country our national banks, which on March fourth numbered 7061, had an aggregate of capital and surplus in excess of two billion dollars.

Should the Federal Reserve Board's suggestion be given the force of law, one hundred million dollars would presently become available for lubricating the wheels of our foreign trade. The sum named is not a large one in comparison with the volume of trade requirements; but as it would probably be applied to obligations of nearby maturity, it would be much more actively employed than a like amount put into long-term securities.

A far more ambitious program is the one fathered by Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, and sponsored by Senator Edge, of New Jersey. The Owen-Edge plan contemplates a pool of the financial, commercial and industrial interests of the country backed by government support, coöperation and prestige. This project, Senator Edge is reported to have announced, aims at an organization of nationwide extent with a banking power of something like two billion dollars, with a score of subsidiary groups, each of which shall unite the efforts and resources of one important trade or industry. The framers of this undertaking say that it is possible to carry it out in such a manner that it would not only attain its primary objects but would be of marked advantage to American shipping and transportation interests.

Foreign Bidders for American Funds

IN ADDITION to the benefits that will accrue to Europe as a result of the various emergency measures that will become effective in the rather near future, she may look forward with considerable confidence to the renewal of an old source of income which has been almost entirely shut off since the autumn of 1914—that is to say, the American tourist trade. It is not possible to make any very accurate estimate of the amount that Americans spent in Europe in the years before the War; but many staticians have named a figure either a little below or a little above two hundred and fifty million dollars per annum.

By the summer of 1920 American tourists will be going to Europe in vast numbers; and unless living and traveling costs decline very much more sharply than there is any reason to suppose they will, it is not unlikely that the influx of tourists will bring to the coffers of Continental hotelkeepers and retail merchants a richer harvest than ever before.

Inasmuch as money, like labor, usually has a tendency to flow toward the market in which it can command the highest price, certain bankers call attention to Europe's high and insistent bidding for funds as a reason why the going rates for money in this country may long remain at their present levels. Only a few weeks ago a loan to the government of Sweden, a non-belligerent nation, with a normally high credit, was sold in this country on a six per cent basis.

Canada recently came into our money market for $75,000,000 with which to refund maturing war loans. Norway, Denmark and Switzerland have been sounding out American bankers in regard to financial prospects.

There is just now a special significance in loans to European neutrals, for it is believed in some quarters that if we enable them to do so they may act the part of useful middlemen in supplying Continental needs. Foreign competition of this sort can hardly fail to make itself felt.

Endeavoring to examine the situation from many angles, rather than from a single viewpoint, it would appear that if America is to make the fullest possible use of her opportunity, she must act freely and liberally through many agencies and instrumentalities; that no single scheme or plan of action can adequately meet a situation so complex, so varied, so exacting and so vast.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

WHEREVER there are dry mouths and parched throats, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is kept on the run to supply the demand. It's the world's champion Thirst Quencher—made from purest juices of lemons and limes, purest Jamaica ginger and cane sugar, and water that comes cool and sweet out of a crystal-clear spring. Just the golden sight of it leaping and laughing in the glass makes you down the whole bottleful. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist, and serve cold.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

HER SON

(Continued from Page 11)

"What's the sense of that attitude?" she persisted. "What's the real harm, anyway, if folks do find out about him? I don't mind about Tom—now."

"That's it—now!" replied the other eagerly. "You're not playing ingénues any more, Julia. You're not trying to look and to feel like nineteen as I have to in this new play. You're not off the starches and the sugars. You don't have to go round with a little bottle of saccharin in your bag, waiting for the woman at the next table to turn her head so that you can drop a little pill in your coffee when she's not looking. You're not a slave to your complexion any more. You've got over minding when a new little wrinkle appears in the corner of your eye—don't tell me you do! I've been watching you all winter. You don't find yourself sneaking a look in the first mirror at hand after you've met someone for the first time, wondering how old they think you are and whether they've guessed within five years.

"I'm holding my public in these parts still and they're loyal, but I wonder how loyal they'd be if they knew I had a six-foot son? They'd make me out forty-five overnight if they found out, but they're not going to—they're not going to!"

She got up and walked toward the window. Julia noticed that she glanced at herself in the long mirror as she passed it.

"But you could tell the truth about him, couldn't you?" she asked. "Didn't you say you were only seventeen when he was born?"

"The truth!" echoed Mona bitterly. "The truth wouldn't answer. It never does—with an actress. The dear fools who love us like to get something on us if they can. And oh, how they like to gossip!"

"But there's Dorothy Birmingham," persevered the other woman. "She doesn't mind about her children. She's got three and the papers are always plastered with pictures showing a neat little family group with mamma in the center. Do you think that hurts her any?"

"Of course it does," replied Mona, turning away from the window. "She doesn't play my sort of parts, but it doesn't do her any good. Believe me, Julia dear, when Mrs. O'Reilly from the Bronx gets her sister in to look after her brood of six for the afternoon and rides down in the Subway to a matinée she wants to believe that the actress lady on the stage, who's doing all the wonderful things and who's being made love to, hasn't anything in the way of children to disturb the calm of her days. She lives in fancy with that particular actress lady for three hours and if she knew that she had a crowd of youngsters at home like her own—well, the actress lady would lose half her charm in her eyes. At least that's my idea."

She flung herself into a chair and paused for a moment or two, seeking out new arguments in defense of her attitude. She found herself thinking that it wasn't Julia so much as it was herself she was trying to convince.

"And the critics, my dear," she continued. "I'd lose my bloom in their eyes if they knew. They'd like me, I suppose, but in a different way. It's not to be thought of—not to be thought of!"

When Myrtle went into her mistress' room a half hour after Julia Harding had gone she found Mona sitting on the floor with an old-fashioned writing portfolio opened in front of her. Beside it were a dozen cheap photographs in disordered array and a number of little packages done up in tissue and tied with ribbon.

The actress had one of the pictures in her hand.

"Myrtle," she said tenderly, "here's a picture of Mr. Kenneth when he was just a year and a half old. Wasn't he the most adorable baby? Maybe you'd like to see one of his curls? I've got them all here—all twelve of them."

IV

IF MONA wouldn't permit herself to be seen with Kenneth in such a public gathering place of notables as the roof atop the Apollo Theater where Meyerfield's Midnight Revue held forth, she did allow herself the pleasure of occasional trips to out-of-the-way places with him. Since his father died four years before she had felt the need of his companionship more than ever and she secretly enjoyed the surreptitious visits they sometimes made together to obscure and dingy motion-picture theaters on side streets, or the long rides they took in the big touring car out into the open country on those Sunday afternoons when he found time to run into town from his school. Sometimes they dined at quiet little road houses far out on Long Island, sitting in secluded corners, she with a veil half hiding the upper part of her face and he with clouded and resentful visage opposite her.

She had even invented a secret code for use in case of special emergencies. It was agreed between them that if he met some acquaintance, who approached him under circumstances that made an introduction imperative, she was to be presented as "Miss Davidson, a friend of my mother's." In like case if she encountered any of her innumerable friends by accident—friends who did not belong to that inner circle of a dozen or so who knew of Kenneth's existence—the boy was to be introduced as "young Mr. Dudley, a son of an old friend of mine from California."

This code had carried her safely through many a chance meeting that would have been most embarrassing without this convenient method of camouflage. Kenneth always resented it bitterly and every time it came into use the incident was followed by an outburst from him that usually wrung her heart, though on the surface she treated his objections lightly.

The boy remained in town throughout the first week of the run of Mona's new play. He was to go back to school on the following Monday, the day of the fraternity reception to which he had invited her. He tried several times to get her to consider once more his proposed revelation of herself as his mother to his admiring school friends, but she abruptly terminated the conversation whenever he mentioned the subject. He finally gave up the attempt to interest her further in the matter and slipped into a surly mood that made his presence at home a source of great disquietude to her. Even when he was not near her there continually crept into her mind a picture of his delicate, sensitive face with that despairing look of sullen resentment on it. She found herself once or twice conjuring up that image while on the stage and losing her grip of herself for a moment or two. This distressed her, too, because one of the things she prided herself most upon was her complete control of her emotions, her awareness at all times of everything she was saying and doing while upon the stage.

On the Sunday before Kenneth's return to school he reluctantly consented to take a drive in the car with his mother and to dine with her at an exclusive roadside inn an hour's journey from town. The trip out through the clear sunshine and the crisp air of an early spring day brought a mood of light-hearted gayety to Mona, for all that her son's participation in the train of conversation which she carried on was limited almost entirely to grunted monosyllabies. Her eyes were shining and her usually pale cheeks were tinged with a delicate rose-pink flush. Her magic eraser had been at work again and had wiped away ten years from her real age. He would have been a rare seer indeed who, meeting her for the first time, would ever have dreamt that she was the mother of the slender sad-eyed youth who sat beside her.

The little restaurant was filling up for the dinner hour when they reached it, and Mona almost unconsciously slipped her veil well down upon her face as they passed through the tables to a place at the end of the room where they were presently snugly settled, half screened from view by a box tree. She lifted her veil again and folded it back upon her trim black turban when she ordered the dinner. Kenneth looked about with indolent unconcern. His eyes drifted lazily from table to table. His mother watched him with a half-wistful, half humorous smile. Presently she noticed him straighten up quickly and bow almost imperceptibly. Then he turned to her, all eager and alive.

"It's Billy Thompson, mother," he said excitedly. "He's coming over here. Fellow from school. Older than I am—senior. Big athlete. One of the biggest men over there. I've got to introduce you. Can't I can't I tell him you're my mother? Can't I? Please, can't I, p-l-e-a-s-e?"

There was something in the long-drawn-out pleading note in his voice that carried her back on the wings of memory to the picture of a little boy beseeching her with the tireless persistence of childhood to let him stay up another half hour. "P-l-e-a-s-e, mamma, p-l-e-a-s-e." The words echoed in her ears. She found it difficult to hold herself in check.

"No, Kenneth," she said with an effort at firmness. "I'm to be Miss Davidson to him."

Before the boy could reply Billy Thompson bore down upon them. He was a big, brawny, boisterous youth of nineteen with an engaging frank manner and an open-faced smile that won Mona instantly. Kenneth was a picture of abject misery as he rose to greet him.

"Hello, Blair," boomed the athlete in a deep voice. "I spotted you coming in. Some fancy place for a freshman. Nice day, isn't it?"

He turned his ingratiating smile on Mona for a moment and looked questioningly at Kenneth. That young gentleman swallowed nervously and seemed to have difficulty in finding his voice.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson," he murmured. "I want you to meet—ah—Miss Davidson. She's—she's— ah—a friend of my mother's."

Billy Thompson held out a capacious hand and squeezed Mona's in a strong grip.

"Glad to know you, Miss Davidson," he said as he pulled a chair away from the next table and sat down, edging close to her. "Blair here is a mighty nice boy and I'm glad to meet any friend of his—that is—I mean to say any friend of his mother's."

He laughed with such infectious good nature that Mona found herself laughing quietly with him. Kenneth looked supremely sheepish. The big youth winked broadly at him.

"Come out of it, kid," he chuckled. "You've got a perfect right to be out with a pretty girl without trying to alibi yourself. Excuse me, Miss Davidson, if I seem a little fresh. I've got good eyesight and I can't help noticing you are pretty."

He looked at her curiously.

"Say," he continued, "you're a dead ringer for Mona Meredith. Anyone ever tell you that?"

"Oh, yes, a great many people think that," replied Mona with an arch smile. "I feel rather flattered every time I hear it. She's really a most fascinating person."

"She sure is!" breezed on Mr. Thompson. "But you'll pardon me, I'm sure, if I tell you that you've got her faded just a little." He turned to Kenneth, who was having great difficulty in restraining his feelings.

"I've got to give you credit, Blair," he continued heartily. "You certainly know where the peaches grow."

Kenneth blushed furiously. He looked away toward the other side of the room and indulged himself in a little fantasy in which he imagined himself a full foot taller than the athletic Thompson and fifty pounds heavier. He saw that offensive person trying to carry his mother off in a big motor car and he saw himself arriving on the scene just in time to send him spinning ten or fifteen feet away with a well-directed blow square between the eyes. He saw his mother clutching him round the neck and he heard her murmuring, "Thank you, dear boy, thank you." The sound of Thompson's hearty voice brought him back with a start into the world of reality.

"You're certainly immense," he was saying. "I like to meet a girl with a sense of humor. Most of 'em can't take a joke. Say, I've got to get well acquainted with you all right, all right. I'm going to slip some knock-out drops in Blair's tea some Saturday night and sneak you off to see a show or out to dinner or something. You won't mind, kid, will you?"

He laughed noisily again and slapped Kenneth playfully on the back. The latter mumbled something incoherently and looked up at his mother. Her eyes were gleaming with fun. Entering into the spirit of the situation the entrance of young Thompson had created—simply for the larky possibilities it offered—she was, nevertheless, flattered down in the depths of her heart at the thought that she was getting away with it so successfully with that youth. She sobered a little when she caught the hurt look in her son's eyes.

"I'll think it over, Mr. Thompson," she said with a pleasant smile. "Maybe we'll meet sometime again."

"You just bet we will!" responded the other. "You can expect me to butt in the next time our young friend here comes into town. Let's shake hands on it. I've got to go back to my party."

Mona extended her hand and he held it for three or four seconds while Kenneth writhed in misery. It seemed like two or three minutes to him.

"Some picker, kid, some picker!" called back Mr. Thompson as he strode away.

Mona turned to her boy, reached her hand across the table and pressed one of his gently. He drew it away angrily.

"Don't," he said petulantly. "I'm sore, mother, terribly sore. The big stiff—the great big stiff!"

He hardly spoke to her throughout the dinner and he insisted upon waiting until "the big stiff" and the crowd of young fellows with him had left the room before he would agree to escort her out to the car. He was silent, too, throughout the long journey home, and Mona found herself filled with a great tenderness at the sight of his pale thin face and the frown which brought his finely arched brows so close together.

V

IN THE center of the little pile of letters which came for Mona in the morning mail, two days after Kenneth had returned to school, there was a long official-looking envelope bearing the crest and motto of the academy. She puzzled over its possible contents for a moment or two before she tore it open.

It was from the president of the institution and it was pedantically precise and decidedly to the point.

"I regret to inform you," the letter ran, "that we have felt obliged to suspend indefinitely your son, Kenneth Blair, as the result of a distressing occurrence yesterday morning. He became engaged in a violent and unseemly altercation with William Thompson, a member of the senior class, in the main corridor of Jessup Hall. This was serious enough in itself, but it was followed by a physical encounter which might have been painful in its consequences had it not been for the prompt interference of several members of the faculty, who had been attracted to the scene. The accounts of all the witnesses agree that your son was the aggressor in this disturbing and regrettable affair.

"It is only right that you should know that the quarrel concerned a young woman whose identity—unfortunately—we have been unable to ascertain. We are sending him home to-morrow morning and we sincerely trust that he will receive parental admonition for conduct that we feel justified in defining as disgraceful. Later on we may consider his reinstatement after an interview with you and upon presentation of acceptable evidence of a sincere desire on his part to refrain from such rowdiness in the future."

Her eyes were glistening when she had finished reading this coldly formal document. She let them stray up the page again until they fastened on that one sentence that touched her more than anything else: "It is only right that you should know that the quarrel concerned a young woman whose identity—unfortunately—we have been unable to ascertain." A wan smile lay upon her face for a moment and then a great wave of feeling engulfed her. A picture of her valiant Sir Knight, her own boy, flashed into her mind. She fancied him bleeding and disgraced, perhaps the jest and byword of a jeering crowd of young schoolmates, and she longed for the feel of him in her arms.

Her anxious mood continued for nearly an hour until she heard the front-door bell ring sharply and then the sound of his voice in the hall. She ran to meet him with arms outstretched. He adroitly wriggled out of her embrace after administering a perfunctory kiss upon her cheek and lunged through the hall to the library, where he sank into the softness of a great sofa near the fireplace. She followed close on his heels and sat down beside him. Her first glance showed her that he was under an intense nervous strain. There were dark circles under his eyes and his face was paler than usual. A clammy perspiration had broken out upon his forehead. His hair

was damp from it. He clenched and unclenched his fingers restlesaly.

"The big stiff!" he murmured. "The big stiff!"

"He's all of that, I know," said his mother softly. "Tell me all about it."

He turned a pair of shifting eyes on her.

"I suppose they wrote you a fool letter about it," he began. She nodded and laid a hand upon his arm. "Huh!" he grunted. "I thought they would. But I'd do it again if I ever had the chance. The big stiff! The big, fresh, overgrown stiff!"

"I'm sure you would, dear, I'm sure you would. But tell me what he did and what you did."

"He didn't do anything! He said things and I got sore. And I started to punch him and a lot of freshies butted in and stopped it. The big stiff! I'll get him yet! I don't care how big he is! I'll get him! You see if I don't! The big stiff!"

He lapsed into a sullen silence. His mother edged closer to him and put an arm round his slender body.

"You must tell me everything, dear boy," she persisted. "Everything that happened. What was it he said?"

"He said things I couldn't stand—that's what he said. Things I just couldn't stand for. He got to talking about you and he started out saying—well, kind of fresh things about you. Not anything terrible—just fresh. Then he wanted me to give him your telephone number. He got mad when I wouldn't do that and said I was a young fool to keep it under cover trying to pretend that I was your one and only—your one and only sweetheart. He said he bet there was a lot of other fellows had your telephone number; that a pretty girl like you was sure to have a whole bunch of—a whole bunch of Willie boys on a string. I got fighting mad, mother, just fighting mad, and I started to sail into him—the big stiff! It isn't anything, mother, not anything at all. I suppose I'd ought to be sorry, causing all this trouble and so forth, but I'm not. I'm not the least little bit."

Mona found herself inarticulate for the first time in many years. She rested her head upon Kenneth's shoulder and tried to stay the flood of tears that surged into her eyes, but it was past stopping. She felt his hand touching her cheek, stroking it gently, and she heard him whispering insistently, "Don't, mother, don't." That was all she remembered afterward when she tried to recall the scene. When she recovered she made a brave effort to be her own gay self again. She found herself chattering away at top speed.

"It's all right, son," she said. "You are my gentle knight and I'm your ladye fair. It's going to be always that way—always, dear, understand. You don't have to go back to that school unless you want to and, no matter what you decide, you're not going any place for another whole week. We'll have a splendid holiday here in town. We'll take a long ride in the car to-day and I want you to come to the theater with me to-night. I'm going to make a little speech at the Sunrise Club's midnight supper after the play and I want you to hear it. Julia is going and you can sit with her. I'll ——"

The boy jerked away from her and sprang to his feet so quickly that he automatically choked off further utterance on her part. As he faced her there was a look in his eyes that rather frightened her. It seemed to her for a moment as if he had grown in a trice from a boy into a man—with a strong man's feelings and fierce intensity of manner.

"We'd better have it out now," he said shrilly. "I made up my mind coming over on the train this morning. It's all settled with me, no matter what you may think. There aren't going to be any more holidays or anything like that or dinners or any of those things unless I can tell people that you're my mother. I'm through with that Miss Davidson stuff and I'm not going to be young Mr. Dudley any more. You've just got to understand it."

He paused, his whole body quivering with nervous excitement. His mother looked up at him appealingly.

"You mean?" she murmured. Her voice was barely audible.

"I mean that I won't ever go out with you—not even to a movie or out in the car or for just the littlest kind of a walk you can think of, and I'll never meet anyone here in the house or any place else unless you let everyone know that you're my mother. I'm through with all that other fool stuff, just simply through with it, that's all! It's always made me sore ever since I was a little boy and I'm not going to stand for it! I'm not going to stand for it! Do you hear?"

His voice trailed off into a high tone that cracked on the last word. Mona's eyes were fixed upon his. She felt herself dominated by him, caught in some spell that he seemed to be weaving round her.

"All right, dear," she said weakly. "All right. You can forget young Mr. Dudley and Miss Davidson. I'll do what you want me to—I'll do it, dear."

She was crying again and she felt—with a little start—his long arms round her once more holding her tight like a frightened little child.

VI

KENNETH spent the early part of the night buzzing round his mother's dressing room and the dainty reception room adjoining it. The weary, troubled look that had haunted her for so long was gone from his face. He betrayed a naive interest in her preparations for the stage such as he had not evinced, she remembered, since the day he had been first brought back into the domain of make-believe as a tiny lad many years before. He watched her make up, with boyish curiosity, and even surveyed her critically when she had finished, suggesting with laughing good humor a little heightening of the color here and there.

It was good to hear him laugh, she felt, and to know that she had lifted a great burden from his mind. She did not let herself think of the promise she had made him or of the things she knew its redemption meant to her. And yet a great uneasiness, a vague sense of impending distress had been present in the background of her thoughts ever since she had given way to him that afternoon. When she was ready for her first entrance she stood in the center of the reception room.

"How do I look, my gentle knight?" she asked coquettishly.

Kenneth, in a moment of elation quite new to him, walked about her, burlesquing the mincing ways of a fashionable male dressmaker he had once seen dancing attendance on her in a shop.

"You are magnificent, madam," he responded gayly. And then, as if ashamed of himself for this bit of play-acting, he let his shoulders sag a little and became his more natural self-conscious self.

"I mean, mother," he continued half apologetically, "I mean you look—well, just immense."

He stood off stage beyond an open door watching her throughout the first act, and time and again she caught his eyes upon her—eager wistful eyes whose expression told her a tale of such pathetically real devotion that the realization of it almost overwhelmed her. When the interval between the acts came she took his arm and led him to the reception room where a steaming coffee percolator presided over by Myrtle awaited them. Coffee between the acts was Mona's only tipple in the theater.

They were only fairly settled when the stage-door man appeared with a card. Mona glanced at it and something closely akin to real terror clutched her. She looked round the room hopelessly. Her glance rested on Kenneth and she saw that he was eying her intently. The frown was on his face again. She intuitively sensed that he knew the cause of her alarm and that he was sitting in judgment upon her. She bit her lip nervously. There was no escaping the situation.

"Tell Mr. Bronson to come in," she signed resignedly to the door man.

Kenneth's face did not relax. He was still eying her when she looked toward him again.

"It's Gerald Bronson, the Gazette's critic," she said jerkily. "I've known him for several years."

"Yes," replied the boy imperturbably, "I've heard you talk about him."

Gerald Bronson bustled in just then with that air of frank and engaging ingenuousness so characteristic of him. For all that he was in his early thirties, he seemed more like some precocious college student than the popular notion of what a distinguished commentator on the drama should look like. His round, chubby face always wore an expression that seemed to indicate an alert and active interest in life; the look one finds on the face of a healthy and sagacious child; a look almost naive in its fresh candor. And yet behind that semicherubic mask there blazed one of the keenest intellects in New York, from which there flashed forth ever and anon the most brilliant causeries that had been written on the drama and the art of acting in the metropolis since the sardonic Hudson had abandoned that field for music. Bronson was not altogether emotionally detached in his preferences. He had artistic passions, and Mona Meredith was one of them.

He stood in the doorway beaming at her through his great round spectacles. Mona mumbled a greeting and tried to smile.

"I'm out in front," he said, "getting a second look at you. I'm going to do a more extended review of the play next Sunday. You're easier to-night—far easier and a shade suppler, too; just a shade."

He paused, having noticed Kenneth for the first time. That young gentleman had risen and was standing unobtrusively back of a table. To Mona's affrighted gaze he seemed at least seven feet tall. She hesitated for just a moment or two, looking from Bronson to the boy and back again.

"Oh, I forgot," she said stumblingly. "Mr. Bronson, I want you to meet ——" Her voice threatened to dry up in her throat. She darted another look at Kenneth and caught his eager questioning eyes fixed upon her. He seemed to her like some implacable judge ready to pronounce sentence if she failed to answer according to the bond. "I want you to meet my—my son, Kenneth."

Bronson almost dropped his hat. He looked at her incredulously and then turned to the boy who was coming forward. He put his hand out automatically.

"Your son?" he echoed. "Your son? Gracious Peter! I had no notion you—I didn't know—I never fancied —— It's really rather staggering!"

Kenneth, the formal greeting over, slipped back again behind the table. Mona felt herself ready to sink. She had a foolish notion that she'd like to be under a cold shower and feel the stinging shock of icy water all over. A whimsical association of ideas brought back the thought she had had a few mornings before, that a shower bath made one forget everything but the bath itself. She laughed a little hysterically.

"Yes," she managed to blurt out, "yes, I suppose it is a bit staggering. Please sit down."

Bronson dropped into a chair. He wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. He was plainly a bit upset.

"Really," he rambled on in an embarrassed manner, "it's foolish of me to be so surprised. I knew that you had been married out there in California, but somehow I never thought of a child. Idiotic of me—damnably idiotic! Fine looking youngster. He's got your eyes. Really, you know, it's quite foolish of me—quite! You'll excuse me, I know. I couldn't have been more surprised if my maiden aunt had bobbed up as a Greek dancer. You never met my maiden aunt, did you?"

He laughed foolishly. Mona felt the tingle of tragedy itself in the air. In a flash she felt that all of the premonitions she had had through all the years that she had kept Kenneth concealed were now proved to have been founded upon a sure instinct. She felt an almost savage resentment against Bronson and against Kenneth himself. She accused herself of an indefensible lack of moral stamina.

"Of course, you never suspected," she found herself saying. "He's attending school out of town—has been for several years. You know I was a girl wife—really a girl wife. A pathetically young one. Oh, most pathetically young!"

"You must have been—of course; what else could you have been—of course," the critic mumbled. He rose. "I must be getting back," he continued hastily. "I've got friends out there. Said I'd only be a minute. I want to catch the whole performance again right through. I'll look in again some night soon. We must have a long chat. Hope to see young Mr. Kenneth again some day too. Good-by."

He was gone. The boy came from behind the table, his face aglow.

"Thank you, mother," he said quietly. "I'm a somebody at last."

She was sobbing. He moved toward her, but she fled to the dressing room and before she slammed the door he caught her reply: "And I'm an old lady, Kenneth, an old lady."

VII

THE Sunday papers were in a neat pile on the library table when Mona, nervous and fidgety after a restless night, entered the room. She noticed that the Gazette was on top and the sight of it filled her with apprehensive terror. She hadn't seen Bronson since her "tragic night," as she called it, but her overwrought imagination had been trying to evolve a forecast of what he was going to say in the more extended review he had spoken of. She knew that the spell of her personality had lost its hold upon him since the revelation of Kenneth's existence, and yet, knowing the man's enthusiastic feeling for her in the past, she had wondered what he would say.

She slipped into a chair alongside the table and took the paper on her lap. She seemed to take a morbid pleasure for a minute or two in putting off the inevitable scrutiny of the dramatic page. Her fingers toyed idly with the corners of the paper. Then as if moved by some irresistible impulse she turned the sheets feverishly, found the dramatic section, pulled it out and turned to the part devoted to Bronson's Sunday comment and the general news of the world of the theater.

She gave a little gasp as she read his introductory paragraph:

"The glow of exquisite feeling, of delicate sensitiveness, of sympathetic understanding that has always emanated from the rare personality of Mona Meredith was never more in evidence than in her playing of the whimsical fairylike creature with the laughing eyes, who is the central figure in her newest play. It has always shone through her performances with a certain steadiness that has made many of us feel that it was fed by the fires of an enduring emotional something deep down in her very heart. At least one of us now knows the precise nature of its source and in the presence of that knowledge her art takes on—in his eyes—a new significance and she becomes to him a more glorious interpreter of humanity than ever before."

There was much more in the way of subtle analysis of her performance and of the play, but it was only in that single paragraph that Bronson touched upon the one thing that Mona had felt would mark a tragic turning point in her career when once it became known. She read it at first with unbelieving eyes and then a second time through tears that blurred the final words. The conflicts, the doubts, the hesitations that had tortured her these many years were swept away in a great gush of feeling. When Kenneth came in a few minutes later, bright-eyed and eagerly happy again, he found her smiling.

"Mother," he said, "I wonder if you'd like to go to the ball game this afternoon with me?"

"I'd be delighted, dear," she responded gayly, pulling him down on the edge of her chair and putting her arm round him. "What's the use of having a fine handsome son if you can't kind of go round and show him off sometimes and kind of feel proud he is your son?"

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COMMON SENSE AND THE RAILROADS

(Continued from Page 7)

interstate business found themselves subject to the varying laws and regulations of several states. What might be permissible in one state was contrary to law in another. It became almost impossible for the roads to obey all the various state laws and regulations consistently.

We then tried a dual system of control, with even more unsatisfactory results. In spite of continued efforts to bring about harmonious action between the Federal Government and the state railroad commissions, there was increasing difficulty on the part of the railroads in their efforts to comply with the various legal requirements.

And then came the great war. The long years of gradually reducing income and increasing costs of operation had left the railroads unprepared financially for the great emergency. The demands of the Government were urgent. Constructive legislation by Congress would require a longer time than could be allowed. It was therefore practically necessary for the Government to take over the control and operation of the railroads in the interests of the nation as a whole.

It is now proposed that the railroads be returned to their former ownership and operation. In the meantime the Government has advanced large sums of money on behalf of the railroads, and provision must be made in some way for its proper and safe return. Granting that all the efforts in the past twenty years looking toward the safeguarding of the interests of the public in connection with the transportation service have been well intentioned, nevertheless it seems a fair conclusion that unrestricted governmental control and operation of the railroads of the United States are excusable only under the stress of a great national emergency. The period covering the past two years has disclosed some of the dangers of the exercise of autocratic power if attempted to be applied in times of peace. The assumption of such almost absolute power over vast individual and property rights is justified only in the event of an extreme national necessity that can be served in no other way.

Profiting, then, by our past experience, is it not a good time to reorganize our railroad affairs on a common-sense business basis? Is it not desirable to bring into the solution of the railroad problem the methods a wise business man would employ in the conduct of his own business, and which have proved effective in another complex department of our industrial activities?

However honest may be the intention, a business so huge and complex as the railroad business cannot be successfully handled at long range by any one man or any one body of men. In a smaller country a single regulatory body probably would be effective. In a country so large as the United States greater efficiency can be secured if primary authority is exercised through agencies coming into direct contact with the people to be served, with a central agency to prevent unjust discrimination. This is the underlying idea of the Federal Reserve system. Does it not seem worth while to consider the possibility of adapting that idea to the creation of a new railroad administrative system?

A Central Administrative Body

AN INTELLIGENT understanding of the Federal Reserve system may safely be assumed. We are all fairly well acquainted with its purpose and practical operation. Let us see, then, if its underlying idea and form of organization can be successfully adapted to our railroad problem.

A new railroad administrative system created along the lines of our Federal Reserve system would comprise:

A Federal railroad board corresponding to the Federal Reserve Board; Federal railroad corporations corresponding to the Federal Reserve Banks.

As in the case of the Federal Reserve Board, the members of this Federal railroad board would be appointed by the President, having a proper cabinet officer as a member *ex officio*. It is fair to assume that the President would appoint able men, representative of the railroad, commercial, financial and labor interests of the country, on this board. The board should be granted, by law, broad regulatory powers, and would determine the national railroad administrative policy. It probably would take over the greater part of the administrative and executive functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, leaving this body as a quasi-judicial body. There is no intention to minimize the great service which the Interstate Commerce Commission has rendered to the country since its organization. We have not always agreed with its decisions or its methods, but I fully believe that its members have always endeavored to act in the best interests of the country as a whole. It is a remarkable fact that in all the years of its existence nothing has occurred to besmirch the commission or any of its members. The proper regulation of the railroads, however, has become so burdensome and so complex that it would be unwise to continue the former methods.

It is doubtful if a small body of men sitting at Washington—however wise they may be in railroad matters, however sincere may be their intention to deal fairly with the mass of complicated questions brought before them—can be expected to perform their exacting duties with impartial justice. Too much authority is necessarily placed in the hands of unskilled subordinates acting independently for the most part. Under similar circumstances a great corporation doing a country-wide business divides its business, placing various departments under the control of responsible subsidiary corporations or agencies in close touch with local conditions. It is with this idea in mind that it is proposed to create a central Federal railroad board which would take over the exacting administrative and executive duties heretofore exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission alone. With the intricate legal and judicial problems that are bound to come up for settlement under any form of railroad administration it would seem that there would be abundant work for the Interstate Commerce Commission along these lines, without compelling it at the same time to handle the purely business problems rising out of railroad operation and management.

This Federal railroad board would, therefore, act as a central agency to adjust transportation rates and in general to determine equitably the relations among the public, the employees and the railroads, and among the railroads themselves. In other words, it would become the medium through which the Government would have supervision over the strictly business matters relating to transportation service.

A System of Regional Boards

INEVITABLY it would be impossible for any single board to keep in close intimate touch with railroad operations all over the country. Therefore, following out the idea of the Federal Reserve system, Federal railroad corporations would be organized as agencies subordinate to the central Federal railroad board. These corporations would in effect be regional corporations, acting in the zone or region occupied by one or more railroad systems. These regional railroad corporations would not be organized for the purpose of financing the railroads; they would be organized simply for purposes of regulation and control. They would occupy in the new railroad administrative system a position somewhat similar to that of the Federal Reserve Banks. They would be located at convenient points of operation, and these regional corporations would take the form of the ordinary corporation, having capital stock, since this is the well-known and modern form of organization. The purpose of capital stock would be simply to afford a means of control.

As in the case of the Federal Reserve Banks, the ownership of the stock in the regional railroad corporations would be vested in the railroads themselves, just as the member banks of the Federal Reserve system own the capital stock of the Federal Reserve Banks. In the case of the regional railroad corporations the capital stock need not necessarily involve any considerable investment on the part of the railroads. Whatever the capital stock might be, the idea would be to have the ownership divided equitably among the railroads in a particular zone or region, so that the stock ownership would represent as fairly as possible the relative importance of each railroad. In the Federal Reserve system the member banks owning the stock of the Federal Reserve Banks are by law empowered to elect the directors of the Federal Reserve Banks, being specifically required to provide representative bankers and business men on the board, with the added power given to the Federal Reserve Board to appoint a certain number of its own selection as directors. Following out this idea the directors of each Federal railroad corporation would be elected by the stockholder members—that is, the various railroads—and such election should be required by law to produce a fair and equal representation on the board of all the interests affected—namely: The owners, the railroads, the employees and the public. In addition, the Federal railroad board would have the right to appoint as directors a number equal to that of any such single interest.

One of the great needs of the times is to bring this railroad problem out where we can get a good square look at it. Generally if you can see a thing clearly and close at hand many of the imaginary difficulties disappear or become of minor importance.

Suppose that a Federal railroad corporation be organized in the region in which the New England railroads operate. Each one of the railroads in New England would become a stockholder in the New England regional corporation. Each railroad by vote of its own directors would name a representative who would act on its behalf in the election of the members of the board of directors of the regional corporation. These representatives of the railroads would, in their own interests as well as in the interests of the public, be anxious to secure as members of the board of directors of the regional corporation the ablest railroad managers from the New England railroads, men representing the large body of investors in railroad securities of those particular roads, able business men representing the shippers and traveling public, and would also call upon the great railroad brotherhoods to supply men of judgment and integrity to care for and protect the interests of railroad labor. All of these men would be residents of the region served by the New England regional corporation. It seems to me that a body of men such as this would be worthy of confidence and could be trusted to deal fairly with all the interests represented by the railroads in that particular region.

The directors of the regional corporations would be concerned with the details of railroad operation. They could adjust difficulties arising among the railroads of that region. They could hear and pass upon the numerous complaints on the part of the public. They would be able to settle difficulties quickly without the long, tedious delay that is necessary under the present system. No single interest would be able to control. There would be small chance of any combination to the detriment of any single interest. The regional corporations would handle the railroad affairs of that region as an ordinary business corporation would seek to handle its own affairs, realizing that fairness of judgment and action would best promote the interests of the railroads as well as the interests of those who use the railroads.

This kind of organization would be nonpolitical and would provide a nonpolitical control. It would place the regulation of railroad activities in the hands of railroad and business men, who would be interested solely in the efficiency of the railroads as business organizations. Any attempt to do otherwise would quickly meet with disaster. The Federal Reserve Banks are organized along this line and are being successfully operated, and there is no reason why the same idea cannot be adapted successfully to railroad regulation. The Federal Reserve Banks do not attempt to interfere with the management and operation of the member banks, and as a matter of fact their efforts are at all times directed toward the promotion of the best interests of the banks that are members of the system. The Federal Reserve Banks are administered without regard to politics. I doubt if the officers of any member bank could, offhand, state the political affiliations of the directors and officers of any one of the Federal Reserve Banks. Bankers and business men on the boards of the Federal Reserve Banks are selected because of their banking and business qualifications. That is all that interests the banks that are members of the system.

No Conflict With State Control

THEREFORE it would seem that to these regional railroad corporations we could safely give primary regulatory powers over all regional railroad activities, including the consolidation of terminals, ticket offices, extension of existing lines and the construction of new or branch lines, and the issuance of future railroad securities. In all probability such a body of men would be called upon to act in the case of differences rising between the railroads and their employees, and in that way be able to protect the public against discomforts and losses always incident to strikes.

To what better body of men could we give power to pass primarily upon passenger and freight rates initiated by the carriers? Could they not also be given the right to initiate rates themselves if it is deemed advisable and necessary in the public interest, always subject to revision, approval, disapproval or suspension by the Federal railroad board, to prevent mistakes and unjust discrimination? This regulatory power and authority must be lodged in some body, and the natural place, it would seem, would be in a body composed of men closely acquainted with the needs of the particular region whose interests are vitally affected, such interests being at all times safeguarded by the right of appeal to a central Federal railroad board.

"But," someone will say, "it is impossible to establish Federal control, because of the control already exercised by the several state railroad commissions."

That was one of the arguments brought up in opposition to the Federal Reserve system. The national banks were compelled by law to become members of the Federal Reserve system. Membership in the system was optional with the state banks. It was argued that the Federal Reserve system would be a failure because the state banks would not become members, thus preventing the establishment of a uniform banking system in this country. What actually happened? I do not recall a single state that is antagonistic to membership in the Federal Reserve system on the part of state banks within its borders. The benefits of a uniform banking system were quickly recognized by the several state banking commissions. There have been

some differences, of course, that have had to be ironed out as between Federal and state control; but these have always been accomplished without serious friction, with the result that the Federal Reserve system is steadily growing in strength and favor.

Considering the successful coöperation of Federal and state banking control it would not be difficult to arrange for coördinating Federal and state railroad control through an advisory council, which could be provided in connection with each regional railroad corporation. This council would be composed of members of the several state railroad commissions within whose jurisdiction the railroads operate. In other words, the various state authorities could easily keep themselves informed as to the acts and policies of the regional corporations and be in a position to protect themselves if action hostile to the interests of the state should even be considered.

But we still have before us the larger and more difficult part of our problem. Even though we secure a satisfactory form of railroad administration we have still left the most important part of the problem, which has to do with the rehabilitation of the financial condition of our railroads. Manifestly a railroad, like any other corporation, must earn enough at least to pay operating expenses or go into the hands of a receiver. It is not fair, however, to stockholders and owners to limit its earning capacity to its operating costs. The men who have put the money into the railroads, making it possible for these great systems to be built, are entitled to at least some consideration.

The Rights of Hard-Earned Dollars

IN A COLORED debating society out West one time there was a very serious discussion of the question "Which is more important, money or friends?" The dusky advocate of the idea that friends were more important than the possession of money delivered a fervid oration and sat down amidst enthusiastic applause and dripping perspiration. His opponent, a man of meek and lowly mien, arose in deep gloom. The speaker's embarrassment was such that he promptly forgot his well-prepared speech and was able to deliver himself only of the following sentence, which he repeated over and over again: "If you got money, you got friends; if you got no money, you got no friends." He sat down in the midst of profound silence. The judges, however, being men of financial and legal standing, promptly gave a decision in his favor.

The railroads have been subject to very much the same kind of discussion, and the decision in their case has been very similar. The railroads found, like the poor colored brother, having no money, they had no friends. However, that very condition has roused sympathy at least, and we are beginning to realize that if a railroad has any real friends they must come to its rescue and provide the money necessary to produce good transportation service.

We have heard a good deal in times past about the sacredness of property and the sacredness of wages. It has been easy for the demagogue to rail at the railroads. It was not so long ago that the surest way for a country politician to break into the state legislature was to go about the country condemning the railroads and the banks. On the other hand, men of property have been prone to make the mistake of attaching greater importance to their investments than to the labor of the men who helped produce their prosperity. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as sacredness attaching to property or wages, simply as property or wages. The thing that is sacred is the right to enjoy the fruits of what you have earned.

Is the dollar earned to-day more sacred than the dollar earned yesterday? Is it more sacred than the dollar earned last week or last month? Is it more sacred than the dollar that was earned a year ago or ten years ago? If a man spends the dollars he has earned for food, clothing, the education of his children—he has performed the duties of a good citizen. If a man by economy and thrift be able to save a part of the dollars he has earned against the time of old age and adversity, is he any less a good citizen? If he go further and invest those savings in bonds or stocks of a railroad, is he still any less a good citizen?

The point is just this: The money invested to-day in railroad securities represents dollars that have been earned, and these dollars are just as equitably entitled to participate in railroad revenues as the dollars that are paid out for wages and other operating costs. The owners of railroad bonds and stocks are entitled to a fair return on their investment just as the worker is entitled to a fair wage; and neither has the right to participate at the expense of the other.

How are these railroad revenues to be produced? There is just one way: Freight and passenger rates must be so adjusted as to provide the money needed to pay costs of operation and a fair interest on invested capital, plus an amount to take care of future contingencies.

Banks are allowed a return of six per cent on their investments in the capital stock of the Federal Reserve Bank. Is this too much to allow an investor who places his money at the risk of a complex business like that of the railroads?

Who must pay? In the case of passenger fares, the man who rides pays. In the case of freight rates, the consumer of goods eventually and indirectly pays. But the direct payments to the railroads are for the most part made by the business concerns of the country—that is to say, the sellers or buyers of goods.

For a time it was thought by some that a straight guaranty by the Government of a fixed rate of interest on invested capital would be a satisfactory solution as far as investors in railroad securities were concerned. Happily, this idea, involving an easy approach to governmental ownership, has been abandoned, except by a certain radical element whose chief desire seems to be to destroy business initiative and enterprise. Others have proposed that surplus earnings over operating costs and a fair return on investment be divided equally between the Government, the railroads and railroad employees. Others again want the rich and powerful railroads to appropriate some of their surplus revenues for the use and benefit of the smaller and weaker roads.

Do not these latter theorists rather beg the question? A small weak bank would most certainly welcome a slice of the earnings of its larger and wealthier competitor. Is there any inherent or business right that would justify any such division of earnings in the case of the railroads, any more than in the case of banks or other business?

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul

AS THE result of the war we have accumulated a great public debt, which must be paid with interest. Should we at this time dispose of any of the surplus revenues of the railroads to any single class as against the interests of the Government in those revenues? Should the railroads be arbitrarily relieved of any part of their obligations in this respect? The application of equitable tax laws will take care of excess railroad revenues just as excess earnings are cared for in other lines of business. Any other plan will create class distinction and smacks not a little of political favoritism.

If we are to enjoy increasingly improved transportation service there must be opportunity given for profitable employment of capital and the profitable exercise of initiative and ability on the part of those charged with the management of railroad properties. If a railroad has been built into an unproductive territory, can it justly claim exemption from those laws of business which operate in respect to other unsuccessful or unwise ventures? To save a receivership a weak road may be consolidated with a strong road, but even this must be accomplished with due regard to the interests of the communities served by the stronger road, as well as the interests of the communities served by the weaker road. It is difficult to find an excuse for taking something from a strong road and giving it to a railroad already in the hands of a receiver or one failing to earn its way, except as a matter of charity—and it is doubtful if the people have yet reached the point of looking upon any railroad as an object of charitable concern.

In short, why not treat the railroads as business organizations on a business basis? Having the acknowledged right to fix the rates to be charged for doing business it is fair to ask that we define just what is a reasonable rate and what constitutes invested capital. These are the important questions to be answered by Congress at this time. With these matters closely determined and with an administrative system that functions smoothly and expeditiously the disposition of surplus earnings by our lawmaking body can safely be left until we can discover what the earnings of the railroads really are.

In the last analysis the solution of our railroad problem is put squarely up to the business interests of the country—to the business men, who are in charge of the great commercial interests of the country; to the workingmen, whose families are dependent on the results of their toil; to the public, who pays the bills.

No arrangement in business can long stand that is not essentially fair to both parties. At first the railroads were unfair to the people, and they suffered through exacting and often unjust discrimination. Of late years we have not been fair to the railroads, and now we have suffered, through an almost complete demoralization of railroad organization, due chiefly to lack of sufficient revenue and unwise legislative control.

Turning Over a New Leaf

WE MUST right-about-face in our attitude toward the railroads. For twenty years or more there has been persistent pressure against the railroads to reduce rates, without thought or care as to how such reductions in revenue would affect the interests of the carriers on whom we depend to transport our goods. We have hired expert traffic men whose jobs depended on securing a selfish advantage for ourselves.

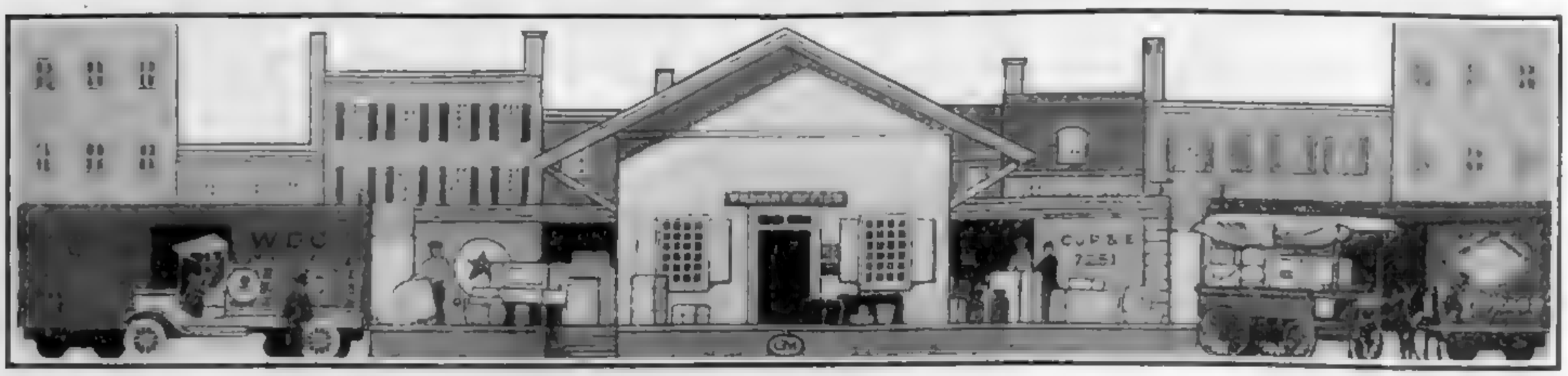
If we are to have adequate railroad service in the future we must turn about and insist upon rates that will produce the money required for the successful operation and financing of our railroads.

We have come to the parting of the ways with our railroads. They will survive or perish in the next few months according as the business interests of the country do or do not unite their efforts in the creation of a new public sentiment favorable to the rehabilitation of the financial system of our great transportation companies. Upon our representatives in Congress is laid a heavy responsibility. They are anxiously endeavoring to find a correct solution of this perplexing problem. We shall go far toward assisting the formation of a fair decision if we ourselves determine to deal fairly and justly with the railroads in the matter of railroad revenues.

Believing, as I do, in the essential fairness of business men when once fully informed I am therefore in favor of such a new railroad administrative system as will bring the primary governing body exercising governmental control into close touch with railroad and business interests, through a regional system of control safeguarded by a central body to prevent mistakes in judgment and unjust discrimination as against either the railroad, the employees or the public.

It should be the duty of Congress at this time to define the terms "reasonable rate" and "invested capital" so clearly that there can be no misunderstanding or controversy in the future as to their meaning and application. Any plan that seeks to apportion surplus railroad revenues for the benefit of any single interest or class of employees will hardly be looked upon with public favor. If we approach the railroad question with an open mind and with an intention to deal with the railroads on a basis of fairness and justice toward every interest represented we shall find that the general provisions of our income-tax laws, applicable to all other lines of business, will take care of excessive earnings, leaving the disposition of net earnings, if any, to the judgment of the railroad managers and the directors of the regional corporations.

Finally, it would seem the part of wisdom to treat our railroads as business organizations rather than as objects of political or charitable concern, and give to them the opportunity to work out their own salvation in a common-sense business way.



Try these easy-to-serve hot weather dishes

The woman who appreciates the many possibilities of using canned fruits and vegetables at all seasons of the year is never at a loss to add delicious variety and tempting appeal to her menu

The following suggestions and recipes give just a hint of the many easy-to-serve dishes that are always at her command with a well-stocked pantry of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

APRICOT WHIP—Drain 1 cup of DEL MONTE Canned Apricots and press through a strainer, fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into a serving dish, and chill Serve with a custard made from the egg yolks, ¼ cup of milk, and ¼ cup of sirup from the apricots.

DEL MONTE Canned Apricots served with a luncheon soufflé make an acceptable substitute for salad. Their nutritive value is almost as great, and they combine equally well with meat or cheese

Apricot jelly made with the sirup from canned apricots and gelatin, served on lettuce with mayonnaise, makes a most attractive and delicious salad

TOMATO SAUCE AND NOODLES—Boil ½ package of noodles until tender and drain, saving the stock Mix noodles with 1 can of DEL MONTE Canned Tomato Sauce, ½ cup of noodle stock 1 teaspoon of salt, and 1 tablespoon each of chopped onion and celery Pour into a greased baking dish, sprinkle with ½ cup of crumbs, and bake for 40 minutes.

A little DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce added to grated cheese which is slightly moistened makes a most appetizing sandwich filling

Tomato Sauce added to mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing imparts an unusually delightful flavor

PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOW PUDDING—Cover the bottom of a serving dish with a layer of marshmallows and over this put a layer of DEL MONTE Canned Sliced Pineapple cut in pieces. Over all, pour the sirup from one can of pineapple and set in a cold place for several hours before serving.

The sirup from DEL MONTE Canned Pineapple makes a delightful addition to the punch bowl for simple refreshments on any occasion It also lends a wonderful flavor to Hollandaise Sauce; and delightfully flavored sweet may be made by thi sirup with the and mustard

ASPARAGUS spoons of vin or salad oil onion and mu point and pou Canned Aspar has been drai serving

ASPARAGUS SAUCE—Arran over the eggs

Alternate la Asparagus and sprinkled with luscious baked di

Here are peach recipes

PEACH BETT crumbs and DEL MONTE Canned been drained, in a greased baking dish, spri of peaches with sugar or corn sir little cinnamon dot with 2 tablespoons of butter pour ¾ cup of water over all, and bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven

PEACH ISLAND—Place 6 halves of DEL MONTE Canned Peaches in a serving dish Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons of sugar or corn sirup and ⅛ teaspoon of salt, add 1 cup of hot milk, cook in double boiler until thick, cool, add ¼ teaspoon of vanilla, fold in 2 beaten egg whites, pour over the peaches and sprinkle with cocoanut.

Halves of DEL MONTE Canned Peaches, sprinkled with cocoanut and filled with vanilla ice cream make an irresistible dessert Serve with the sirup from the peaches

A delicious salad may be made with DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches and Oranges, using the sirup from the peaches and orange juice as a basis for the ing

DEL MONTE ORANGE MARM FLÉ—Beat the whites of tw stiff and fold in DEL MONTE malade with a little salt and Place in buttered baking dis a slow oven until firm Serve ice-cold custard

It is a saving of time a DEL MONTE Peaches in ste and dumplings in place o

CHERRY SHERBET—Add orange to the sirup fro MONTE Canned Cherries, almost done add 1 stiff and 1 cup of the cher until hard

Cherries, stoned and ed to peanut butter sa licious.

Use cherries instea baked tapioca puddi change.

Cherries, stoned an ed to cream chees make a sandwich fil will like

PIMIENTO AND C 1½ cups of boiling can) of DEL MONTE tos in a strainer, through into the cup of cornstarch ter, add to pimie double boiler 45 grated cheese, p when cold cut in brown in fat in t

Pimientos mashe with slices of small wh and seasoned with a little o paste

RAISIN CUSTARD—Beat 2 eggs slightly, add ¼ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of nutmeg, 1 cup of DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins cut in pieces, and 2 cups of milk pour into 6 individual ramekins, set in a pan of water and bake in a slow oven until firm. Stir once during the baking. Serve in the ramekins.

FROZEN PEARS—Drain the sirup from 1 can of DEL MONTE Canned Pears, measure, and add water to make 1½ cups of liquid, and add juice of 1 orange and ½ lemon. Freeze and when nearly done stir in ¾ cup (⅓ can) of the drained pears cut in pieces, and pack for at least 1 hour.

Melt a square of chocolate in the sirup from canned pears, beat until well blended and pour over the halves of pears to make an unusually delicious "easy dessert."

MAYONNAISE—Heat 1 cup Canned

STEAMED PUD of soft bread cru DEL MONTE Can teaspoon each o nutmeg and clo in a greased b molasses and oughly and ste hours. Serve with

Put a can of PLUMS on ice at nig in the morning. The breakfast fruit.

PUMPKIN OR SQUASH cups of DEL MONTE C Squash, 1 cup of cot crumbs, 1 teaspoon of molasses. Form into lon each in a thin slice of ba a toothpick and bake 45 min. erate oven.

BALTIMORE SPINACH—Melt 2 tablespoons of fat, add 3 tablespoons of flour, 1 teaspoon of mustard, 1 teaspoon of salt, and ¼ teaspoon of pepper, and when thoroughly mixed add ½ cup of vinegar and ½ cup of liquid drained from the spinach, and 2 tablespoons of corn sirup. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add 1¼ cups (½ can) of chopped DEL MONTE Canned Spinach and cook until the spinach is thoroughly heated.

Equal parts of chopped DEL MONTE Spinach and cottage cheese, moulded into flat cakes and served on lettuce with French dressing, make a pleasing and wholesome salad

Spinach is drained when used liquid should be utilized It is rich in the mineral this vegetable is noted.

from the can, heat in a 2 tablespoons of butter, pepper, ⅛ teaspoon of nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon of salt Garnish with hard egg and serve with vinegar juice

DEL MONTE Canned Spinach as a delicious or meat adds flavor and food value an excellent and economical

recipe for cake where mashed used, DEL MONTE Canned Pumpkin may be substituted, and will rich rustic flavor

STRING BEANS—Melt 2 tablespoons of fat, add 3 tablespoons of flour, salt, and ¼ teaspoon of pepper Cook to brown. Add the liquid from a can of DEL MONTE Canned Beans and 1 tablespoon each of onion and chopped DEL MONTE Green Chili and bring to a boiling stirring constantly Add 2 cups (1 can) beans and cook 5 minutes.

Another way to serve DEL MONTE Beans is in a border of boiled rice mashed potatoes from the Lima or silver peas may be creamed with green onions, making a very attractive and healthful dish, or mold with tomato flavored lemon jelly as an appetizer and be served with mayonnaise

Cut strips of pimiento with strips of chopped pimiento and chopped Ripe Olives, make a pleasing garnish Add a little chopped onion, add creamed potatoes and as a stuffing for

Vegetables of all kinds, from summer into winter, with lemon juice makes a refreshing punch

Recipes calling for strawberries may be varied by using any DEL MONTE Canned Berries:

STRAWBERRY CHEESE—Dissolve 2 tablespoons of gelatin in ½ cup each add ¼ cup drained, pour into a mold and chill

Ripe Olives chopped, vegetable salad, a delightful addition

Chopped DEL MONTE Ripe Olives, cottage Cheese, moldered with crumbs, and and served on lettuce dressing, make a pleasing wholesome salad.

OLIVE LOAF—Mix 1 cup of DEL MONTE Chopped Ripe Olives, chopped, 1 boiled rice, 1 cup of crumbs, 1 cup seasoned white sauce, 1 egg and juice of 1 lemon. Bake in a loaf pan minutes. Serve with DEL MONTE Canned Tomato Sauce.

There is no end to the variety of simple, inexpensive and palate-tempting ways in which DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables may be used to make every-day meals better.

Send for our new book "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It contains hundreds of practical suggestions and recipes for improving the daily menu. It is free.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Boy-Scout Week

ALL at once, as a people, we are waking up with the thought not only of organized manhood but of organized boyhood out-of-door in our country. President Wilson, by proclamation, set aside in June a Boy-Scout week during which the Boy Scouts remained in uniform by permission. The purpose was to extend the Boy-Scout movement throughout America. Ministers of the gospel all over the country were asked to read the President's proclamation, and it was read in practically every school-room of the land during Boy-Scout week. The results can have been nothing but noteworthy and praiseworthy. All at once Uncle Sam has emphasized the fact that there are two lives for every man and every boy in the world—indoors and out-of-doors. Of late there has been a rather pronounced need for a few million out-of-doors men, incidentally out-of-doors men who could march and shoot.

The National Parks Association

THERE was completed on May twenty-ninth at Washington a National Parks Association with the purpose of uplifting our national parks, as attested by a long row of signatures of well-known public uplifters. This association was organized at the Cosmos Club in Washington—and when it comes to elevation of brow, that is the highest point in America. The association has as its purpose "the better acquaintance of the general public with the parks, their history and traditions, their flora and fauna; and is intended to encourage art and literature as connected with national parks, travel, wilderness living and interpretation of scenery."

I have myself invested, anyway, three dollars to learn how to live in the wilderness and to interpret scenery. Please note the "flora and fauna." Nothing less could have been expected. Mostly, I am scared of anything which talks of flora and fauna, because—though I have knocked round a little in the parks—I have never seen a single faun or flore out there. Confidentially, I believe they mean flowers and animiles. Anyhow, there are plenty of those things in the park, and the more of them we all see the better we shall be.

Let Us Have Peace

THERE are estimated to be some thirty-four million young women in America between the ages of sixteen and thirty-six; and now, so it appears, each of these is to have the opportunity of wearing a nice silk suit. Uncle Sam is going to put on the market seventeen million yards of bargain-counter silk. In prevailing styles, a half yard per capita—or per each—is plenty for a lady's suit. How came Uncle Sam to do this is this way: He bought all this silk, along with a few other trifling purchases, for use in making some forms of heavy ammunition. It is called cartridge cloth and, though a trifle stiff for feminine wear, it can be processed—so they say—and made into very useful fabrics for suits and cloaks, tapestries, dress skirts, and the like. It runs heavy and good. It looks like a riot.

Camp Photography

MORE and more the camera comes to be a part of the average camper's summer outfit. The Sierra Club Bulletin for the current year has a story about photographing animals no larger than the common striped chipmunk, using a set camera such as may be sprung with a long cord or bulb tube. The pictures are fine and in this simple photography there may possibly be a little fun for some reader. This is the advice given by the artist:

"Chipmunks, squirrels and birds are often attracted to camp by the refuse thrown out. A little watching will show certain shrubs, stumps and rocks to be used as feeding stations by the animals. The photographer is thus often able to select a suitable location where light, composition and background are satisfactory. The camera may then be placed on the tripod and focused upon the exact spot where the animal to be photographed is likely to pause. Care should be taken not to focus on the bark of a tree trunk selected, but on a point at least an inch nearer the lens. This allowance will insure that the animal itself rather than the tree trunk is sharply in focus. By placing the camera three or four feet distant, an image nearly one inch high will be obtained with a seven-inch lens.

"Beware of attempting to work too close to the subject. It is better to enlarge an inch image later on than to try to secure a large image at once by working close up. By working at a reasonable distance, depth of field is obtained and the animal is not badly frightened. A long-focus lens can be used to advantage; but the use of the single combination of the ordinary lens was found to be too slow for such active animals as chipmunks. Exposures of one-fiftieth of a second at Stop eleven or one-twenty-fifth of a second at Stop sixteen were found to give well-exposed negatives when the subjects were in direct sunlight. The shorter exposure was found best, and even then the motion of the front feet, or paws, was not always stopped."

Rainbows

IT WILL be good news to those who like wild sport to learn that the Government has removed the guards from the locks of the Soo Rapids at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. I have heard that the latest improvements along the rapids have made some changes in the fishing grounds, and have heard a rumor that when all the locks are done there will be some wading water left below the lower gates where a man can get at some of the better pools in the old river bed. There are some tackle busters in that piece of water. I hope that the Soo rainbow habitat will not be materially changed by any of the lock improvements.

An angling friend once asked if there was anywhere in the world a real rainbow trout that weighed twelve pounds. The answer is yes; and very likely a rainbow trout will be taken before long which will weigh twice that. I note in an issue of the American Angler a little communication from Grays Harbor in the state of Washington:

"The fact that Grays Harbor possessed anything remarkable in rainbow fishing was first brought out two years ago when a sixteen-pound fish from this district was winner of first prize in a fishing contest. This fact has again been demonstrated by the members of the Grays Harbor Rod and Gun Club in their annual contest. This club held contests in five classes: cutthroat trout caught with fly; cutthroat caught with bait; blueback caught with fly or bait; rainbow caught with fly or bait; and bass caught with fly or bait.

"The results in the first two classes were not worth mention, as the entries were small and in poor condition. In the blueback class, H. L. Green won handily with an entry of a seventeen-and-one-half-inch fish weighing two and one-sixteenth pounds.

"In the bass class, F. M. Potter made the only entry with a nine-and-one-half-pound big-mouth black bass, which was remarkable for its perfect condition.

"In the rainbow class, J. E. Fowler secured first place with an entry of a forty-and-one-half-inch fish weighing an even twenty-one pounds; M. Hemphill was second with a thirty-seven-inch fish, tipping the scales at seventeen and one-half pounds; third was Dick Miles with a thirty-six-inch entry which pulled sixteen pounds and eleven ounces, beating the above-mentioned contest winner by eleven ounces. In this class, Ira E. Hornibrook was a notable contender with a total catch for the season of twenty-four rainbow averaging nine pounds."

Grays Harbor seems to be a tropical sort of place, where things grow oversized. A nine-pound bass and a twenty-one-pound rainbow offer rather interesting figures. On the fly, in fair water—and may I not add, not taken in any competition for weights or numbers—such fish offer sport in the one hundred per cent class.

By the way, the journal above mentioned has by accident fallen upon a little idea that seems to be running strong. It asked a hundred or so prominent anglers what three flies they thought the best of all, should they be confined to the use of three. There is an astonishing variety in the reports of these experts from all over the country. The result of the symposium is not yet known, but even when known I fancy would prove nothing except that when the trout are coming they will take almost any kind of a fly. Yet again even this statement must be qualified. For instance, a great many replies come from the state of Maine, where the Parmachene Belle is the most popular single fly; yet that fly does not run very strong in the West. I should guess that Coachman or Royal Coachman, Cahill and Professor would run about as popular in the Middle West as any other three flies.

The three flies that I myself mentioned as my favorites were the Bucktail, as I have learned to tie it under the instruction of William Wood, the Coachman and the Jock Scott or some salmon pattern with junglecock shoulder. There is no one fly so deadly in Wisconsin and Michigan as the proper Bucktail properly fished; at least such is my own experience. In the Far West the Bucktail might not do so well. The Coachman is about as near a universal fly as any one fly ever tied. The bright salmon patterns will very often take large rainbows or steelheads or native trout in heavy Western waters and are especially useful for lake fishing. In my belief, I could get along very well with these three flies. But this certainly does not mean that very many others would be of the same belief. All in all, I think this is about as interesting a little stunt in sporting journalism as any that has come up for quite a while, even though it probably will prove little except that trout and bass angling are of infinite variety.

Rods, Reels and Lines

I HAVE mentioned the extreme scarcity of good angling goods in the American market to-day and the astonishingly high prices that are asked for such goods. It is nothing to-day to be asked thirty dollars for a reel or fifty dollars for a rod, and in rods the prices go much above that. The other day I saw in a sporting-goods store an English-made reel of rather simple pattern. It has solid metal plates and a small spindle and possessed no very great class. I picked it up and found that it weighed about eleven ounces, wherefore I asked the salesman what he wanted for it. He said two dollars, marked down from fifteen, and I put it in my pocket. I bought this reel entirely on account of its great weight. As to the small spindle, I intend to make it into a good-size barrel by fitting in a cork cylinder.

There is method in this madness, as perhaps may be explained to the behoof of other anglers. In the first place, I must apologize for having in my earlier life, in common with many other sporting writers, stated that any kind of a reel would do for fly-fishing. For years I used as light a fly-fishing reel as I could find. Then a chance statement, earlier quoted in these columns, from an Englishman—Mr. R. L. Montagu, who lives in California—set me to thinking. It will be recalled that this gentleman advocated the use of a heavy reel, so that the balancing point of the rod would come four or five inches above the top of the hand grasp. I tried this and liked it, as I found that it made my rod much livelier. Hence, since I wanted to get a heavy reel for a friend and since there was no such thing as getting one of the better makes of English reels—I actually do not know one really perfect American-made fly reel to-day—I bought my two-dollar reel simply because it was heavy and because I previously had weighted my own high-grade English reel until it weighed just about eleven ounces.

As to the small spindle, I am off it for life, as we say in New York. I ruined a fifteen-dollar salmon line by leaving it a couple of winters on an American-made salmon reel. I ruined two good trout lines by the same process, with American-made trout reels. A good tapered fly-casting line, vacuum dressed, costs to-day from seven dollars and a half up. Leave such a line for a time on the average small spindle of our trout reels and you have ruined it. I therefore counsel all American anglers to keep after American reel manufacturers until they put out a really good and practical model of a fly-casting reel. Our old notions were wrong. I am inclined to think that the weight of such a reel ought to be adjustable. Mr. Montagu fixes his reel by winding soft lead wire round the spindle. The best English reels are not heavy, but they have ventilated barrel and ventilated side plates—very fine for the life of the line.

Suggestions for the Novice

FOR the novice contemplating entering the esoteric art of the fly, I might perhaps venture a few suggestions. Two rods will be useful, one just over six ounces and say ten feet for long-range heavy water and heavy fish, such as bass. The other rod, and the one probably more useful, should be about nine feet six and less than six ounces, probably not less than five and a half ounces. The tendency with the American rods of high class is toward ultra-stiffness. Ultrastiffness in the rod means, or should mean, extra weight in the reel; else you will have a top-heavy rod which will tire you to death to fish all day and one with which you cannot strike a rising fish smartly. The lighter rod should have a gentler action than the big fellow, but the butt joint ought not to be very active and the middle joint ought not to be too whippy at the top. Even the five-and-a-half-ounce rod ought to have the feel of backbone.

Have your reel adjusted to your rod so that it will balance at a point, say, four to six inches above the top of the cork grip. The angler should always adjust his line weight to the power of his rod. An E level line is a good average weight for a medium rod. The level line is better in short casting and on windy days. The tapered line, of course, especially when it is used with a long tapered leader, will not cast well at short range with a powerful rod—you have to begin to get out more than thirty feet before the rod will get much action; whereas you may be desirous of casting nicely at a distance less than thirty feet, as when fishing upstream. That line should be used for your rod which makes your rod bend—that is about as close as you can come to it in print.

Of course for the finer work of fly-fishing the tapered line is best. The heavy line is necessary for good fly casting, but it can be made too heavy, both for your rod and for your success in striking a fish. It ought to be of such weight as the rod will handle nicely, accurately and comfortably. Quick, easy and complete control over the fly is what you want. An E taper or a D taper in all likelihood will be about heavy enough. If you have a very powerful rod and a very long-range bit of fishing to do it will be time enough to go above these weights.

Concerning Leaders

SUPPOSE now that you have your rod, a reel and a line—all balanced, all adjusted one with the other. If the three do not fit one another you can not fish well. As to leaders, if you are doing the ultradry fly work you need the nine-foot tapered leader to go at the end of your nicely tapered line. The line will be fatted, so that it will lie lightly on the water and not sink your fly. But let not the amateur undertake to use this sort of outfit with impunity. If he is fishing with a powerful rod he will be very apt to break the point of his leader when he strikes. He ought therefore to learn to strike on the reel, setting his reel so it will be just stiff enough to hook the fish and not break the leader. Any good fly reel must have a setting screw. I don't know one American reel that does. Most of us fish with a loop of line in the left hand, however, so a little bit heavier leader is more practical for the average man.

If you are going to use one of those very long and very fine leaders you'd better import it already tied and not try to tie it yourself with any gut you can get in America to-day.

I think that fina size in gut is about fine enough for the point of a leader in our

(Continued on Page 71)

AUSTRALIA

The manager of a mining company writes, "I have been using your Gargoyle 600 W Cylinder Oil for the last three months with every satisfaction, only one-third of the oil previously used being necessary to give perfect lubrication."

SOUTH AFRICA

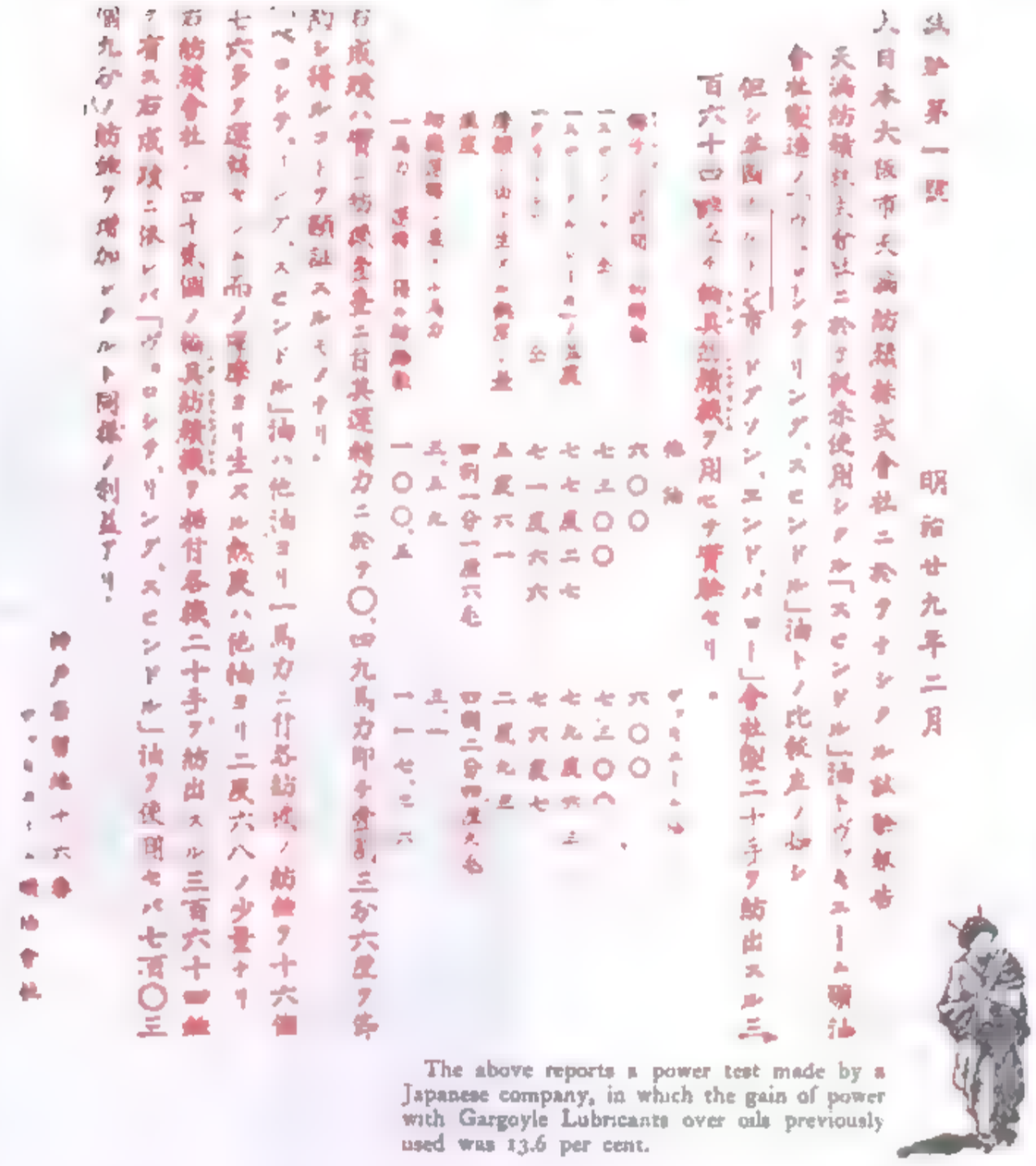
A tramway company reports, "Your Gargoyle Cylinder Oil is higher in price than the one formerly used, but we have been able to get better lubrication from 40 gallons of it than from 80 gallons of previous oil. The net saving is 35%."

NORWAY

One of the largest Norwegian mechanical works reports that Gargoyle 600 W Cylinder Oil saves 50% over the oil previously used. "Vi ere meget godt fornöjede med den fra Vacuum Oil Company leverede 600 W Cylinderolie, idet vi finde, at Brugen af den bevirker ca. 50% Besparelse i Forhold til den Olie, som vi have brugt för."

SPAIN

In replacing former oils with Gargoyle Lubricants, a Spanish Company writes, "Tenemos la satisfaccion de manifestarle que las pruebas hechas con sus aceites minerales marcas 600 W Cylinder y Arctic Machine en nuestras maquinas de vapor y de hilar han sido tan satisfactorias, que desde luego hemos dejado de usar los aceites que para dichas maquinas veniamos empleando, y que, con ventaja, hemos sustituido por las precitadas marcas."



The above reports a power test made by a Japanese company, in which the gain of power with Gargoyle Lubricants over oils previously used was 13.6 per cent.

Speed up the world-work

THE world has turned into a vast power station. Each nation is a power plant.

The world's mightiest power plant is the United States of America. Never were our power units called upon for such high efficiency — the stationary steam and gas engines, the looms, the electric generators, motors and transformers, the farm tractors, the motor trucks, the automobiles.

The international testimonials shown here point to an interesting fact. The world is fast learning the difference in power results between "oils" and — the right oil in the right place in the right way.

This work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

ENGLAND

The Governing Director of a Textile Mill reports the following results on changing to Gargoyle Lubricants, "To our considerable astonishment we discovered an economy of horse-power of 12%, 26%, and 8½%, respectively, for three different machines."

HOLLAND

A Dutch user writes as follows about Gargoyle Lubricants, "Sinds 1895 hebben wÿ uwe olie soorten etna voor de weefstoelen en transmissie en 600 W voor de cylinders in gebruik en hebben de groote smeerkracht geconstateerd."

CEYLON

An engineer reports, "Gargoyle Lubricants have been used for some time past on all kinds of machinery, rolling stock, dredging craft, etc., and have answered very satisfactorily in the place of native and other oils, in that they lubricate more efficiently and are cheaper in the end."

ITALY

An Italian user of 1000-horse-power engines finds Gargoyle Lubricants "superior to all others." He states, "A vostra richiesta ben volentieri attestiamo che i vostri lubrificanti per cilindri e movimenti di macchine a vapore che dal mese di Novembre, 1896, usiamo per le nostre motrici di 1000 H. P., eccellono per bontà e superiorità, ed hanno il merito speciale di essere sempre dello stesso ed ugual tipo e di essere somministrati colla massima accuratezza."

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In manufacturing, the matter of doing things right is not only a question of principle but also of facilities.

A great institution, possessing wide experience and commanding ample resources, can bring to bear in its manufacturing the equipment, machinery and methods which enable it to produce a quality product with absolute uniformity and economy.

The high quality of *Certain-teed* Paint is the inevitable result of high standards carried out under the most favorable manufacturing conditions.

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Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities.

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PAINT VARNISH ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 68)

average American trout fishing. Regular, or padrone, can go at the head of such a leader, so that if there is a break it will not take all the leader.

About six feet is enough if one fishes with a single fly—and even the use of two flies is rapidly becoming obsolete, so that the fly tied on a snell is poor property to-day. If you tie your own leaders you can adjust them to the length of your own rod—seven or eight feet may please you better than six. You will find, however, that if you go above six feet in a leader in fine gut you will lose a lot of time in snarls and tangles and knots; and that you will find your fly harder to control in a breeze. There is a sort of foolproof desideratum in all these matters.

As to size of flies, there never will be any agreement. The English use much smaller flies than we do; and the dry-fly purist, of whom we have not very many in America as yet, uses the delicate and beautiful flies tied in imitation of the natural insect. In the average Wisconsin or Michigan stream that system would put almost no trout in the basket except very small ones. In a quiet stream, where the waters are very much fished, dry fly and small fly are good and upstream is good. In rough and wild streams such methods are not always practical.

Sometimes I think that the longer one fishes in such waters the shorter his leader and the larger his fly will become. Certainly I have seen fine leaders and small flies practically wiped out on some Wisconsin streams by the use of the Bucktail fished on a five-foot leader. Not that I would call that the very acme of sport when other methods are possible. I love to fish over a rising fish upstream when I find a piece of water where this is possible. Not very many of our Western streams lend themselves to that. I think also that different streams, even in the same state, require different fishing. I fished many years on the lower Pine River in Wisconsin and found that it needed a large fly, Number Six preferred. On streams a hundred miles farther north I find Number Eight better. Not long ago I saw a statement made by an angler that he thought Number Ten was the best all-round size for a fly. I have sometimes used that, and sometimes Number Twelve and Number Fourteen; but I do not like them on the average stream, because they are too small to hold a good trout. In two trips this season it was the belief of several friends that the Number Six Bucktail put more trout in the basket than any and all the flies we could use, no matter what the size. The sort of leaders seemed to make little difference—they had their eyes set.

Something has been said about the expensiveness of good casting lines to-day. No angler ought to treat his rod or his line with anything but reverence. It makes me shiver to see a good rod hung up under the eaves overnight or to see a good line left wet on a reel throughout a fishing trip. Every angler ought to have along as part of his equipment, just as much as his rod or his reel, an aluminum or wooden ring with hollow rim, and on this he ought to wind his line at least every other night, rubbing it down carefully in deer fat, if it be the vacuum-dressed type. This will keep the line free of kinks, and soft, so that it will always cast straight; and a straight line on the water is the one great secret of taking trout.

There is another way in which a good fly line can be ruined very quickly, and that is by using it in fishing bait or spinners. Even the very smallest blade of a spinner, such as you see used above a fly, will twist your fly line and ruin it as surely as you use it. The swivels ought to work, but they never do. Besides, the use of a spinner on a fly rod is a deplorable thing at best, and is rarely ever necessary if you are getting all you can out of your orthodox tackle. To be sure, a big trout will sometimes strike a spinner; but on the other hand, if you do not catch him on a spinner—or on a Bucktail—he will be there next year to give you a run for your money.

I have mentioned the excellence of English angling goods to the detriment of American angling goods by comparison. As a matter of fact, they have been fishing the fly longer in Great Britain than we have in America, and though their conditions are different from ours, the British are more scientific fly fishermen than we American anglers average to be to-day. It would be the worst sort of snobbishness for either Englishman or American to think that his goods were the better simply because they were his goods—not that all the anglers on either side of the water have been wholly above precisely this sort of snobbishness. Much the broader and better point of view is a study of the other fellow's outfit and an adaptation of his best ideas to our own requirements. In this way and in this way alone can we advance into the higher degrees of one of the oldest and most complex of all the arts in sport. Valuing the hints and tips of our English friend out in California, who is the first man to advocate the heavy fly reel, I may be allowed to quote once more from his personal letter:

"I have just been presented with a copy of the Chronicles of the Houghton Club. They have been in existence since 1822 and have had, with a few years' exception, the same stretch of the Test. In the May fly season—Green Drake—they have a tent pitched in a certain field by the riverside and have their dinners served there so they will not have to leave the riverside while the rise is on. The average weight of all their trout, caught from year to year, runs from one and three-quarters to two pounds, two ounces. In the old days they fished with the natural fly on a blow line. Fly casting they called whipping. They kept up the old methods until quite late in the last century. Some of their keepers stayed with them for years. One called Faithful put in forty-seven years, then was retired on full pay and another came to them as a young man at twenty and was retired after he had passed three score and ten, also on full pay."

What a quaint picture of sport is offered of these gentlemen of old England in a century of angling! I wonder how it will be on the Test after the clouds of this war will have cleared away. Nice, let us hope. And let us hope also that even in these ghastly and uncertain days the world will yet find something of its old poise and calm along the stream sides out of doors.

One more item from the foregoing prolific and useful letter:

"I dare say you'll have noticed how shiny a freshly varnished rod is and how free a new rod is from such shine. To take off the extra shine and remove the amateurish look to a job of varnishing get some finely powdered pumice stone and rub the rod down dry. Don't use a rag. With the fingers you can feel what you are doing. Start on one tip first and keep the other as a standard. Go at the job very lightly, so that it will require four or five rubbings to do the job.

"Wipe the rod dry and polish with a soft linen rag. The best linen for polishing rods and lines is the imported imperial tracing cloth. Boil and wash out all the sizing and you have a beautiful piece of line linen with no fluff."

Tips for the Open

I WAS sitting down on the wet grass not long ago in a nice wet rain, pulling down my wet woolen stockings over the feet of my wet waders. The heavy socks were full of sand, as they always are when you wade, the tops falling down round the ankles and over the tops of the shoes. That, of course, means friction of the sand again at the waders; and a good pair of featherweight waders to-day costs twenty-two dollars. I commented on this fact between grunts of disgust at the weather.

"You ought to know," said my companion, who was unbuckling at the same time, "that you can keep your socks up over your waders and above the sand line in wading, easily enough, the way I do mine."

He showed me. He simply had on a pair of common or street garters over his waders. The clip of the garter held up the top of the woolen sock, just as easy. Being a Western man, I used to have my idea of any man who would wear garters anyhow. After this I shall have very little respect for any man who does not wear them—outside of his waders at least.

The other day I was tying some flies and wanted to stand them with the eyes down so that shellac would not run into the feathers. On my library table, which I use principally for tying flies or fixing rifle sights, I saw a lump of soft rubber of the sort that stenographers call art gum. It was soft and seemed to cover the barb of the hook and yet to leave the hook easily detachable. I wonder if it would not be a good way to carry some small hooks so a fellow would not get them into his thumb when feeling round in a tackle bag.

Just above the hand grasp of any high-priced fly rod you will see a little brass ring whipped on, as small as any of the tip guides. I have seen a novice trying to thread his line through this little ring, but even most novices know that it is intended to put the point of your fly through when you are walking through brush and carrying the rod. That is better than carrying the fly between your thumb and finger, which method quite often results in jerking the point over the barb into either the thumb or the finger when the tip of your rod—as is bound to be the case some time—gets caught in the alders or the cedar boughs. When you find a hook thus sunk in the flesh above the barb, don't try to pull it out backward, for your thumb is not made of art gum. Reach into your pocket or your tackle bag for the pair of cutting pliers which surely ought to be there. Push the point of the hook on round through the flesh until the barb comes clear from the skin. Clip it off with the pliers and then the hook will go out backward easily. It doesn't hurt a great deal. Ears are worst.

The Supply of Wild Ducks

WIDE mention was made in the sporting press last winter of the extraordinary scarcity of wild ducks all over the country. No locality, not even the sea marshes of Louisiana and Texas, had anything like an average number of ducks, though the previous year had been marked by more than a usual abundance. The usual explanation was that the mild winter all over the North scattered the ducks very widely, so that they never were concentrated on the usual wintering grounds.

This is supposed to be the explanation—we can't tell till next winter. Curiously enough, however, I recently have talked with one or more of the real naturalists—hunters and trappers who got their knowledge elsewhere than in books—and these men say that they would not be surprised if we never saw ducks so abundant again.

"There may have been some big destruction of the ducks somewhere," said one

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"Can We Afford *Not* to Install It?"

That's the final question the chief engineer and other executives must decide in considering this *new type* of automatic stoker which marks a *new era* in fuel-burning economy. And the engineer can clearly demonstrate from his knowledge of combustion-chemistry, that the

STOWE STOKER

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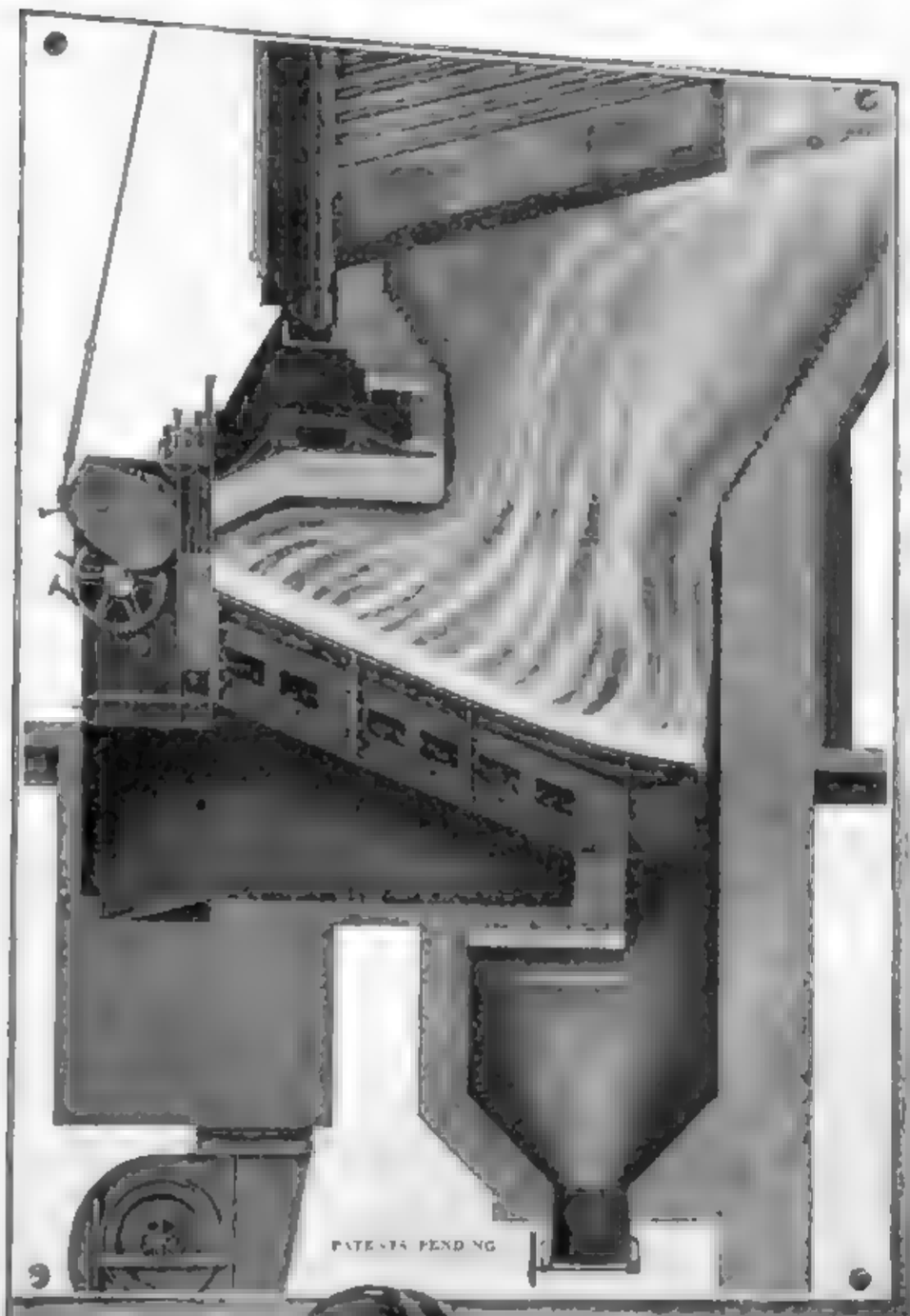

reaches a degree of efficiency no other existing type can hope to reach, because:

— It is a forced-draft stoker without the clinker-forming disadvantages of the underfeed type;

— It produces high rates of coal burning without any prolonged accumulations of ash, having a continuous ash discharge;

— It is a progressive feed stoker, the fire of which is automatically and gradually thickened as combustion progresses, being thickest at the ash discharge end, where the combustible is completely spent.

Because of these distinctive features, the engineer can strongly urge the installation of the Stowe Stoker no matter what method of firing boilers his firm is already using. He can prove that such a step will result in *higher efficiency*, *larger capacity* and *greater economy*—that the installation will quickly become one of the most profitable investments any firm ever made!

Send for Interesting Book.

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We also manufacture the L-C Chain Grate Stoker—dominant in its field today.

B 24

"The use of L-C Chain Grate Stokers in the State Power Plant at Jefferson City, Mo., saves 25% in amount of coal consumed; in addition, enables us to use a grade of coal that costs about 30% less than the coal used in hand-fired boilers; and also enables us to make a saving in labor of about 40% over hand-firing."
—Louis Ratliff, Commissioner of Permanent Seat of Govt.

LACLEDE-CHRISTY

A BUSINESS INSTITUTION — FOUNDED 1844 ST. LOUIS

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such friend. "Maybe something happened to them. Maybe they have gone the same as the wild pigeons."

That is rather ominous speech and I wish I did not have so much confidence in the man who said it. Yet the mystery of the wild pigeons' disappearance never was accepted alike by all observers. Presumably they ceased to breed for one year—and the next year they were gone. It was in much the same way that the buffalo disappeared—all in one year—they were and they were not. Could it indeed be possible that something has happened to the ducks?

Out in Salt Lake, Utah, there has been for some years a more or less mysterious malady among the ducks—scientists call it alkali rising to the surface and washed down by the fresh-water streams. This disease has no doubt killed literally millions of ducks. Years ago I myself saw a bay of Great Salt Lake black with dead and dying ducks—apparently hundreds of thousands. I have seen hundreds of ducks dead or dying on a lake along the Texas gulf coast thirty years ago. All agreed that these ducks had lead poisoning, taken from swallowing shot found on the bottom of the ducking waters there. The other day I talked with a member of the Bear River Ducking Club of Utah, whose grounds are above Salt Lake. He said that his club had buried forty thousand ducks which had died of this same alkali poisoning.

Put one thing with another, reflect on the increase of shooters all over the country, the cheapness of the modern shotgun and its general use, the invasion by civilization of the northern breeding grounds—and it does not take any watch-making mind to realize that so far as our migratory wild fowl are concerned it is a safer bet that they are decreasing than that they are increasing. As to that final cataclysm of Nature—such as that in which the pigeon and the buffalo disappeared; such as that in which the wild elk will very soon disappear—let us hope that our shooter naturalists are wrong, at least for the time. But how about taking a little thought in regard to daily bag limits? How about club members who shoot on their pushers' licenses? How about the gentlemen who think that they ought to be allowed to shoot in the spring in spite of the Federal migratory bird law? What can be done with the average American sportsman who simply is not broad-minded enough to know that he can't have his cake and eat it? At times I am very much discouraged over it—and likewise very much disgusted with it.

Fun With Rattlesnakes

DID you ever have fun with a rattler? It may not be called very high-class sport, but most of the Western cow-punchers used to think that any ethics were good enough for a rattlesnake. Given a mad rattler, a cow-puncher and a cactus plant, the method was much as follows: Cow-puncher goes over and cuts a round end off a cactus leaf, leaving a little ball with all the spines on it. This he holds out at the end of a long stick for the rattler, remarking: "Good snakie—nice snakie—have a bite!" The rattler does have a bite—so quick the eye can hardly follow his head. The cactus ball just fits in his mouth and he can't spit it out. According to the cow-puncher, who goes away leaving the rattler trying to get shut of the cactus wad, the joke is on the snake.

"Roughed Grouse and Woodchuck"

I OBSERVE that the intelligent proof-reader of a daily journal has made some writer state that the French pointing griffon is a fine dog for use in America on "roughed grouse and woodchuck." I presume that he means ruffed grouse and woodcock, though the latter is now practically to be marked off the list of American game birds.

The griffon has been a sort of nondescript in Europe, but lately has been seriously considered as a possibly useful sporting breed, so that he is being developed into a distinct type. He is a hardy, wire-haired dog, with a remote resemblance to an Airedale—and almost as much to a window shutter. He is a busy little hunter, rather with terrier instincts, but will point like a pointer and is a merry performer in the field. We begin to see the breed in the dog shows in this country.

Breeds in dogs come and go. How long is it since you have seen a real, honest-to-goodness pug dog—undoubtedly the most worthless of all dogs? And how long since you have seen one of the active little black-and-tan terriers which, as a boy, you used to call rat-and-tan? There were thousands of these black-and-tan terriers—Manchester terrier is the correct name of the breed—in every country town. Who does not remember a rainy Saturday afternoon, the ruins of an old barn and a trusty rat-and-tan? Yet perhaps it may have been years since you saw this active little rat catcher of your own youthful days.

Glad-Handers

IF SOMETIMES one is disposed impulsively to take a baked tomato to some of the professional glad-handers who shed syndicate sunshine in the daily press, still and all again and so to speak, once in a while one of these apostles of optimism says something worth while even between yawns. I find that I have preserved one such paragraph:

"The sunlight is as necessary for happiness as it is for peaches. Many a worried, discouraged, melancholy, despondent person would become vigorous and happy by merely getting out into the sunshine. Abounding health not only increases self-confidence but the confidence of others, and this confidence is credit, is power. With rare exceptions the great prizes of life fall to those who have stalwart, robust physiques. One who has health possesses the greatest magnet-making force and can compel success to come to his call."

The Best Men

THE other day in the course of conversation with a returned American Army officer—Col. John V. Clinnin, 130th Infantry—I asked him a not infrequent question—what troops he thought were the best fighting men on the Western Front.

"If you mean other troops than ours, and merely the best fighting men," he said, "I would say that the Australians deserved that title. They hated the enemy and hunted him just as we Americans used to hunt Indians. They would kill them every way in the world and they never got done. They would rig up a long knobkerrie with almost any sort of a metal head on it and sneak out to the German trenches and reach over and brain any man they happened to find within reach. They shot them, bombed them with grenades, killed them every sort of way. I think, too, the Australians were surest to gain ground in a frontal offensive. They knew they could, and they would always say with absolute confidence to any other troops that the Australians would go through just as far as any other troops would support them on either hand. The records show that their boast was made good too.

"Next to the Australians, I would place the Canadian troops, I believe. They had a little bit better discipline than the Australians, though they themselves have had all kinds of stories told about them. But the Australians! I was talking with a distinguished British general in London and I asked him what he thought of those boys.

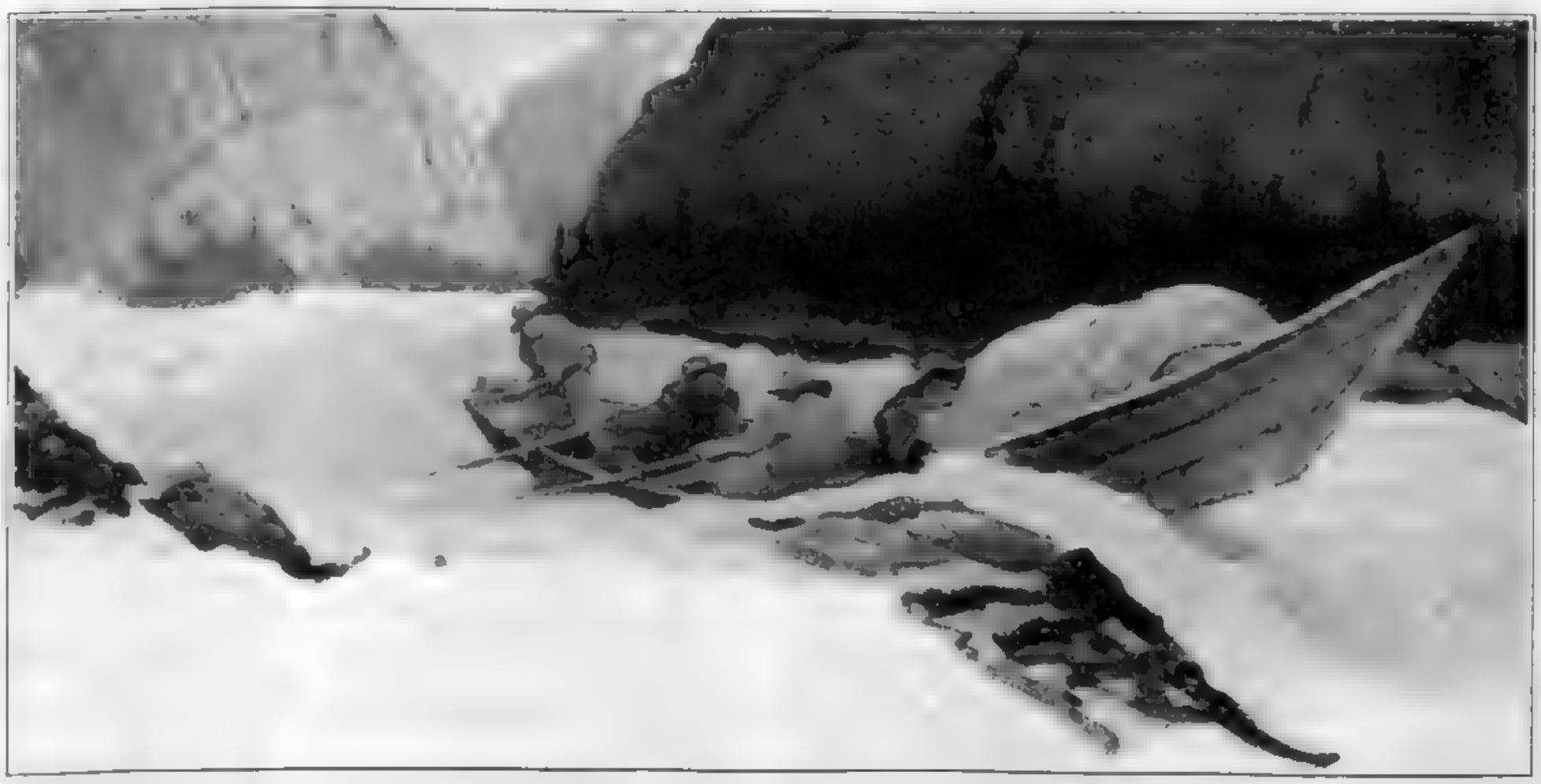
"'Splendid fighters!' he said—'fine fighters! But quite impossible socially!'"

Colonel Clinnin said that, contrary to the general belief, the French troops, as he saw them, were large and strong men. The British Army, aside from the Colonials, averaged small in personnel. He called the English good troops, but said that the privates looked on their officers as gods; whereas Canadians were more disposed to call an officer a necessary evil. Colonel Clinnin said that on his front the German troops were fighting well up to the last hour of the armistice and he did not undervalue them as fighting men. As to our own troops, he said that the officers of both the French and English Armies thought our men at first were too reckless.

"Your men die splendidly," said a French general, "but foolishly!"

The French soldiers by that time had learned to look on war as a trade. Nevertheless, I fancy that one of the traditions of the Bois de Marine Americain will be the remark of the American field officer who said: "My men would not understand an order to fall back."

I was trying to learn from this American officer the derivation of the best personnel in all of the armies. In our Civil War it was quite generally said that the city troops stood the gaff better than the farm boys, fought as bravely and were more enduring of hardships. Colonel Clinnin did not seem to think that was the case in the world war. He said the Australians averaged taller and bigger than other troops and were wilder and fiercer. They had among them a certain percentage of town dwellers, but the bulk of them came from the open, the cattle or sheep country, or bush, as they call it in Australia. He said also that the Western Canadians averaged very well; and we both agreed that a good percentage of the Canadian troops came from young Yankee farmers who had moved into the western provinces of Canada a few years ago at the time of the land boom. So far as I could learn, this particular officer believed in the open-air man as the makings of the open-air soldier.



TRIMMED WITH RED

(Continued from Page 23)

still folded, lips still smiling, as he cast his eyes once over the ballroom as though well aware of society's backing and approval.

"Professor Syle."

"Yes, Comrade Kroll."

The two men stood facing each other; the one bending slightly down, the other still superior despite his inferior position, suggested to Emily some deep-grounded rivalry, some jealousy that had all but grown to hatred.

"Of course we all agree on the great essentials of world revolution," began the smooth voice. "I understand you to speak of industrial leadership as insanity of power. I do not mean to take issue with one of your distinction, Professor Syle, but should one rightfully include power in the catalogue of psychopathic disturbances?"

"You object to my phraseology, Comrade Kroll?"

"I should call it a bit—forcible, Professor Syle."

"Then I withdraw it, Comrade Kroll. Forcible utterances should not be made in the presence of the Young Progressive."

Justinian Kroll sat down, still smiling. The room began to buzz. The meeting had apparently decided to adjourn. As Professor Syle, amid discreet congratulations here and there and surrounded by a sizable throng, came down the aisle, Rosamonde Vallant broke into a storm of supplications.

"Mrs. Finnessey, he'll be gone before we know it. I simply must meet him!"

"Look out," warned Emily. "If Merlin gets a look at him the earth will shake for miles round."

"Oh, here he comes!" cried Rosamonde, folding her useless little hands.

"He's dreadfully difficile when he's not in the mood for it," said Rosamonde's mentor, discouraged perhaps because Syle's young popularity seemed to be swaying in the balance.

A moment later Emily found him standing alone in the aisle, for the crowd had reacted toward Justinian Kroll, leaving him stranded momentarily. Rosamonde bounded forward, dragging Mrs. Finnessey with her, and Emily was surprised at the radical's sudden affability. His air seemed to have changed from one of lofty patronage to a graceful, easy social gait.

"How-do-you-do, Mrs. Vallant?" he was heard to say as he took her hand. "You didn't come as an enemy, I hope?"

"No—I just—came," she faltered with a radiant smile, crushed under his greatness.

"I stand corrected," he smiled. "To the open mind there should be no such word as enemy."

Emily stood studying his shoes; was there something in his religion that demanded these preposterous brogans?

"Probably you think me awfully ignorant," faltered Rosamonde, while Emily wished that Mrs. Finnessey would come to the girl's rescue; but that helpful person stood aside, maintaining a fixed smile.

"All educated people are ignorant," he informed her. "The great inspirations come from the illiterate. Education cramps judgment and makes for prejudice. Sixty per cent of the Russian peasantry are unable to read or write."

"The average is pretty well made up by the Russians who do write," suggested Emily by way of conversation.

"I can read and write," explained Rosamonde, "and I'm sure you'll find me awfully—capitalistic."

"Vladimir Ilitch Ulianoff comes of the capitalistic aristocracy," he replied with great simplicity.

"I guess I never heard of him," wailed Rosamonde.

"He is Nicholas Lenine, premier of the Red Republic!"

"You always call Russians by two or three sets of names, don't you?" suggested Emily. "I suppose they have to keep a few to use when they're escaping. But it must make it terribly difficult at elections to know whom you're voting for."

"All this is simplified by the soviet," he explained just a trifle tartly.

"Comrade Rosamonde and her cousin," Mrs. Finnessey broke in at this point, "have come to be instructed."

"Yes, I've come to be instructed," Rosamonde eagerly echoed.

"One of the encouraging indications in our revolt," he told them both, beaming impartially, "is the enlightened spirit with which representatives of the so-called upper classes have flocked to our banners."

"Oh, if you would only teach me!" Rosamonde pleaded.

"Of course you would have to cast aside a great deal of mental and social driftwood."

"Couldn't you come and have tea with me?" she asked impulsively, as though some outer voice had prompted her.

"That's awfully nice of you. I have rather a full program for the next fortnight, but after that ——"

"Excuse me."

The three looked round toward the interloping voice. The black man with the Buster Brown hair stood showing his large teeth and gesturing secretively.

"Do you want me, Comrade Alfonzo?"

"Pleez. Wan minute. Verra important."

Professor Syle stepped a few chair rows up the aisle and stood in half-whispered conference with the dangerous Villista. Ever and anon the brownish hands would go up and the bluish locks would shake while snakelike glances would be directed first toward Rosamonde's group, then toward Mrs. van Laerens. Finally the great lady came down the aisle and addressed Professor Syle with well-tempered cordiality.

"We're having tea. Won't you stay?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. van Laerens," replied Syle rudely. "I never take tea."

"I'm so sorry. Awfully nice of you to come. Your lecture was splendid—quite inspiring, I mean to say."

"Thank you," growled Syle, and deigned to receive her well-bred hand.

"And, Rosa," sang out Mrs. van Laerens, "you'll stay, won't you?"

"Thanks, I wish I could," lied the little plotter. "Merlin, you know."

"Give the old bear my love. Good-by!"

Mrs. van Laerens kissed her hand and departed to join her guests.

"You will come to tea with me, won't you?" persisted Rosamonde in her baby-talk voice.

"This afternoon?" asked Syle.

"Any time you say."

"I'll come with you now," he declared.

Emily almost fainted. What in the world had that Aztec said to him to cause this immediate face-about? And what was Rosamonde going to do with Merlin in case of a collision?

"I'll stay here, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Finnessey, instinctively choosing the richer of her two patronesses.

"You must come with me," whispered Rosamonde to her cousin. "If I should be left alone with him I should die of fright."

▼

THE ride home had been delightful, mostly a monologue on the part of Professor Syle wherein he informed the young ladies that Fifth Avenue, which had been their highway, was a bulwark of entrenched plutocracy. Emily had always thought New York's show street quite beautiful, but the advanced thinker had done his best to spoil it for her until he explained in his cocksure way that, under soviet management, the standard would be advanced and Fifth Avenue would profit by the improvement.

"What do you think a soviet government would do with Broadway?" had been Emily's prize question, to which Syle had replied:

"The theaters will be put under the Board of Control."

A picture of the Midnight Follies under a Board of Control was troubling Emily's mind when their automobile stopped at the Vallants' apartment house. They had no sooner reached the Flemish hall and relieved the great radical of his hat and coat than Agnes, called away from her tea things, came back with the message that Mrs. Shallope was at the telephone wishing to speak to Mrs. Vallant. The summons hinted so many disagreeable things to Emily that she proved a very poor companion for Rosamonde's guest, who, however, made himself quite at home and set himself to the task of criticizing the interior decorations.

"A characteristic bourgeois interior," he lectured, after having fingered the picture frames, moldings and upholsteries. "The place lacks restfulness."

"You're right there," agreed Emily, feeling that she would like to jump out of a window.

"Here we find all the restlessness of an idle and useless class, a parasite class. The bourgeoisie delight in futile imitations of a medieval aristocracy which they threaten to reconstruct. These hangings, for instance"—Syle rubbed his slender, poorly manicured fingers appraisingly over a velours surface—"what do you think they cost?"

"Too much, I dare say," replied Emily. "But for heaven's sake don't put any more interior-decoration ideas into Rosa's head She's nearly ruined Merlin already."

"Ah, this Merlin is her husband?"

"Temporarily at least."

"A reactionary, I imagine."

"It wouldn't take any Edgar Allan Poe to imagine that."

"Are you laughing at me?"

"Am I?"

Walter Syle, shuffling in his hobgoblin shoes, turned his back on Emily and continued his circuit round the room. Presently Rosamonde came in and her face was a study.

"What did she want?" asked Emily, quite out of breath.

"She's coming to dinner."

"To-night?" Emily's head began to whirl.

"She invited herself—she wouldn't take no for an answer. I told her my cook was sick; she said she was on a diet and didn't care."

"What in the world is possessing her?"

"She says she's going to stay overnight at the Merlinbilt so that she can be in town for the Drouthsky musicale right after lunch."

"Well," sighed Emily, "I'll have to get Oliver and tell him not to come."

Professor Syle had been deaf to this crisis apparently, for he turned from the wall with his helpful criticism:

"Your apartment is much too gaudy. Look at that fireplace."

"It's only an imitation," poor Rosamonde apologized.

At that instant Agnes rolled in the tea wagon, and Emily escaped to Rosamonde's boudoir, where she found a hand-painted telephone, and made haste to call up Green & Plevort, Mules. Mr. Browning, they told her, was gone for the afternoon. Where was he stopping? They didn't know, lady; but they keenly guessed that it must be at some hotel. Would they ask Mr. Browning to call up Mrs. Vallant's apartment if he should come in? Sure, lady, they would be glad to, but they guessed he was gone for the day.

Emily pawed the telephone book and chose at random five hotels out of New York's fifteen hundred. Of course there was no Oliver Browning—no Emily Ray's Oliver Browning—stopping at any of them. At last she gave it up and went in to tea. She found Syle mooning over a portfolio of etchings, so in this brief opportunity she informed her cousin that she must go.

"Emily, please!" Rosamonde's manner was tragic. "You can't go and leave me with him! It looks as though he were going to stay for hours—and Merlin comes home at six-fifteen sharp every night."

"Well, my staying won't keep Merlin from coming home," Emily argued with logic on her side.

"No, but you can help me get rid of this professor before Merlin catches him here."

At this point Walter Syle emerged from his trance to request another cup of tea, double strength this time.

"Rather mediocre second impressions," he pronounced the etchings, closing the portfolio with a snap and casting it aside.

"They aren't imitations anyhow," suggested Emily, who was fast losing patience with the situation.

"My dear young lady, there is no such a thing as an imitation."

"No?"

"That which is beautiful to-day will be precious in the next generation."

"Isn't that lovely!" said Emily, but without emotion.

Professor Syle turned upon her his peculiar reddish eyes and regarded her fixedly for a moment.

"What a splendid convert you would make!" he murmured, and reached for his cup of double-strength tea. He gulped thirstily, then as though enjoying the stimulation resumed:

"Tea! In my estimation it is the chosen drink of the intellectual. Russia owes much of her present enlightenment to her national habit of tea drinking ——"

"Isn't there something about vodka too?" asked Emily by way of being agreeable.

"Yes, yes." He passed over his cup. "I'll have a little rum in mine, if you don't mind."

Again he gulped; but this time the drink seemed to affect him disagreeably, for he paused, closed his eyes and began stroking his forehead. Rosamonde and Emily exchanged nervous glances.

"Aren't you well, Professor Syle?" asked Rosamonde in an awed tone.

"Call me Comrade Walter," he said, suddenly awakening.

"Comrade Walter."

"The spell has passed. I am, as you have probably guessed, a tremendous worker, Comrade Rosamonde." She brightened. It was as though he had accepted her whole for his inner circle. "I seldom sleep, and as a result the blood sometimes leaves my brain. It is annoying."

"Don't you see a doctor or take something for it?"

"Tea," he pronounced. She refilled his cup rapidly. "Most of my editorials are written under the influence of tea. And sometimes, after a long period of mental strain, I resort to more drastic measures."

"Some sort of drug?" suggested Emily.

"Oh, no!" The thought seemed to annoy him.

"Sometimes I get awfully dull at dinner parties," she confessed, feeling more and more at home with this superior soul. "I wish you would tell me what you do."

"I soak my feet," he said quite distinctly, "in ice-cold water."

"Oh!"

Emily bit her lip, enjoying a picture of Rosamonde's guest suddenly quitting the tea party to wade and paddle under a cold tap. And in the spare room, she remembered, Eustace, the alligator, was now occupying the tub.

"We could bring you some in a bucket if you prefer," was Miss Ray's thoughtful suggestion, but it struck no spark from Professor Syle, who, whatever his faults, was never a humorist.

"Thank you, no." It was as though he were refusing another cup of tea. He went right on with his lecture, for with Professor Syle to lecture was to breathe.

"The beginner in progressive socialism should keep in mind the two courses, radical moderatism and moderate radicalism. Wealth should revert, of course, to an impartial public ownership."

"Would that mean," asked Rosamonde, apparently yielding to the music of his voice, "that all the high buildings and apartment houses would be torn down or burned up?"

"What if they were?" asked the great thinker. "That would be of small consequence to the world movement."

"It wouldn't be of small consequence to the people living in the apartments and office buildings," suggested Emily.

"Of course, Miss Ray," he informed her kindly, "it would be hard for one of your class to understand the attitude of the worker."

A memory of weary hours passed on her poor tired feet behind a counter caused Miss Ray to wince a little before replying:

"Of course it wouldn't."

"But by what means shall ownership revert?" He took up his theme. "By arbitrated communism or by rationalistic violence?"

"The first you said—I think that would be better." Rosamonde hated any violence coupled with such long words.

"You have, I see, an intuitive logic. Now as I see it the wealthy classes—the so-called upper classes—of America will do well to join hands with the workmen and coöperate in some scientific plan whereby all accumulated wealth may be given over to the state."

"What state?" asked Emily. "I hope it wouldn't be Illinois. I dislike several people from Illinois."

"The state," was Mr. Syle's rather unsatisfactory reply.

"Yes, of course. But lots of people like their money." This was Rosamonde's objection. "There's Merlin, for instance. I suppose he'd put up a terrific fight if anybody wanted him to send his money to a state."

(Continued on Page 77)

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How Jerry Convinced the Purchasing Agent

That Buying Sponges "By the Piece" Cost Less Than "By the Pound"

By Elmer R. Murphey, *President*

IN a certain large factory, Jerry, the shop-man, claimed that "Colossus" Sponges cost less than others selling at apparently a lower price.

One day he caught the Purchasing Agent going through the shop. He stopped him. "Here," he said, "let me show you something about these sponges."

He took a sponge from a "Colossus" bale and one from a bale of unknown name and weighed them.

"Here are two sponges and they both weigh 5 ounces. Let's wash them and see how they look." They did, and the "Colossus" Sponge was half again as large as the other sponge.

"What's the reason?" said the purchasing agent. "The reason is this," replied the shop-man, "that other sponge was 'loaded.' It was weighted with epsom salts or glucose, which dissolved and ran down the sewer when I washed it under the faucet. Yet you paid sponge prices for these extra ounces of 'loading.' You may have paid a lower price per pound for the bale, but the sponges cost more after we wash the 'loading' out of them."

Are you pouring money down the sewer in your shop?

Are you buying sponges *by the piece or by the pound?*

We sell "Colossus" Sponges *by the piece* because we believe it is the fair way to sell sponges. Any one can make a sponge weigh more, but no one can make it bigger.

Why not test the sponges you receive? See If they are "loaded." Compare them with "Colossus."

The U. S. Army and Navy write in their specifications "ALL SPONGES WILL BE PURCHASED AND PAID FOR BY THE PIECE ONLY."

So do leading railways, manufacturers, painters, decorators and hundreds of others.

Buying your sponges *by the piece* will protect you against "loading."

But the best protection is to specify "Colossus."

Every sponge we sell is guaranteed to be a pure sponge. It is marked with the "Colossus" trademark either on a tag on the sponge, or a label on the bale.

Send us a specimen of the sponges you have been using and we will send you a sample "Colossus" in the size and grade best fitted to your needs.

Dealers Let us tell you about "Colossus" Sponges packed in case assortments or individual wrappers; graded, price tagged and guaranteed to your customers under a trademark known wherever sponges are used. Write for catalog and description of selling helps that will take the guesswork out of your sponge business.

James H. Rhodes & Company

America's Leading Sponge Packers

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Manufacturers and Producers of Sponges, Chamois, Pumice Stone, Steel Wool, Felt Wheels, Buffs, Felt and Cut Felts, Emery, Rouge and Abrasives

Colossus Sponges

COLOSSUS OF RHODES TRADEMARK

You can always tell a "Colossus" Sponge or a bale of "Colossus" Sponges by the Colossus of Rhodes trademark. Look for it. It's your guide to pure sponges.

(Continued from Page 74)

"I imagine he might," agreed the prophet, looking somewhat bored as he always did when anybody else was talking.

"And suppose all the rich people felt like Merlin?"

"Oh, that would be a matter for the comrades who favor rationalistic violence. Whether property is turned over bloodlessly or seized by a general armed uprising of the proletariat is merely an academic question."

He helped himself to another tea cake and munched hungrily ere resuming:

"As for myself, occupying the extreme left as I do, I am a little partial to rationalistic violence. With the aid of the machine gun and the public executioner darkest America would soon be equal to the civilization and progress of modern Russia."

"Merlin would agree with you, I'm sure," said Rosamonde with renewed enthusiasm. "He's often said that the only way to cure those conscientious objectors would be to shoot 'em against a stone wall."

"Ah, so?" Professor Syle raised his eyebrows. "Of course he would say so."

"Well, that's violence, isn't it?"

"It is. It is the violence of Nero toward the Christian martyrs. You could not expect anything better in a country where hundreds of brave young men, too strong in character to shoulder a gun in a trumped-up fight against the free people of Germany, have been thrown into prison to be whipped and abused by a technic of cruelty more refined than was ever in use in the torture chambers of the old Kremlin."

This was quite a poser for Rosamonde. Emily had never thought of it that way either; had, in fact, been inclined to side with Merlin's views to the effect that a man who wouldn't fight for his country was too low for a clean hangman's noose. It was more than thrilling to hear a truly emancipated digest of the subject which was treated at such length that, ere its close, Rosamonde began looking nervously toward the front door, then toward Emily with numerous supplicating winks of the eye. Emily consulted her bracelet watch. Horrors! It was ten minutes after six. Merlin would be coming home at any minute, and as she had said, the shock would be felt for miles round.

Merlin Vallant's poor foolish wife had now snuggled close to her cousin on the window seat and was pinching her arm in a dot-and-dash system which painfully spelled the message: "Get him out! Get him out!"

"Professor Syle," said Emily, "have you seen the Red Army war exhibit at Blickendorff's Gallery?"

"I am not aware of any such exhibit," he declared, irritated at the interruption of his finest paragraph.

"Well, it's splendid. Enlarged photographs showing the Czar being murdered and dynamite explosions on the Neva and everything. It's right round the corner on Fifth Avenue and I'm crazy to go. Won't you come with me and explain the hard words?"

"It is probably an imposture," replied the distinguished radical, quite unimpressed.

"Well, then, think of what fun it will be to expose it." She had arisen and was actually tugging him by the arm.

"I am afraid not this evening," he said. She could have brained him with a chair when he cleared his throat and went industriously on: "Then in the matter of espionage. By what right, under the so-called American constitution, does the Department of Justice continue to put spies upon our activities?"

"I—I really don't know," cut in Rosamonde, now pale to the lips. "But I'm sorry, Professor Syle—really, I'm afraid you must go."

"I beg your pardon." He jerked to his feet with the activity of a jumping jack and stood shuffling on his peculiar shapeless shoes. "This chat has been so pleasant—and if you are really in earnest you can be of great service to our cause."

"Oh, can I?" Emily could see how the ecstasy of that thought caused her cousin to forget the impending danger.

Eustace, Adopting the Tactics of an Angry Bulldog, Had Fastened His Teeth Into Professor Syle

"Would you care to help, to throw yourself body and soul into the movement?"

"Anything I can do——" She was shoving him toward the door with her every reckless promise. "I'm willing to help in any way you suggest."

Syle stopped dead in his tracks.

"Have you a spare bedroom in this apartment?"

Rosamonde was stricken speechless by the question.

"A—what?" Emily took up the theme.

"Spare bedroom."

"Can you beat it?" inquired the hopeless Miss Ray.

"But, Professor Syle——" Rosamonde closed her eyes as though in silent prayer. Any minute that terrible ring at the front door might announce Merlin.

"This is unusual, I know," persisted Syle, quite the calmest person present. "But in furthering the revolution sacrifices must be made in great emergencies. To be brief, I'm in rather a tight corner and I should like to be out of the way until tomorrow."

Pictures of secret-service agents and the Department of Justice and of cruel imprisonments swam before the eyes of two frightened women.

The doorbell rang.

"That's Merlin!" whispered Rosamonde, clasping her hands. "He hasn't got his keys."

"You fool," child Emily at the situation in general, then taking the persistent refugee roughly by the sleeve she led him to the second-best guest room and shoved him roughly through the door.

"Now stay there!" she almost shouted, "and for heaven's sake don't come out till you're asked."

Whereupon she banged the door and came away.

"The lights are out of order in there and Eustace——" Rosamonde ended it in an incoherent moan.

"Who cares!" snapped Emily, mad with the knowledge that now she must stick by her cousin and face Aunt Carmen's wrath. The doorbell rang again. This time there were two sharp impatient rings.

VI

A BAD moment for an experimenter in social revolution. Rosamonde being now completely paralyzed, Emily got the professor's hat and coat into an Italian chest and had whisked the tea things into a pantry when the bell rang again, thrice this time.

The door was opened at last to reveal the Terrubul Tempered Mr. Vallant in one of his moods of solemn resignation. He delivered his kiss to the very center of Rosamonde's forehead ere handing his hat and coat to the waiting Agnes. Mr. Vallant had a way of establishing the fact that he was master the very moment he stepped into the house.

"Certainly kept me waiting long enough," he grumbled; then: "What's the matter, Rosa? You look as though there might be a bomb under the table."

"It's the dinner," she extemporized. "I've asked Oliver to meet Emily—and now Aunt Carmen has wished herself on the party at the last moment."

"That ought to be a joyous occasion," he admitted.

"But think of it! Aunt Carmen won't let Oliver even call at her house. There'll be a dreadful scene."

"Well, why don't you tell him not to come?"

"We don't know where he lives," wailed Emily, having worked herself up to a pitch of desperation equal to Rosamonde's. Already she was considering desperate measures whereby to remove the hidden Bolshevik.

"Oh, come on!" urged Merlin, resorting to his cure-all; "let's shake up a cocktail and quit worrying."

Emily understood at that moment how people become slaves to drink. After a second glass had restored Merlin to something of his normal geniality he took up the subject of liberalism from his own angle.

"I believe in shooting 'em all against a high wall," he declared. "This idiotic League of Nations business is a lot of Democratic nonsense that's driving the world crazy. That's what I mean about allowing sheets like the Raw Deal kicking round the house. I'd rather have a ton of loose dynamite under the bed.

"Emmy, have you been fooling with this parlor Bolshevism?"

"What makes you look at me that way?" asked Emily, who was never quite afraid of Merlin.

"Well, it occurred to me that, knocking round the world, you might have been exposed to the disease." He fumbled with his wallet and brought out a shred of newspaper.

"Duddy, I want you to read that. It will do you good. There ought to be more letters like that in the papers." Dutifully Rosamonde glanced over the item, then handed it back to Merlin.

"It's perfectly splendid," she agreed faintly.

"And you, too, Emmy. It'll do you good."

Emily took the clipping and read the headline, "Amateur Messiahs," then the first paragraph:

"Of course when the very rich are tired of all the new dances and the opera season has drawn to a close it is necessary to turn to a new, expensive and picturesque vice. . . . "

It was the letter she had written for Aunt Carmen, signed "Pro Bono Publico" and sent to the Times.

"It's really very nice," she proclaimed in a voice even fainter than Rosamonde's had been. From the direction of the second-best spare room she thought she heard a sound like the gnawing of a rat.

"Is that all you can say for it!" blurted Merlin. "What's the use of giving women the vote if they never have any opinions on anything? Come on, Duddy, it's time to dress."

Ever and anon during that miserable hour Emily would slip out of her bedroom and peer across the living room toward the door which imprisoned Professor Walter Syle. Once in her guilty inspection she bumped into another kimonoed form, which proved to be Rosamonde, who was also peering.

"Why don't you sneak in to him and urge him to go by the back way—the servants' elevator ——"

"Suppose he won't go or Merlin finds him?" whispered Emily.

"Duddy!" Merlin's voice commanded from afar.

"What shall I do?" implored the distracted thing.

"Nothing, as usual," said Emily, and went back to her dressing.

In the process of doing her hair she considered Syle's case so earnestly as all but to forget her predicament with Oliver and Aunt Carmen. Syle was hiding away from the police. There was no doubt on that score. She had read tales of Russian revolutionists, under similar circumstances, hiding for days—or was it weeks—in foodless and drinkless packing cases. Professor Syle wouldn't starve. He had eaten ravenously of tea cakes during the trying afternoon; intellectual people didn't require much nourishment, she had heard. Of course it would be a shame to keep him in the dark, if the lights were out of order as Rosamonde had said; but he would probably improve his time by composing another speech.

Horrors! What if he should practice his speech out loud? Emily all but swallowed a hairpin; then she drew her kimono about her and went forth fired with a desperate resolve.

Professor Syle's door was unlocked and she never announced herself for fear of the noise. In the half light of the room she saw him stretched out on the bed, comfortably smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, hello!" he cried in a loud, cheerful tone, rising to a sitting posture.

Emily closed the door softly.

"Shut up!" she hissed.

"How do you mean—shut up?" he persisted, making no effort to lower his voice.

"You've got to go," whispered Emily, laying rough hands on his sleeve. "Mrs. Vallant's husband doesn't know you're here. There's a chance to get out through the kitchen."

"In the morning," he announced with unusual brevity.

"Now."

"By no means. I am here for the night, quite comfortable, thank you ——" His voice seemed to rise to a platform pitch. Emily stood petrified.

"Then for heaven's sake be quiet."

And she slipped back into the living room, weak with fear that Merlin would be watching her.

In one particular the dinner was less distressing than it might have been At the sight of Oliver Browning that worldly old devil, Aunt Carmen, never turned a hair of her well-penciled eyebrows. To make a sixth, Rosamonde had asked in a Captain Pivvokk, emissary from some small but self-determining European nation, and as the captain was the first to arrive and Aunt Carmen second the two got on famously together, practicing their French to mutual disadvantage. He was dressed handsomely in his self-determining uniform, and he had a way of twisting his mustache and leering under his heavy lids that was theatrically effective.

"I thought you had deserted our country," Madam Shallope was saying.

"For Washington, madam," said the foreigner after kissing her hand.

"And that is foreign, you think?"

"Everything in this droll country is foreign."

The doorbell rang. In a very frenzy of cordiality Emily flew to Merlin with a comic story, which as it progressed got further and further from the point.

Rosamonde, meanwhile, had braced herself for shock Number One. Oliver Browning, after a proper interval, walked into the room. He looked almost handsome in his evening clothes, and when his round eyes lit on Aunt Carmen never a muscle changed on his cherubic countenance. So much for Oliver's nerve.

"Good evening, Mrs. Shallope." Thus he addressed her quite cordially, was rewarded by a brief handshake and passed easily among the other guests. It was only when he had taken his place between Rosamonde and Emily that he turned to his inamorata and whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"What in ——"

"Aren't the pussy willows coming out beautifully in the park!" exclaimed Emily, who was apparently enjoying the humor of the horrid situation. "At this time of year I often think it's prettier in town than in the country."

"Tastes differ," said Merlin, coming into the conversation. "Everything in New York's spoiled by those Bolsheviki. Look at Fifth Avenue. From twelve to one the whole street between the Library and Madison Square looks like a ragtag corner of the ghetto."

He was off again on his favorite topic. With fear in her heart Emily went over and joined Aunt Carmen, who, hardened old worldling that she was, showed not the slightest trace of annoyance at this impious breach of her commandments. She chatted easily along with the foreign officer, leaping nimbly from French to English. Only once did Emily catch her fierce black eyes taking in Oliver with a look of disapproval and astonishment.

The dinner, when once they got settled down to it, resolved itself into one of those distressing, jowering affairs which dinners have too often become in our international Silly Season after the war. With the exception of Emily everybody was fairly agreed that the League of Nations was merely a conspiracy on the part of Mr. Lloyd George and the Democratic party to keep Republicans out of office. With the corner of her mind that was not engaged in considering the Bolshevik and the alligator Emily noticed that her poor dear cousin had turned the color of the tablecloth in such surfaces of her face as were not artificially incarnadined.

"Of course with that gang running the war," declared Merlin, reddening—he always referred to the administration as That Gang—"how can you expect anything to turn out right? With an administrator that says one thing one week and then turns round and denies it the next; with a President who wants to be king ——"

"Isn't that exactly what the New York newspapers were saying about Roosevelt back in 1910?" asked Emily in a strained sort of voice.

"Emily!" This was Aunt Carmen's first rebuke of the evening.

"What do you know about 1910? You were still in short dresses," demanded Merlin, turning upon the culprit, his neck now redder than the slice of ruddy duck on his plate.

"I've been reading old files in the library."

"The child is crazy about old newspapers," declared Aunt Carmen to the table.

"And since you have gone in for public opinions," said Merlin, with the dreadful calm of an assassin, "what is your final opinion on the League of Nations?"

"I'm not a great statesman or a great lawyer—and anything so big would require both to interpret it. But I do think it's the only world-peace idea that has ever been devised; and I'm sure it's nothing less than a scandal the way American politicians have been trying to tear it to pieces. It isn't because they dislike the League, but because they would rather destroy the world's peace forever than see the President have his way."

"It is amusing," remarked Captain Pivvokk, rolling his languid eyes, "how you Americans quarrel among yourselves"

"Emily," said Merlin, empurpling, "are you bitten with that Bolshevik bug too?"

"I don't think there's anything particularly Bolshevik about not wanting the world to be in a permanent state of war for the next million years," she retorted hotly.

"There are a great many worse things than war," said Oliver. Emily didn't like that in him, because it left her fighting, one against five.

"Yes," she drawled, "there's being kicked by a mule."

She was sorry as soon as the words were out of her mouth; but words, like smoke, once exhaled cannot be inhaled again. It was now Oliver's turn to flush.

"The social unrest is worldwide," was Captain Pivvokk's original discovery.

"If the President would put more Bolsheviks into jail and fewer into office ——" Merlin stormed bitterly.

Captain Pivvokk shrugged his high shoulders and smilingly intimated that America would become civilized in time. Oliver agreed that we were quite young as yet. Uncle Merlin wanted to know what was the matter with Brest.

But the distraught mind of the young hostess was now so apparent that Emily forgot her arguments to listen; and listening brought terror to her heart. The sound came vaguely at first over the growing riot of conversation. But in the short pause she could hear it distinctly. Running water! She tried to hypnotize herself into the belief that it came from the faucets in the kitchen. But the direction was unmistakable. Water was being run into the spare-room bathtub. The sound conjured up a Dantesque picture; half darkness in the spare room, Professor Syle, weary with continual thought, deciding to soak his feet in ice-cold water!

She opened her mouth once and barely restrained herself from crying aloud: "Please don't!"

"Rosamonde," she heard Merlin asking through the haze, "do you know where I put that clipping from the Times—the one I was reading?"

"Oh!" Rosamonde came out of a horrid coma. "I left it on the window seat. I'll—I'll get it." Emily saw that she was sparring for a chance to glide into the living room, open Professor Syle's prison door and implore him to be still.

"No, no!" commanded Merlin. "Agnes will find it. Agnes, get that little newspaper clipping I left on the window seat. And now, young lady"—turning to Emily—"I'll show you what sane people—and there are a few left in the country—really think about Bolshevism."

Agnes was gone at least a year. The aqueous murmur from the spare room came to Emily's ears like echoes from Niagara.

When Agnes returned with the clipping Merlin snatched it eagerly from her fingers.

Emily saw wonderful auroral lights swimming round and round among the cornices. Distantly she could hear the Turribul Tempered Mr. Vallant explaining that Pro Bono Publico meant for the public good; that the idea of suppressing inflammatory speech was that very thing, Pro Bono Publico. She got scraps of her own letter to the Times, protests on the subject of the tired rich turning to a new, expensive and picturesque vice, parlor Bolshevism, caustic comments on the spectacle of Professor Walter Syle, conscientious objector, enemy of government, capering before aristocratic audiences, mostly feminine, in our fashionable hotels.

"It's a disease!" declared Merlin, hurling the paper to the floor, "a pestiferous infection. If you could keep it in the nasty slums where disease belongs, that would n't be so bad. But it is moving into Fifth Avenue, like the sweat shops."

"Your country lacks stability," Captain Pivvokk reminded the company.

"That's what's the matter with it," agreed Oliver.

Emily made as though to speak, and an envenomed glance from Aunt Carmen seemed to lack the desired effect.

"I've been a working girl myself," she announced as quietly as her jarring nerves would permit.

"And it didn't make a Bolshevist out of me or any sort of ist. It taught me pretty plainly that the sort of people who go in for overthrowing the government are either too lazy to work or ——"

"Emily!" said Aunt Carmen sharply. "You're losing a hairpin—there, on that side."

In the little moment of silence which fell Emily was relieved to notice that water had ceased to run in the spare room. Rosamonde was looking quite ill.

"These Bolsheviks," went on Merlin, not to be diverted from his favorite abomination, "are worming their way into the best houses in the land Who is safe any more? How do you know what's being planned against you—or how do I know? How can I tell, at this very hour, that there isn't a dynamiter with a bomb, hiding under the bed to ——"

He never finished with his dynamiter for an obvious and very terrible reason. A door was heard to burst open somewhere with the noise of furies escaping from hell. And such a shriek! It came three times, howl upon howl in tones that were undeniably male. The noise came from the living room, where table seemed to be warring with chair, rug with chandelier.

Then the vision. Across the wide space on view through the dining-room doors it plunged with a stiff ball-and-chain movement. It was the figure of Professor Syle. His arms were waving, he was bare to the knees as he dragged along what at first appeared to be a long, loose roll of leather; but it was plain as day to Emily: Eustace, the alligator, adopting the tactics of an angry bulldog, had fastened his teeth into Professor Syle just below the calf of the right leg.

In the nightmare scramble that followed—it took less than the space of ten seconds—the tormented Bolshevik had raised a gilt chair and let it down heavily on the alligator, which at once loosed its hold and fell writhing beside a wrecked table. The Vallants' guests stood hypnotized, viewing the grotesque tragedy which ended in the professor's turning upon the assembled company, hissing "Capitalista!" through his clenched teeth, and scuttling at something between a lope and a limp out of the front door.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Merlin.

"Are you men going to stand here and let him ——" This came from Aunt Carmen, and was, indeed, the first practical question of the meeting.

Fired by a common purpose the three men quit the dining room and evaporated into distance, so rapid was their flight after the alligator-bitten apparition. And at this point Rosamonde did a most unfashionable thing: She fainted.

They stretched her out on the window seat, with Aunt Carmen holding her head and Emily forcing some of Merlin's best cognac between her teeth. The stuff choked her and she came back rapidly.

"Where is he?" she asked vaguely, glaring into space.

"The men are still chasing him," Aunt Carmen assured her. "But, my dear, do you keep them round the house—crocodiles and queer persons with bare feet?"

"Uh-huh." She was too weak for further concealment. "I was hiding him. He must have soaked his feet in the bathtub. Eustace bit him."

"Did you hear him?" Aunt Carmen's old cheeks glowed with her inborn love of excitement. "He went out yelling 'Capitalists!' just like a Bolshevik."

"That's what he is," confessed her frivolous niece.

"Rosamonde!"

It was wonderful how much alike those two women looked at the moment.

"I didn't want to keep him, but he said he was hiding from the police—and I knew if Merlin found him here—I didn't know what he would do—so I locked him up with Eustace. I might have known they wouldn't get along together."

Rosamonde now burst into tears; but Emily executed something very like a giggle.

"How wonderful!" cried Aunt Carmen, the surprising old thing.

"Wonderful?" echoed poor Rosamonde. "To have people hiding about the place, getting away from the police. What had he done?"

"I don't know. Everything, I suppose. You know"—here Rosamonde lowered her voice—"he's Professor Walter Syle."

"My word!" Aunt Carmen, who had arisen in her excitement, sat down again. "The socialist that Ballymoore woman has on her list? Why in the world didn't you introduce him?"

"Well, you see, it didn't seem to be just the right time," floundered young Mrs. Vallant. "And then I didn't know you wanted him."

"I've simply got to have him," pronounced the tyrant of Plainview. "I don't intend that Ballymoore woman ——"

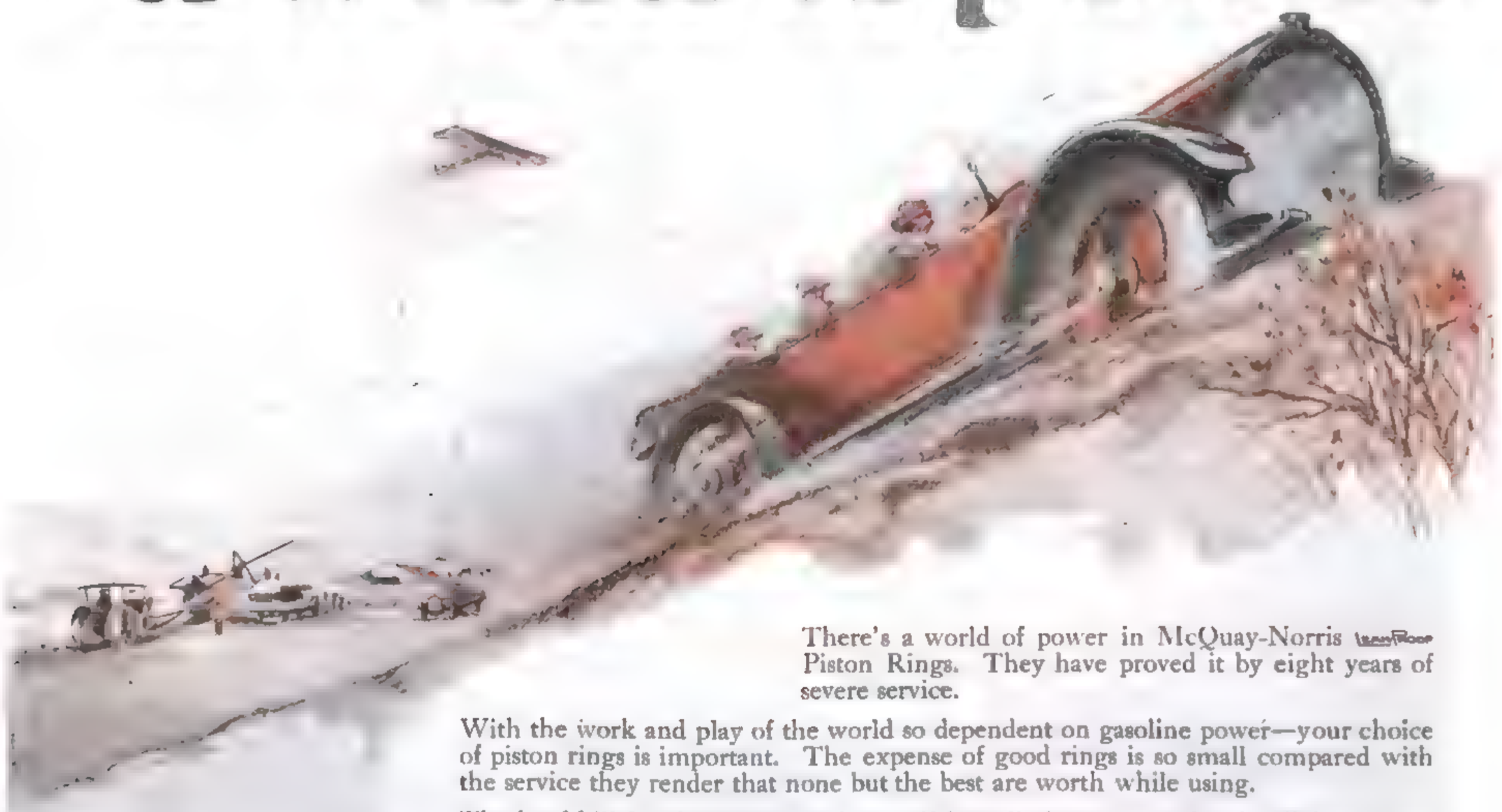
"I'll get him for you if I can," Rosamonde whispered rather hysterically.

"Oh, my Lord! He's waking up!"

Aunt Carmen had leaped into a chair and gathered her skirts round her scrawny ankles. Emily, instinctively following suit, got herself up on the window seat. For the situation was apparent. Eustace, the alligator, had recovered from his swoon and was walking slowly across the rug.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

– a world of power



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While our factories were given over to government war work our officials seized the temporary lull in motor car production and turned it into a permanent Overland advantage.

This was their opportunity to gain a new perspective of the entire automobile industry, and to map a program of greater industrial-statesmanship. Although Willys-Overland has always enjoyed the reputation for doing big things in a big way, plans were made which would insure that the magnitude of Overland pre-war achievements would be surpassed.

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PRICE *and* WAGE

NO MATTER whether a man works for day wages or for salary, his interest in the rate of pay is of secondary importance. His first and most important consideration is whether or not his pay will provide for the needs of his family, with something over. And by needs we do not mean a bare existence. Every man who takes his place in industry, whatever that place may be, and does his share of the world's work, is entitled to more than a bare existence. He is entitled to a return for his effort which will supply all needs with enough more to care for emergencies and provide for old age.

The amount of pay received, therefore, becomes important only in its relation to the cost of the things he must buy. If a man gets $50.00 a month and can go out into the market and buy the things which he needs for $40.00, he has a chance to get ahead. But if he gets $250.00 a month and prices are such that it takes $300.00 to pay for the things which he and his family should have, he is in an impossible situation. On the one hand he is contented and happy with the low wage; on the other he is in despair with the high wage. Therefore, our statement that the rate of wages is secondary, the question of real importance being the relation that earnings bear to cost of living.

But what fixes this cost of living? What makes food, clothing, rent, etc., high or low in price? The wages and profits of those engaged in the production and distribution of these things. If wages of those who work for transportation companies—those who work in the industries which produce equipment for transportation—locomotives, cars, motor trucks, etc. are high, then transportation will be high. The cost of transportation influences the price of all commodities, as nothing which enters into our needs escapes the necessity of transportation, local or otherwise, either as raw material or finished product—and the consumer pays the freight.

If transportation and farm labor are high, then food is going to be high. If transportation and labor in the building trades are high, then houses are going to cost more and rent is going to be high. If transportation and labor in the production of clothing are high, then it is going to cost more to buy clothes. If these things cost more, wages, no matter in what industry, must be on a scale to meet these high prices.

And we come again to the matter of price, with the additional thought that wages in large measure determine price. But we are getting nowhere except to have established that if wages are high prices will be high, and if prices are high wages *must* be high. With wages chasing price and price chasing wages, the commercial world presents the ridiculous spectacle of a cat chasing its tail.

Workers in every trade may demand by just right a wage sufficient to meet their needs, but not exorbitant so as to work injustice to those in other trades who buy their products. Nature has endowed some men with mental capacity or physical strength which raises their earning power above that of their fellows in the industry in which they are engaged. Others are willing to exert extra effort, energy and application which enhances their earning power. These individuals are entitled, in the rate of pay, to recognition of their better or greater production; but no individual or group of individuals should expect to receive a higher rate of wage for their skill and effort than they are willing to pay for the same degree of skill and effort devoted to the production of the commodities which they must buy.

Our whole national life—the happiness and contentment of every individual—is dependent upon our industrial and commercial prosperity. The fullness of national prosperity can only be achieved through every citizen and individual doing his full share and receiving his full share. This can only be accomplished by having every one, in so far as it is humanly possible, apply himself with the consciousness that justice prevails, that he is getting a fair return for his work—that he is giving up only a fair proportion of what he gets to pay for the work of others.

Why, then, is it not possible to establish fair comparative prices as between staple commodities, based upon actual and intelligent facts as to the consumption of energy necessary for their production, and then establish wages on a fair basis of relationship to these prices?

Equity of price, therefore, and proper ratio of price as between commodities, is the first and most important consideration in the fixing of wages. In establishing this proper ratio of price, the first concern of both Capital and Labor in every industry is to see, through Management, that the right price is obtained for the products of that industry.

This lends evidence to a previous statement that the proper alignment of interests and individuals is the Capital, Management and Labor of each industry, and not the Capital of all industries as opposed to the Labor of all industries. Capital must understand and recognize the needs of the workmen in its particular industry and workmen must understand the legitimate needs of the Capital in their particular industry. Together they must strive to obtain the right price for their product and through Management must arrange for the proper distribution of profits.

Such a meeting together—such a mutual understanding—forms the real basis of industrial organization. At Hydraulic we are seeking to effect this kind of organization, and as we progress in it, are more and more satisfied with the practical results.

This is the eighth of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent on request

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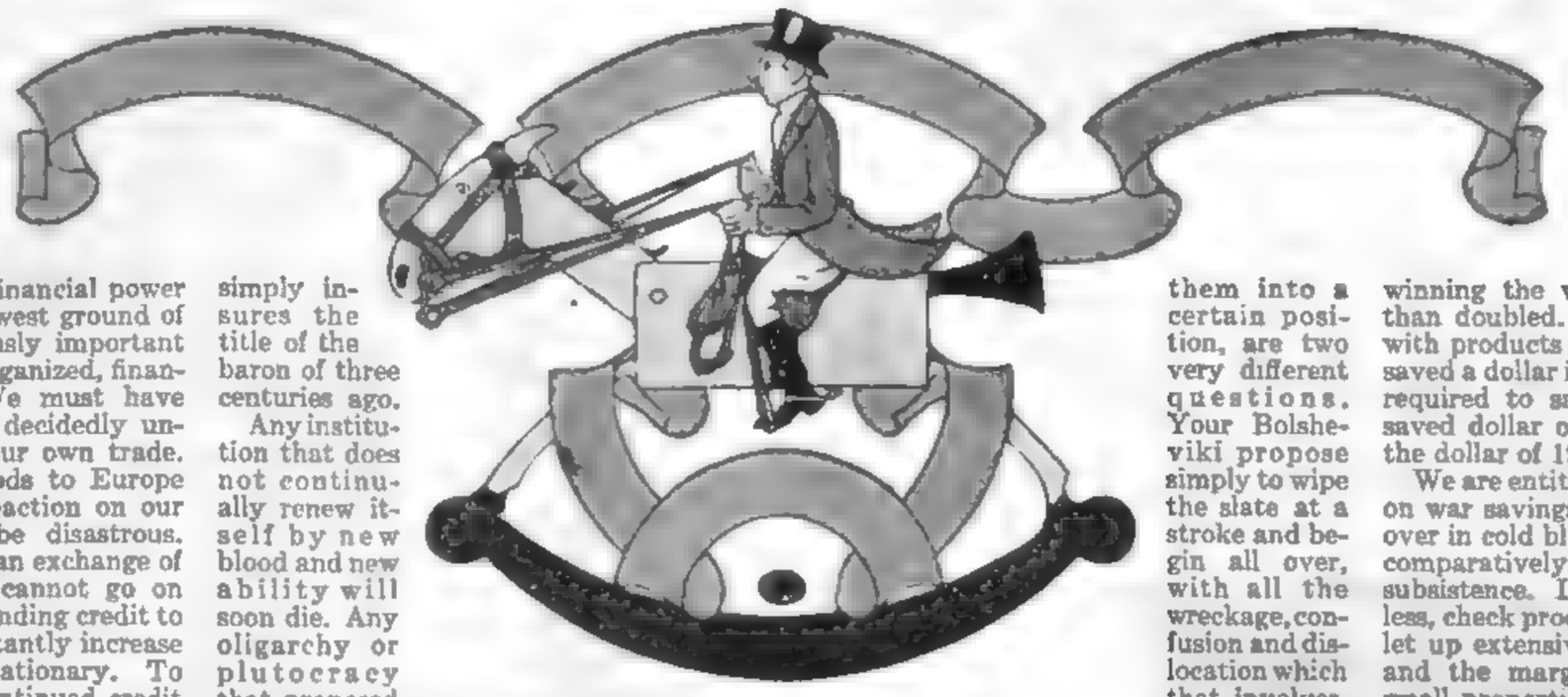
COMMENT ON THE WEEK



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

Higher Finance

SOME very able financiers have clearly pointed out that we need a higher finance. The old plane of operations and the old methods and standards of extending credit will not answer. The United States has the one big reserve of financial power in the world. On the narrowest ground of self-interest it is tremendously important to us that Europe get reorganized, financially and industrially. We must have Europe's trade or suffer a decidedly unwholesome contraction of our own trade. If the great outflow of goods to Europe were shut off to-day the reaction on our business situation would be disastrous. That outflow is financed by an exchange of government I O U's that cannot go on indefinitely, for it is like extending credit to a man whose liabilities constantly increase while his assets remain stationary. To furnish a sound basis for continued credit Europe must get to producing more wealth, and to do that it must have help in industrial reconstruction. We should take the long view of it, extend credit with sensible liberality and accept the best security we can get.

But there are two sides to the affair. In asking us to face an extraordinary situation boldly, Europe must face it boldly too. The plain fact is that Europe needs some further billions of American credit and cannot give security that is up to the old standards. But if we are ready to abandon the old standards of security Europe must be ready also. If we are ready to deal on the basis of simply taking the best security we can get Europe must be ready to give the best it can. It was suggested, for example, that a large loan might be floated here on the specific pledge of French imports. The suggestion was greatly resented in Paris, where it was said that specifically pledging import duties was beneath the dignity of France. That would have been true of the France of 1913; but Europe cannot stand on 1913 and expect the United States to act on 1919. It is questionable whether pledging import duties is the best practicable expedient. But whatever the best practicable expedient is, Europe should be ready to adopt it. Standing on dignity is not to the point. We expect to be met halfway.

New Peers

THE other day the delicate question of bestowing peerages in consideration of contributions to party-campaign funds again received attention in Parliament. All the speakers deprecated it; but there must be some scheme for bestowing new peerages if the old peerages are to endure. Sometimes an exceptionally stupid baron who dates back to the Tudors or before sneers at the barons of yesterday and to-day. But without attributing any great perspicacity to the class nearly all old barons must have sense enough to know that they could not last a year unless new barons were continually created. The baron of yesterday simply insures the title of the baron of three centuries ago.

Any institution that does not continually renew itself by new blood and new ability will soon die. Any oligarchy or plutocracy that proposed to keep its privileges and opportunities strictly to itself would soon lose privileges and opportunities. Holding an open door to talent is the condition of surviving. This frightful bourgeoisie, which socialists say rules the world, renews itself every day and hour. Anybody with brains and energy may enter it without asking leave of anybody else. A bourgeoisie that attempted to foreclose opportunity and shut the door in the face of brains and energy could not last overnight.

Wiping the Slate

IF WE were making an England out of hand we should not have any noble lords holding hundred-thousand-acre tracts of fine land by inheritance. But by all accounts William the Conqueror was a pretty wise person in his day. Presumably he could judge the needs of his day and the practical ways of meeting them better than the wisest professor can judge them to-day, for the professor's information concerning England at the Conquest is very patchy and debatable, and his ideas are necessarily influenced by centuries of human experience that had not happened in William's time.

William judged that the best plan of organizing England lay in continuing and extending the existing feudal arrangement, with great holdings of land given over to his individual captains. Probably he was right; and by insensible stages, through generation after generation, the feudal holdings became practically private property, passing by descent to members of the same family. That condition wove itself through the whole fabric of national life. It runs all through the laws; all private property and all private credit are more or less bound up with it. Innumerable sanctions attach to it, so that the question of national good faith is involved.

What to do with land titles if one were making a nation out of hand with a clean slate, and what to do with them when immemorial law and custom have brought them into a certain position, are two very different questions. Your Bolsheviki propose simply to wipe the slate at a stroke and begin all over, with all the wreckage, confusion and dislocation which that involves. It is certain enough that applying that method to English land titles to-day would do more harm than good.

The radicalism which is intelligently concerned with genuine practicable human progress has gone farther in England than in any other European country—and farther still in the United States; meaning that people in the mass are actually better off. That is because Anglo-Saxon radicalism never does wipe the slate. It just rubs out something here and adds something there. All of its revolutions have been only to change a detail or so, and every one of them, from Runnymede on, has lasted to this day. The most violent of them—the Puritan—was the only one that had even a temporary counter-revolution. In that spirit undoubtedly the English land question will be attacked, and permanent net gains made.

The Margin

FROM June, 1917, to June, 1919, the Government issued twenty-two billion dollars of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Certificates. They were all subscribed for and we are entitled to congratulate ourselves on the feat. But they were by no means all taken up and paid for out of current income or earnings. Several billion dollars were carried by the banks through mere inflation of credit and currency. Mr. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, suggests that the amount so carried may be as much as seven billions. Savings in other forms were greatly curtailed. Issues of municipal bonds in 1918 dropped below three hundred million dollars. Railroads, public utilities, and so on, restricted their calls upon investment funds to the lowest limit. Building everywhere was deferred.

To a most extraordinary extent the total savings of the people in those two years went into government bonds and certificates.

Never before in all our history had the people made such a great united effort to save. Never before had they made such a great united effort to produce. Thanks to the war emergency we got a better coördination of industry than ever before; we got a more vigorous, continuous application of labor to production all along the line. Mainly private quarrels were laid aside in order to get maximum production for winning the war. And prices had more than doubled. For a great many people, with products to sell, about half the effort saved a dollar in 1919 that would have been required to save a dollar in 1914. The saved dollar of 1919 was worth only half the dollar of 1914.

We are entitled to congratulate ourselves on war savings. But when you look it all over in cold blood that saving still shows a comparatively scant margin above cost of subsistence. Demoralize industry more or less, check production by strikes, and so on, let up extensively on the effort to save—and the margin would narrow down to small proportions or altogether disappear.

High Prices

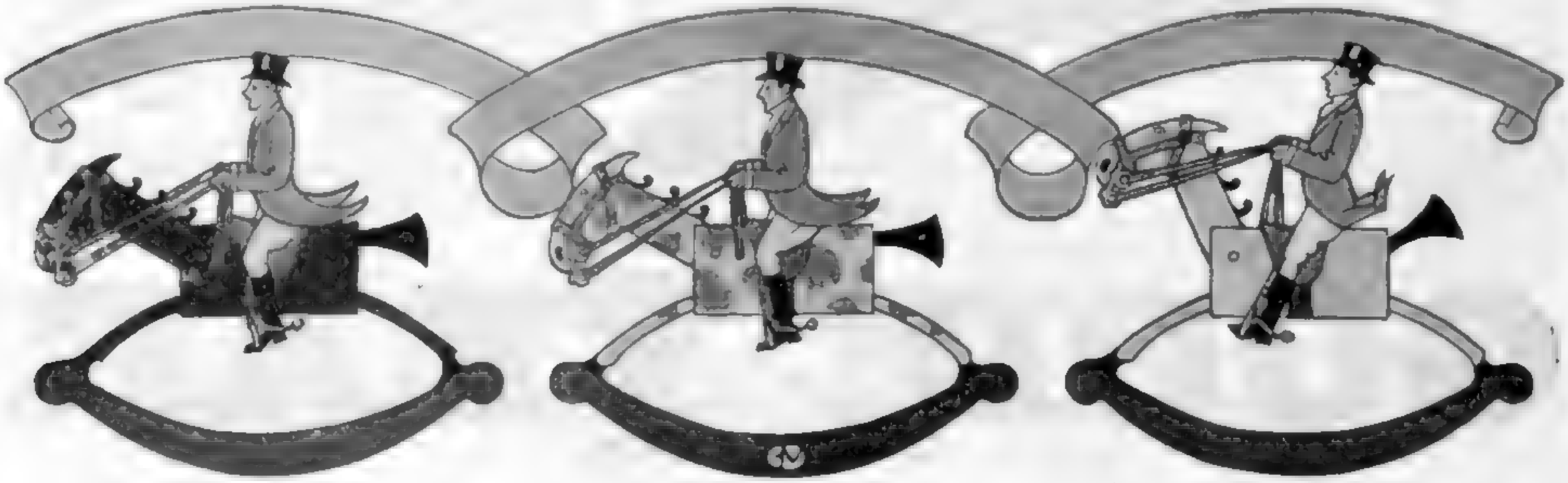
MANY people thought that prices would begin to decline decidedly when fighting ceased. That has not happened. A. C. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, recently remarked that in the first six months following our Civil War prices dropped thirty per cent; but six months after the armistice was signed prices were practically as high as ever, and even, in spots, showed a tendency to advance.

Economically the war is still going on. Millions of men in Europe are as idle for all productive purposes as though they were still in the trenches. Herbert C. Hoover, with the best sources of information, estimates that production of grain in Europe outside of Russia will be only three-fourths of normal this year, of sugar two-thirds of normal, of beef and dairy products half of normal.

This is in the basic matter of agriculture, which might be expected to recuperate fastest, because there has been less destruction of plant, and near-famine and very high prices have offered the greatest stimulation to production; and it takes no account of Russia, which is in worse state than Western Europe. A great part of the world is poverty stricken for staple goods. Scarcity makes high prices and will keep them high. It can be overcome only by greatly increased production.

And war's enormous inflation of currency and credits—also making high prices—goes on. Practically all the governments of Europe are still living on paper money and credit. The mass of inflation does not diminish, but rather increases. Until it does diminish prices will remain high.

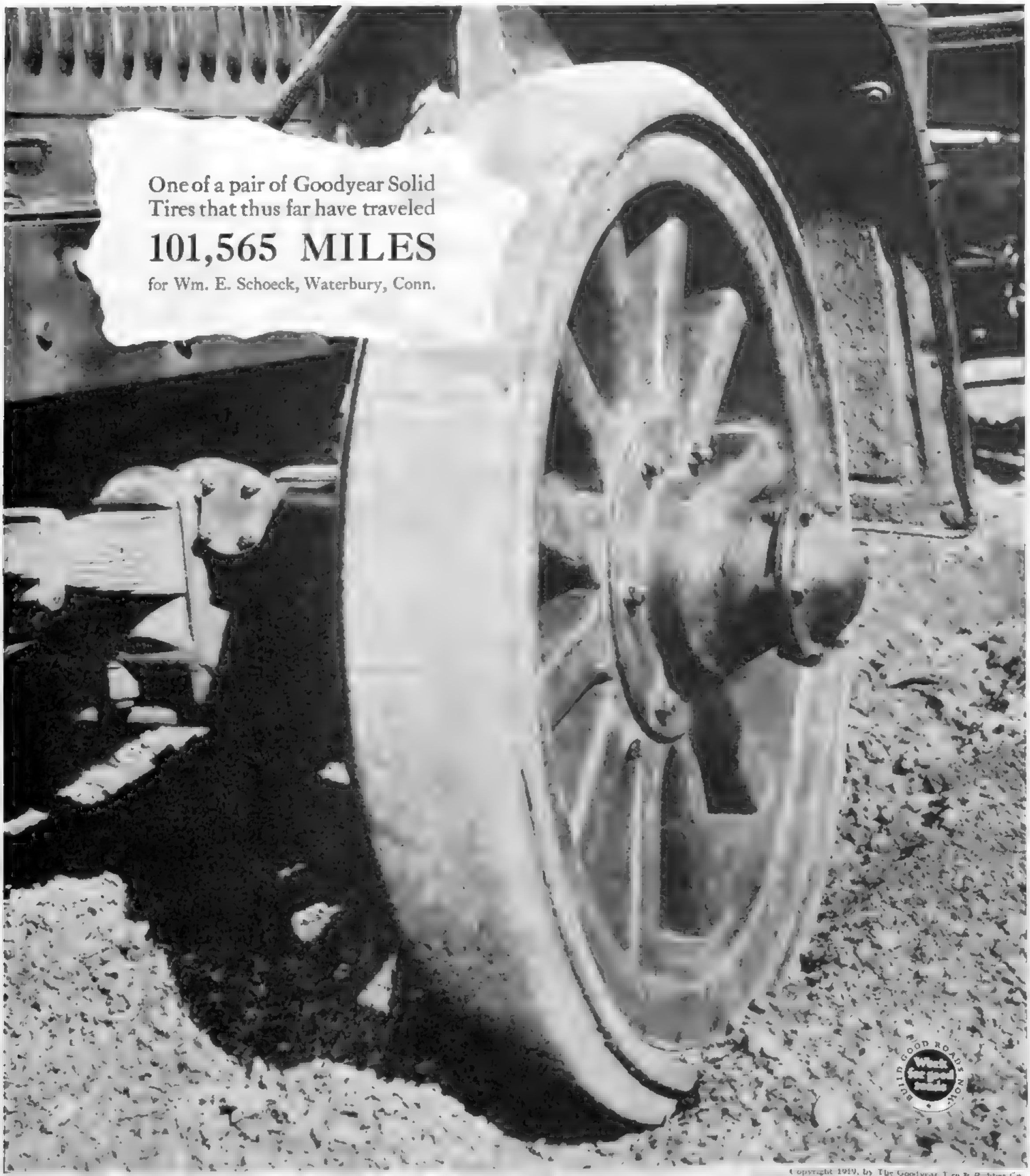
Some scheme of credit deflation by writing off or writing down war paper might be possible. But finally high prices present themselves as a problem to be solved by a tremendous effort at increased production and saving. Every earning and spending individual in the United States can take a bit of that home as a personal problem.



One of a pair of Goodyear Solid
Tires that thus far have traveled

101,565 MILES

for Wm. E. Schoeck, Waterbury, Conn.



Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Un-retouched photograph showing the condition of one of a pair of Goodyear Solid Tires which have delivered 101,565 miles and are being held for further use by William E. Schoeck, Hauling Contractor, Waterbury, Conn.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

2,000 Tires Average 21,571 Miles Each

THE service-records of 2,000 Goodyear Solid Tires, received from 44 states and the District of Columbia, decisively evidence the uniform ability of these tires to deliver exceptional mileage. A final general average, much higher than that noted above, is plainly indicated since 1,196 or more than half of these tires are still running.

A group of 629 has traveled from 15,000 to 20,000 miles; 605 have delivered 20,000 to 60,000 miles, and 39 have gone 60,000 to 105,152 miles, breaking Goodyear's recent world mark of 100,123.

Every firm and individual represented receives the attention of a local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station excepting one company that maintains shops for its fleet, in which the Goodyear methods of tire care have been adopted.

Consequently the entire countrywide report declares the quality of Goodyear Solid Tires and the value of Goodyear Service in a way that renders any explanation, on our part, largely unnecessary.

72 Average 61,883 Miles Each—71 Still in Service

Joseph Bardot, Creve Coeur, Mo.	8 tires,	50,000	miles each
Bee Kelley, Franklin, Indiana	4 tires,	60,000	miles each
Bevis & Call, Miami, Ohio	4 tires,	56,030	miles each
Cooperthwait & Sons, New York City	4 tires,	53,846	miles each
The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City,	1 tire,	105,152	miles
The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City,	1 tire,	*100,123	miles
The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City,	1 tire,	102,000	miles
The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City,	5 tires,	75,000	miles each
The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City,	7 tires,	65,000	miles each
The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City,	3 tires,	55,000	miles each
E. E. Hope, Auxvasse, Mo.	2 tires,	60,000	miles each
Iowa Oil Company, Manchester, Ia.	4 tires,	50,000	miles each
Andrew Judson, Hebron, Ill.	4 tires,	55,000	miles each
William E. Schoeck, Waterbury, Conn.	2 tires,	101,565	miles each
William E. Schoeck, Waterbury, Conn.	4 tires,	64,465	miles each
Schutz & Eckert, Perth Amboy, N. J.	2 tires,	60,000	miles each
D. J. Toomey, Spearfish, S. D.	4 tires,	70,000	miles each
Wells Transfer Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.	6 tires,	62,000	miles each
John Wood Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	6 tires,	50,000	miles each

*Out of Service.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

MacKURD: A TALE OF THE AFTERMATH

(Continued from Page 13)

I fancied. But, hang it all, it's a chance to learn how to run banks—form fours—no, companies—ha! ha! Promote 'em, what? Promoted plenty of men in my time—promote companies now. Not too bad, what? First shot! Damn this buzz!"

He touched his bell and ordered a bottle of champagne.

"It had dried up when I left hospital—practically. Now it seems to get worse and worse. Queer, that."

But his good and trusty friend, champagne, toned the buzz down as usual.

"Stuff to give 'em, what? Cure all the buzzes in the world!" said MacKurd, V. C., as he began to dress.

It occurred to him to look at his bank book before he left the hotel. A little figuring showed him that he had precisely five pounds left with which to carry on. The check he had written overnight at the *chemin de fer* den had reduced him to that.

"Some loser," he said, laughing. "If I had been drunk I could understand it. But I wasn't—can't get drunk."

That was perfectly true. He attributed this immunity to the buzz. It was very odd, the way it worked out. This was what he playfully described as the mechanics of it: His head buzzed. But he had discovered that if he drank champagne every glass softened, steadied, throttled down the buzz. He never could completely stop it, even though he drank himself pallid—there was always just a faint murmur as of a far-away bee. Sometimes, even, he could throttle it down to a thin, shrill mosquito pinging, but it never completely vanished. He was rather glad of this, for he had a theory that if he ever drank the buzz to absolute silence he would certainly be drunk. It was the strength of the buzz, which the wine could never quite overcome, that kept him from being drunk. And that was highly satisfactory, for he would hate to be drunk. After all he was a V. C. and a gentleman and to be drunk was not—quite, what?

Still, it was lucky he could throttle the buzz down—very lucky.

When presently he stepped into the taxi which was to take him down to the city the buzz was no more than a faint, far, tiny drone. He had seen to that. He was a little pale, but one watching him would never have dreamed that MacKurd, V. C., was a nervous wreck flying at a fearful speed upon a swift golden stream of champagne to the rapids of insanity and the deep falls of death.

It never occurred to him that the offer of the old banker was anything unusual; that, viewed as a purely business transaction, Sir David had been liberal to the point of absurdity. He did not dream that the old financier in making such a proposal was turning his back utterly upon the training, the experience, the practice of a long lifetime. Had some truth teller with a heart of marble arisen and told MacKurd, V. C., that his value in the market as a secretary to a financial magnate was not a thousand a year and a luxurious home but literally nil, the V. C. would have laughed, jokingly called the truth teller a pessimist and suggested a small bottle.

Assuredly he would not have thought deeply about it. He couldn't have done so even if he had wished to. Asked why, he would have answered quite frankly:

"Think? I never think. I plot things out a bit now and then. But thinkin' means concentratin', and I can't concentrate, what? The buzz won't let me concentrate on anything but itself—good old buzz!" He referred to the buzz in many ways, depending upon his immediate mood. Sometimes he petted it, sometimes he swore at it. Neither affected it. It never left him. As he said occasionally, it was a good faithful old buzz. And it kept him from getting drunk.

Sir David Glende was on the point of going to luncheon when MacKurd, V. C., reached the bank. He had stopped several times on the way—once to buy a rosebud for his coat.

"Years since I wore one of these, what?"

He discovered that he had no money. He had forgotten to draw that fiver. But the woman in the shop, with one son buried in Palestine and another still in an Italian hospital, recognized the ribbons on his left breast and begged him not to bother. "Any time—never," she said a little confusedly.

The second time he stopped the taxi was for the purpose of speaking to a soldier in blue and white with a red tie, who talked to him as a small boy might talk to a big, strong, wonderful brother; and who, when presently MacKurd went on, stood in the middle of the pavement watching the taxi out of sight.

"Friend o' yourn, mate?" asked a painter working on a tobacconist's shop front close by, who had been watching.

"That's the major! Major John MacKurd, V. C., chum. Knowed him as a second lieutenant. We seen a thing or two, me and the major 'ave. And you've seen summinck too, mate—the bravest man in the world—easy!"

And the man in hospital blue hobbled on absentmindedly.

The banker's face lighted up a little as he saw that this time the major had kept the appointment.

They shook hands, and without embarrassment MacKurd asked the banker to pay the taxi driver.

"So you have decided to accept my proposal. I am very glad—very glad," said Sir David. "You won't mind living mainly in the country?"

MacKurd smiled rather vaguely, for the buzz was bothering him.

"Certainly not—so long as there's plenty of champagne, what?" he said.

"You are fond of champagne?" asked Sir David steadily.

"Not especially—for myself, you understand. But it keeps the buzz quiet. Somebody suggested morphia last night, but I don't fancy that morphia's got quite the kick of champagne. Do you, sir?"

The banker appeared to ponder.

"No, I should say not. I think you will do better to stick to champagne. I think there may be a medical friend of mine lunching with us." He had arranged that. "Suppose we put the question to him?"

"Sound scheme, sir—very, what?" said the V. C. secretary.

III

ON AN evening about six weeks later Sir David Glende was sitting in his library with an old friend, the local practitioner in the village whereof the banker was the modern equivalent of the old-time squire—largely the owner, that is. Dr. Owen Fansley and Sir David had played a round of golf that afternoon, dined together and had come to the big cool library for a chat and a game of chess.

They had been there some hours already, sitting by the open window, staring out at the gray velvet twilight of the midsummer evening, but their conversation was still earnest and the box of chessmen still lay unopened on the table close by.

"The matter is worrying me more and more, Fansley," said the old banker. "It is all going wrong—wrong. I know it, I see it; anyone could see it. The man is headed straight for insanity and death. There are ugly words for some of the things he has done and few men would hesitate to use them. I suppose I am soft—weak. That is not my reputation either, but I suppose the hardest man has somewhere in him a soft spot—a weak link."

He paused, musing, staring out across the shadowy park.

Then he spoke abruptly.

"You have had to do with a side of human nature which is not very familiar to me, Fansley," he said. "Advise me. What am I to do about MacKurd?"

The old doctor moved his hand in a gesture which deprecated urgency.

"You must tell me more of the peculiarities and eccentricities of which you complain before I can suggest anything, David," he said.

Sir David nodded.

"Yes, of course. Well, you know him and you know that he is not normal."

"Far from it," said the doctor gravely.

"And it is possible that he is seriously deranged?" There was a question in the banker's tone.

"Well, let us leave that open for a little. Go on."

Sir David hesitated a moment, then spoke abruptly:

"The fact is I'm afraid he is devoid of common honesty!"

"Ah! But I thought he warned you of that."

Sir David shook his head.

"No. He told me that he might take bank notes; not as money but as—er—toys. Because they fascinated him. He was very precise and insistent about returning them. He meant it too. I am quite sure of that. He meant it then, at any rate. He appeared to regard it as amusing; in the way a truly humorous thing is amusing, not as that which is cynical or sardonic may be amusing. I am quite convinced of that. Let us leave that for a moment.

"He drinks enormously—champagne—though during the last week he has been drinking brandy with it. He adds champagne to a stiff brandy as one adds water to whisky. But he is never drunk. He never gives the minutest sign that he has touched alcohol. That is frightening, Fansley. And he gambles with the wild magnificence of one insane. I have accompanied him twice to evil discreet dens in the West End and I have had almost to pinch myself to be sure that I was not dreaming. He is incredibly unreliable. You know, my idea was to give him a sinecure; to ride about the place, amusing himself with the supervision of the shooting, the rearing of the game—such as the war has left us with—the trout, the farm, reconstructing the golf course and landscape gardening—anything. A free hand and practically carte blanche. Was that difficult?"

There was an odd unexpected quaver in the banker's voice.

"Was there anything in that which any sane man with the instincts of a gentleman—such as MacKurd obviously has been—could find onerous or irksome? Yet this wild man has failed to keep within even such bounds. Bounds, do I say? Why, there were no bounds—in all human reason. I have made him free of all I have, except only that I cannot bring myself to let him meet Madeline. That is the real reason why she has been in Scotland for the last six weeks."

Sir David paused, breathless, for a second. Then dropping his voice he said: "Owen, listen to this: MacKurd has thrown away eleven thousand pounds of my money in the last six weeks and I find to-night that he has ——"

He stopped short as the door opened and MacKurd, V. C., looked in.

"Are you engaged, Sir David? Shall I switch on the light?" he asked in his pleasant voice.

"No, no—switch on, do!"

The bunches of electric bulbs on the carved ceiling and paneled walls glowed softly, revealing MacKurd in evening dress under a magnificent fur coat at the door.

"I am sorry to interrupt, but if you are not using the big car to-night, sir, I had rather plotted out a little run up to town."

There was a brief silence. Then the banker cleared his throat.

"Very well, my boy," he said.

"Thanks very much, sir."

MacKurd half turned, then stopped.

"Oh, by the way, I'd quite forgotten. I owe you five hundred of the best, sir. I ran out in town yesterday. You were down here and it was rather awkward. So I wrote a check, signed it for you and cashed it at the bank. Rather sound scheme, what?" He laughed pleasantly, said "Good night" and went.

Sir David looked at the doctor, his lips trembling and his eyes full of misery.

Fansley had flushed slightly, half rising from his chair.

"Oh, but this is absurd," he began, restrained himself and sat again.

"You see? That is what I was going to tell you! And how can one call it forgery? He must be mad!" said the banker.

"Mad? No! I have examined him—how many times? I will stake my reputation that he is sane," exclaimed Fansley.

He waited, but Sir David said no more.

"Why do you permit it? Has he a hold on you?" asked Fansley.

"Yes."

"It is a strangle hold! Are you being blackmailed?"

"God forbid! No, I give. Freely I give. It's not the actual money I mind, God knows ——"

"Why do you give?"

Sir David took from his pocket the letter in which his dead son spoke of "Claskind."

"Perhaps I am wrong—an old fool," he said humbly. "But this is one of the reasons I want to befriend MacKurd."

He told the doctor the story of Davy, read him the letter and explained his singular fancy that Claskind and MacKurd were the same man.

Long before he had finished the doctor's face had cleared, and when the old banker had said his last word and was returning Davy's letter to his pocket he leaned forward, speaking briskly, with the air of one who would finish the matter forthright:

"He, MacKurd, does not remember Davy—or any occasion upon which he encouraged or steadied him?"

"No. He says so frankly. I have often asked him. But his memory is appalling!"

"Nevertheless, it is highly improbable that he was the man who befriended poor Davy. What grounds are there for believing he was? He is of a different regiment."

"But both were in action at Davy's first battle!"

"True! And many others, David. Let me go on. The fault is with you—no, not in any personal sense—I mean your health. Listen. You came very near a breakdown during the war—nearer than you suspect. Only I, whose duty it is to know, know how near. This man, this feather-headed adventurer, came upon you in a moment of reaction; and the idea that he was the man Davy meant lodged itself in your mind like a seed in a crevice upon a cliff face. You did not dislodge it; on the other hand you welcomed it. One easily understands that you would welcome it. It is natural that you should. Also there is no doubt that MacKurd, in spite of his fatuous irresponsibility, is a man of singular personal charm. A nice boy prematurely aged, who has suffered horribly for a long time.

"So the seed rooted, and so it is just that much more difficult to dislodge. Confess it, David, you look upon MacKurd very much as one might look upon a son of whom one could be proud were he not so wild."

The gray head of the old banker drooped.

"Yes, that is so."

Fansley nodded slightly and continued: "But, you see, David, that you are doing him no good. Indeed you are giving him the means to do himself harm. He will throw away all you give him—all you allow him to take—to his own detriment. He needs discipline, not indulgence."

He pondered a little.

"You can't send a man to hospital because he drinks too much champagne to lull a buzzing in the head which a period of peacefulness in countryside silences, fresh air, wholesome food, exercise and lots of sleep will cure. You can't put a man in a nursing home because he gambles and signs another man's name to checks to pay his losses. You can only discipline him."

"You may as well speak of disciplining a butterfly, my dear Owen," said the banker. "He is utterly irresponsible."

"Why?" asked Fansley. "You don't know. I will tell you: He is as he is because he is aimless—without an objective. He needs nothing. He is striving for nothing. Sex, you say, means nothing to him and he is not susceptible to feminine charm or influence, but wisely you do not wish your daughter to meet him. Money he has in plenty—thanks to you—and everything else."

The doctor leaned forward, putting his hand on the other's arm.

"David, old friend, you must harden your heart if you are going to prove a real friend to this man," he said.

"But what am I to do? I still believe he is the man Davy wrote of. Am I to turn him out, penniless save for his pension? Why, he would be in prison before a month was up."

"Better a prison ward from which there is an exit than that cul-de-sac, the grave," said the doctor.

The banker drew a sharp breath.

"My God! A man who has fought so for us who sat snugly at home and took the profits that were literally thrown at us? A man who has been torn apart with hot metal as he has—as so many have? Aren't there any proper places for such cases in the England they paid flesh and blood and sanity and souls to guard?"

"His health is excellent," said the doctor, inexorably truthful. "His buzz would die out in a month of sane living. He ——"

A muffled telephone bell rippled gently on the big writing desk. Sir David answered abstractedly, but that was only for

(Concluded on Page 89)

Here It Is!—the *New* Velie Six

Straight Line—High Cowl Body—Decidedly New Design Radiator and Hood—Sensational Velie-Continental Motor—Absolutely New Type—Burns Low Grade Fuel—Bevel Border Fenders—Octagonal Lamps—Every Detail Attractively Different—More Power—More Speed—No Vibration—No Noise—Costs Less to Run

A Vision— and Its Fulfillment

Where others struggle to reach the ultimate goal Velie master-builders here announce the final result. Where in the entire Automobile World will you find a car of such advanced ideas as are shown in the New Velie?—the creative genius of foremost engineers is revealed in every detail of its make-up.

Here is *authority* in the new style—superior appointments—the *1920 realization* of silent, supple power. Remove the name plate and you will know the New Velie anywhere —for what it *does* as well as what it *is*.

Velie experienced body-builders, with their keen vision, saw the ultimate body style. It is reflected here in mirror-like plane surfaces of the new design, a design extending even into the shapely cowl and hood itself. Bevel border fenders, octagonal lamps and a radiator distinctly different in outline show the modernity of detail in the new model.

The body itself is longer, with broad doors and more room in the deep-tilted seats. There is genuine comfort in the soft-plaited upholstery, and expansive storage places in seat back and doors.

A Motor Such as You Have Never Seen Before

We have long recognized the absolute necessity for vital changes in the automobile motor of today—the ultimate motor must successfully cope with the ever-present problem of low-grade fuel, and at the same time give greater power and greater speed with lessened vibration and effort.

The problems involved have been solved and we here offer you the wonderful result. A motor supreme—now available in the New Velie Six. A motor having an internally heated vaporizer, vastly increasing the gasoline mileage and burning low grades of fuel.

A motor running smoothly and solidly at all speeds; its unusually large crankshaft held firmly by *four* bearings. A motor with rods and pistons accurately balanced, and enduring bronze-backed bearings everywhere.

A more powerful motor—power gained by larger valves, thorough combustion and a better co-ordination of working parts. And with it all, a velvety quietness that comes from capable design and superior workmanship.

Improved Features Throughout

The cost of operation is materially less—the efficiency greatly increased. This New Velie motor offers more improvements than the industry has created in a decade.

Every chassis feature is equally good—Improved Timken Axles and Bearings, Borg & Beck Clutch, Bijur Starting and Lighting, and so on through the entire car.

To Velie friends, owners and dealers alike: We value beyond expression your loyalty to the Velie Organization.

We are proud for your sake as well as our own to make this announcement. It is the culmination of a half century of manufacturing experience. It marks the greatest value Velie has ever offered at the price asked. Velie dealers now have the new car ready for your inspection. In standard colors of blue or green. See it —try it out to your satisfaction.

Catalog giving detailed description for the asking. The insistent demand for Velie cars coming from a world-wide market suggests prompt action on the part of buyer and dealer alike.

And Still We Say – BIGGER · BETTER · MORE POWER

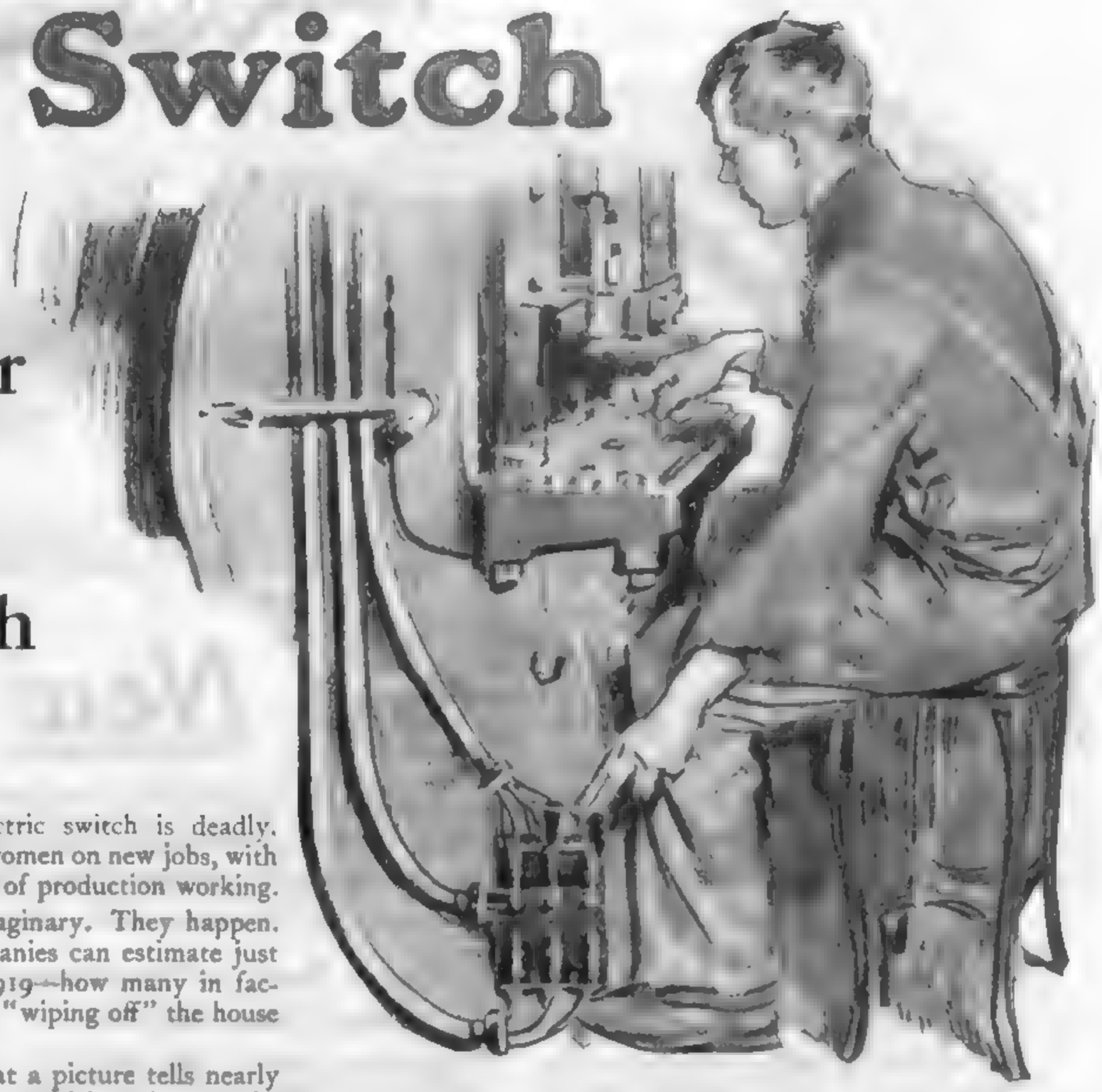
The Mark of The New Velie Six ·

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
MOLINE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Builders of Automobiles, Motor Trucks and Tractors

The Mark of The New Velie Six ·

Square D Safety Switch



Sooner or later this man will touch this exposed switch AND——

THE old-fashioned, exposed open-knife electric switch is deadly. It is thrice deadly now, with green men and women on new jobs, with new machinery in your plant, with new systems of production working.

Accidents from exposed switches are not imaginary. They happen. And they are frequently fatal. Insurance companies can estimate just how many of these accidents are to occur in 1919—how many in factories—how many from housewives and servants "wiping off" the house switch with a damp dust-cloth.

The Square D Safety Switch is so simple that a picture tells nearly all about it. The switch is inside of an insulated steel box that can be padlocked shut if desired. It can also be locked in the "off" position to prevent careless closing of the switch when repairs are being made on the line or the equipment it controls. The dangerous parts cannot be touched through accident, carelessness or folly. (A boy who habitually lit a cigarette at a switch was recently blinded. "A fool," you say. Yes, but, just the same, he is blind.)

The Square D Safety Switch can be handled by anyone, thrown on or off a hundred times an hour or more. It speeds up work. It is absolutely safe. It maintains factory morale.

Large firms that employ Safety Engineers have already installed them. A few such firms are: American Steel & Wire Co., American Car & Foundry Co., Bethlehem Steel Co., Carnegie Steel Co., Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Goodrich Rubber Co., Hudson Motor Car Co., National Tube Co., Ford Motor Co., Packard Motor Car Co., and Pennsylvania Railroad.

Over 300 sizes for homes, office buildings, factories. Listed as standard for both fire and accident prevention by the Underwriters' Laboratories of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Sold and installed by your electrical dealer or contractor. See him for information about Square D Safety Switches, or write us direct.

Square D Safety Switches make electricity safe for everyone

Build Now
Set your money to work on buildings a home of your own.
U. S. DEPT. OF LABOR
W. B. Wilson, Secretary

SQUARE D COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Works: WALKERVILLE, ONT.
New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Atlanta St. Louis San Francisco
Portland, Ore. Toronto, Ont.

D

(Concluded from Page 86)

a second. A sudden flush burned on his thin face and he spoke sharply.

The doctor watched him, not without affection. They were old cronies, these two. Perhaps it was that which rendered the medical man harsher in his judgment of MacKurd than he might have been had Sir David been an ordinary client.

The Sir David of private life had disappeared now though. It was Glende, the money captain, that shrewd, keen, skilled navigator on the treacherous sea of finance, who was speaking at the telephone now—clearly, incisively:

"I am grateful that you have notified me without delay. Yes, bring him as quickly as possible. Ignore expense, please. Are there preparations of any nature for his reception which you require to be made here? I have a medical man—a personal friend—here with me now and he will remain."

He was speaking with an iron control over his voice, but Fansley saw that the hand gripping the receiver was shaking.

"Very good. I shall be ready for you. Thank you. Good-by."

He replaced the receiver and turned to his friend. He was stone pale now. He sat down, rested his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands.

"Oh, God! Please! Please!" he muttered brokenly.

Fansley sat silent, watching him but leaving him alone.

Through the warm velvet darkness outside there swam the low thrumming of a high-powered motor, like the deep soft boom of a bee. A great aura of white light from that car's lamps was swinging through the night toward the house. A thought struck the doctor and he went quietly to the open casement, listening. It seemed to him that the note of the car was familiar to him.

"That's Madeline's car, surely!" he half whispered.

The sound died down and the white blaze dropped. The car was running down the dip before breasting the steep hill that led to the entrance gates.

Fansley listened.

Deep in the heart of the drowsy gloom, far back in the wood a nightingale was singing and its notes lay upon the beauty of the night like pearls upon a black and glossy cloak. Accustomed though he was to the countryside night, yet this night, he felt, was pregnant with the promise of events. It was as though somewhere out in great warm darkness the Fates were stirring: Life, with her wide vivid eyes, her laughing lips bedecked with flowers; Love, with her flushed face, her swimming gaze, her white hands; and perhaps Death, too, somber, wreathed with nightshade, darkling and sorrowful, moved mysteriously, hesitant, gazing toward the house.

Then the fierce shout of an electric horn shattered the spell and Fansley turned back to his friend.

The old banker had recovered himself now.

He stared at the doctor.

"Owen," he said, "they have telephoned to say that they are bringing a man here to-night—at once—who is a returned prisoner of war. He is young and unwounded, but he has lost his memory utterly. He has never spoken of his life previous to his capture by the Germans, dazed, shell-shocked, in the rags of what was once an officer's uniform, at Passchendaele. To-day, for the first time he mentioned a name—apropos of nothing, it seems. He uttered my name three times. Nothing more, but the nurse reported it. The doctor, a man I know slightly, happened to know that my son was reported 'Missing, believed killed at Passchendaele' and he has suggested bringing him to see me at the earliest moment. And they are now on the way! And it may be Davy!"

Without speaking, Fansley caught both his friend's hands in his and wrung them hard.

"Thank you, old friend," said Sir David.

He stared out into the night, his lips moving.

The whirring boom of the approaching car waxed louder as the machine came up over the hill. Fansley watched the white glare and saw that the car had turned in at the lodge gates. It was coming to the house.

"Yes, it's Madeline," he said to himself. "This is ordained." For he knew that Sir David had not expected his daughter home from Scotland for a month yet. But he was not surprised. It seemed to him that this night was not to be as other nights. The workings of Fate were more visible, he thought—the spinning of one infinitesimal fragment of the great universal fabric was plainer to be seen, though how it would finish it was impossible to say. There was to be a climax there that night; he was sure of that. The threads were coming to take their place in the design, the tiny specks were drawing near to their exact positions in the mosaic.

He nodded absently, wondering with a nervous curiosity whether the dénouement for which Fate was so plainly preparing was to be tragic or otherwise. He looked at his friend, the great financier, praying in his chair. He pictured that silent, broken, nerve-shattered man without a memory, whom they were bringing even now; he considered not without pity MacKurd, V. C.—odd that only he should be absent; and lastly he thought of Madeline. How fitting that she should come home, without warning though it was, this night.

The door opened and the girl came in quickly.

She still wore her thin summer motor wraps. They were white with the dust of a long journey. And her beautiful face was pale with fatigue and her dark eyes looked jet black within the dark shadows which weariness had painted round them.

Sir David looked up, staring.

"Why, Madeline, my dear little girl! Where have you sprung from? Never from Scotland to-day!"

She was pushing him back in his chair, caressing him.

"Yes, daddy dear! Yes! Yes! Yes! With only one stop for luncheon and one for petrol!"

"But why, my dear; why? Is anything wrong at Stanes?" He spoke of his Scotch estate where Madeline had been staying; partly, on Fansley's advice, to recuperate after a spring chill, and partly as company for Sir David's sister, a semi-invalid passionately fond of Scotland.

"All's well there and the place is lovely, but I had an impulse yesterday, daddy. Like a great wave—overwhelming. Something sent me here. If an actual living person had stood before me and said: 'Hurry home to your father, he is in need of you!' it could not have been clearer. I did not attempt to resist it. We started at the very peep o' dawn this morning. And oh, daddy, the new car is such a good honest little car! Thank you so much for her. She reeled off all those long miles like a dream, and Griffiths is such a splendid chauffeur.

"We drove in spells—and so—and so—here I am, and are you all right, dear? Is he all right, doctor?"

"Perfectly, Madeline, my dear child," said Fansley, with the privilege of an old, old friend and one, moreover, who had attended her arrival into the world.

She settled on the arm of her father's chair, one hand on his shoulder.

"So my impulse meant just—nothing?"

Fansley smiled gravely.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that yet," he answered.

And they all turned abruptly as the door was opened rather violently.

Major MacKurd, V. C., had returned.

He stood upon the threshold surveying them, deadly pale, his head heavily swathed in bandages, one hand bandaged and one lapel of his big fur collar half torn off. There was dried blood on the white front of his dress shirt and a smear of blood on his face.

"Oh, I beg pardon," he said dully. "I hadn't the remotest idea that you were engaged, sir, not the remotest, what?"

He would have gone with that, but Sir David stopped him.

"Why, what's happened, my boy? Don't go! Here's work for you, Fansley. Come in, major. This is Madeline, my daughter, of whom I have spoken to you."

But he had not spoken much of her, or very often.

Slowly MacKurd limped forward. He bowed rather painfully, but his eyes clung to Madeline.

"I hope I don't look too much of a *blessé*," he said painfully. "But we have had rather a spill. The car got badly ditched a few miles out and I went through the screen, what? Grayson is all right—not a scratch. I was driving."

He was addressing them all, but he never moved his eyes from Madeline. She, too, was looking at him as she did not usually look at a stranger. As Fansley stepped forward to give a professional glance at the bandages a phrase detached itself from the conversation of that evening, driving through his mind: "He is not susceptible to feminine charm!"

But he was looking at Madeline with a rapt scrutiny that was odd in one who was so impervious to feminine attraction.

"Who bandaged you, MacKurd?" he asked.

Even as he spoke a motor horn brayed sharply down the drive and Sir David turned quickly to the French window.

"Here they are, Fansley!" he said, and his voice cracked as, bareheaded, he disappeared into the darkness. But the stabbing glare of the lamps on the big ambulance car that came gliding up dazzled him and he stepped back with a stifled exclamation of impatience.

A little crowd appeared round the hospital car like magic, even as Fansley, using all his self-control against an impulse of fierce excitement that boiled up in his veins, slipped his arm through that of Sir David.

"Steady does it! Mind, now, steady, David, I say!"

Steady! But even his professional heart was racing.

The butler and footmen, who had been on the *qui vive* for the past hour, fell back, making way for two men who came forward toward the open window.

"This way," said Fansley, and stepped aside as they moved into the lighted room—two men in khaki; one an elderly worn man, an R. A. M. C. major; the other little more than a boy, but with blank eyes and an old man's face. It was Davy!

He came forward, the hand of the doctor on his shoulder.

"Let me introduce you to Sir David Glende. Sir David Glende, your father, old man!" said the military doctor very slowly and distinctly.

Politely but without a gleam of recognition the prematurely aged boy saluted.

"How are you, sir?" he said.

Sudden tears rolled down the face of the old banker as he reached for the boy's hands.

"Ah, Davy, my boy, my boy!" he muttered, his lips quivering.

"Just one moment, sir," broke in the military doctor, who had been whispering to Fansley, and turned the boy to his sister.

"Glende!" he said with a certain sharpness in his voice. "This is Madeline—your sister!"

The boy bowed, looking puzzled.

The doctor tried again.

"Here is Doctor Fansley, an old friend of yours!" he said.

Again the polite blank stare.

"Don't you remember us, Davy—Madeline and your dad?" begged the old banker. "Davy, try! For God's sake, try! And Fansley, who taught you golf!"

Then it was that MacKurd, V. C., saw fit to lurch forward—a ghastly figure, bandaged, pale as death, a smear of blood down his dust-streaked face, his eyes glittering.

He laughed, a short harsh cackle, and brought his uninjured hand down heavily on the shoulder of the memoryless boy, staring hard at him with gleaming bloodshot eyes.

"Well, old son, so you got through, hey, what?" he bawled in a voice quite unlike that which he normally used. "Some show, what? But the blighter's in for it this time. He's on the run! How's your nerve now, son? And have you got a drink on you of any sort?"

For a second they all fell back from him in a consternation that was akin to terror, for he looked like one mad—all save Davy.

He did not fall back. Instead he punched with a species of fey playfulness at MacKurd's chest. And there was a sudden light in his eyes as he shouted back:

"You! You is it, MacKurd? Oh, good luck! Drink? No, I'm as dry as hell!"

For a moment they shouted strange profane congratulations at each other, lamenting the lack of a drink. They looked horribly ill. That their tortured brains had tricked them into believing that they were meeting again after some "do," which was perhaps Davy's first battle, was self-evident.

MacKurd was swaying on the edge of collapse.

Then the R. A. M. C. major was inspired. He seized the decanter on a small table near the chess table, poured two dazing doses of whisky and pressed forward.

"Who said drinks? Here you are, boys," he barked and crammed the glasses into their hands.

They drank thirstily and fumbled for cigarettes, talking swiftly as they fumbled.

With his eyes and a most expressive gesture the military doctor drew Sir David, Madeline and Fansley with him out through the French window.

"Give them a little while!" he said. "It may be only a few minutes! What an amazing stroke of luck that that wild-looking chap was there! Who is he?"

"That is Major MacKurd, V. C.," said the banker quickly, defensively. "He befriended Davy when he first went under fire and Davy worships him."

"MacKurd, eh?" said the major. "What's he doing here? He should be in hospital."

"Ah, major, his wounds are very recent." Fansley came forward. "Take a turn with me."

He slipped his arm through that of the R. A. M. C. major and they paced up and down the lawn briskly, talking.

On the terrace just outside the French window Sir David and Madeline waited, holding hands like children, listening with a strained and painful intensity to the high-pitched voices inside the library.

"He will remember, dear! He will remember, dear! He will remember, dear!"

Madeline was saying it over and over again.

The voices were sinking to a more tranquil everyday note. The listeners could no longer distinguish what was said. Their handgrip tightened; and then suddenly they heard Davy's voice speaking naturally, with a ring of wild surprise.

"But, I say, you know, MacKurd, I know this billet! I—why, I'm damned if it isn't my home! My home! This is the library at Netherby, my governor's room! Why ——"

The R. A. M. C. officer hurried up. He, too, had heard that cry of amazement.

"Quick! Quick! In you go!" he said, and literally pushed Madeline and Sir David into the room.

"It's now or never!" he snapped to Fansley.

And it was now.

"Father! Madeline!"

The cry cleaved the room like the saber note of a strongly bowed violin string. Never before had the boy uttered the words in quite that way; never would he again. There was a strange deep joy in it, amazement as swift as light, as poignant as pain, with gratitude, relief, triumph. It was the cry of a slave who wakes to freedom from a sleep begun in bondage.

He went to his people with open arms and shining eyes.

"Then I am home—truly home again?" he said.

"Ah, yes, home again, Davy!"

The banker gripped his son's hands; so it was Madeline who hurried with a cry of pity to MacKurd, V. C., who had fallen back on the big lounge with a long curious sigh.

Fansley went quickly to them. The R. A. M. C. major was watching Davy with a little smile of satisfaction on his lips.

"Is he ——" asked Madeline, hesitating.

"Oh, no, it's just a faint. He's not fit yet, but he will be all right," said the doctor.

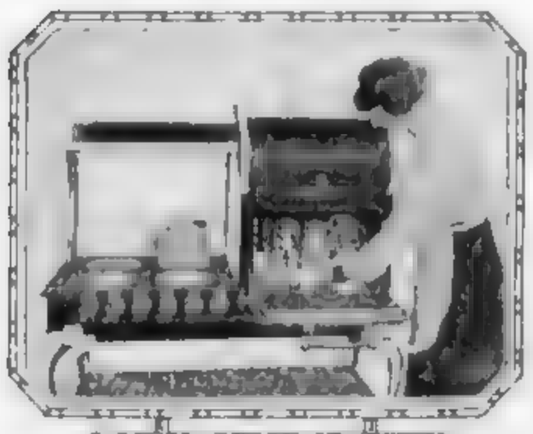
Madeline leaned close to whisper.

"Make him well, doctor! Oh, be sure to make him well!" she breathed. "He has done so much for us all! Did you hear father say he had befriended Davy? And now he has restored his memory!"

"I will, my dear," said Fansley with singular confidence. "And I think—I think—you will find that Davy has restored something to MacKurd!"

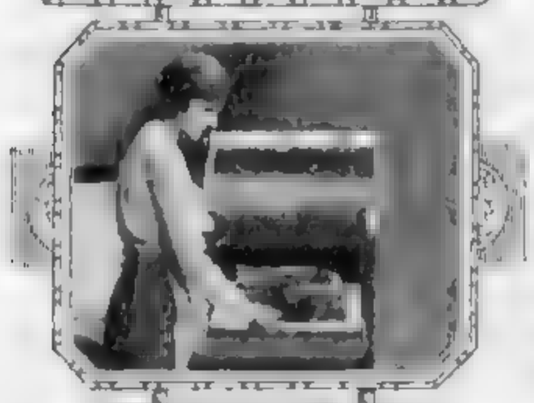
And before the week was past they knew that it was indeed so. The culminating excitement of Davy's arrival, following the shock of the motor accident, had straightened out that odd little twist in the mind of the V. C. which inspired the erratic wildness characterizing him before that evening.

They did not learn that at once, but when many months later Sir David Glende gave his daughter into the care of MacKurd it was without any doubt or fear of the future that he did so. For, even as Davy had come back to his own home and his own memory again, so MacKurd, V. C., had come back to his own manhood. And the buzz was utterly gone.



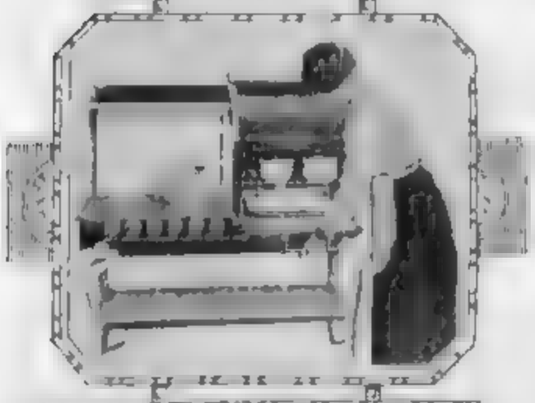
Oven Canning

We have issued a booklet which fully describes oven canning and shows how simple it is. It can actually be done while other work keeps you in the kitchen, thus effecting a great economy in time. And such a comfort not to have to heat up the house.



Roasting

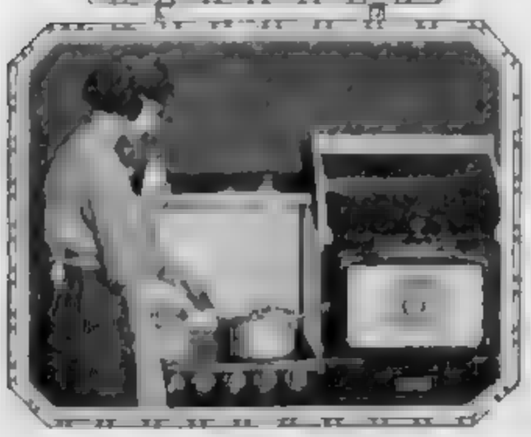
In roasting meat there is a very sharp economy on account of the very slight shrinkage. Other ovens must be ventilated to allow the gas and fumes to escape; the Hughes oven is as near air tight as practical and approaches the fireless cooker type. The upper oven burner is used for broiling.



Oven Dinner

Owing to the fireless cooker principle on which the oven is made, combination operations can be carried out in the oven very economically.

Marion Harris Neil, M. C. A., former Cookery Editor, *Ladies' Home Journal*, says: "I find the range satisfactory in every way and no special knowledge is required to operate it."



Superior

Alice Bradley, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, writes: "Cooking by means of electricity is superior to other methods because the heat is uniform and can be easily regulated. Much unnecessary labor is eliminated by its cleanliness and the simplicity of operation. We feel that it will be the universal method of cooking wherever rates allow."

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

As a true patriot it was his bounden duty to entertain such an ambition and to pursue it to the last possibility, because he knew into what feeble, incapable and childishly helpless hands power had fallen, and could foresee, and did foresee, the awful catastrophe which the men at the helm would be quite incompetent even to try to avert from our unhappy country.

The author of these reminiscences feels the more impelled to render homage in these pages to the memory of the greatest man Russia has produced in a century, whose premature loss the Russian nation has every reason deeply to deplore as the direst misfortune that could have befallen her in the most tragic crisis in the country's history, because there was a time, happily long forgotten, when, on account of a divergence of opinion in regard to certain features of our policy in Manchuria, he had incurred the hostility of that great statesman and patriot, whose cordial friendship it was his good fortune to win later on, after a memorable collaboration in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War.

Another very wise decision standing to the credit of the Emperor Alexander III was the confirmation as Minister of Foreign Affairs of M. de Giers, who had been acting in that capacity during the last years of the reign of Alexander II in the absence of the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Gortchakoff, detained most of the time abroad through illness. M. de Giers was by no means a brilliant but he was certainly an eminently safe statesman, a level-headed, prudent man of wide experience, averse to any policy of adventure and thoroughly convinced of the necessity for Russia to devote herself entirely and exclusively to cultural tasks and to the peaceful development of her unbounded natural resources. The services of this experienced and prudent statesman were bound to be of the greatest value to the new Sovereign, who during his father's lifetime had not any occasion to gain a deeper insight into the conduct of the country's foreign affairs, which Alexander II, like most monarchs, had always considered as being exclusively his own personal domain.

In the time before the Russo-Turkish War Alexander III, as heir to the throne, as he then was, had to some extent suffered himself to be influenced by the doctrines of Slavophilism, which in those days swayed the public mind—as far at least as the educated classes were concerned—and indeed led up to the intervention of Russia in the Bulgarian question and consequently to the outbreak of the war with Turkey. He had, however, returned from the Balkan campaign, during which he had been in command of one of the armies, considerably sobered down and having conceived the firm determination never to let his country be drawn again into war, all the horrors of which he had had ample occasion to become acquainted with.

In the very beginning of his reign the Emperor had to deal with the manifold complications consequent upon the establishment of the new order of things in the Balkan Peninsula, and especially in connection with the newly created principality of Bulgaria, over which Russia claimed a certain half-acknowledged and ill-defined protectorate. The vacillating policy pursued by the Russian Government in that country, which owed its liberation from the Turkish yoke exclusively to Russia's enormous sacrifices in blood and treasure, led to mutual estrangement and embitterment, and finally resulted in the expulsion from Bulgaria of Prince Alexander, who had originally been Russia's nominee for the position of ruler of that newly created principality, but who had failed to give satisfaction—less, perhaps, through his own fault than on account of the difficulties created by the constantly shifting position taken up by our diplomacy, in its turn greatly embarrassed by more or less frequent conflicts with the policies pursued in Bulgaria by the Russian War Department and its agents.

To the remoter causes of these vacillations of our policy in the Near East I shall refer later on in the course of my narrative, when I shall have to touch upon the question of the origin of the conditions of the political life of Europe which led up to the world war. For the present it will be sufficient to state that these vacillations had landed us, as far as Bulgaria was concerned, in such a seemingly inextricable muddle that the Emperor Alexander III made up his mind to take a step at once the most radical and the most effective: He ordered all Russian representatives—diplomatic, military and consular—to be withdrawn and all relations with Bulgaria to be broken off entirely. With characteristic firmness and consistency he held on to his resolve to the end of his life and never recognized Prince Ferdinand of Coburg as the newly elected Prince of Bulgaria. His example, out of deference for Russia, was followed by all the great Powers, for such was the international position Alexander III had won for his country almost from the beginning of his reign. They all withheld their formal recognition of Prince Ferdinand's title to the throne of Bulgaria until after the reconciliation between Russia and Bulgaria had taken place in the second year of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas II. Even Austria-Hungary did not venture to separate herself in this respect from the other great Powers, although the election of Prince Ferdinand, who was an officer in the Austrian Army and a wealthy landowner in Hungary, had evidently been due in a large measure to Austro-Hungarian intrigues.

In spite of all this, however, Prince Ferdinand was able to carry on his government with considerable success. So much so that when a French relative of his—his mother was Princess Clementine of Orleans, a daughter of King Louis Philippe—asked him how he felt in his new position as ruler of Bulgaria he was reported to have replied that he felt quite happy, enjoying himself in the position of a flea happening to be in a place which nobody dares to scratch.

The rupture of relations with Bulgaria provoked at first considerable dissatisfaction among the circles of the Intelligentzia with Slavophile leanings, as it seemed to run counter to a policy aiming at the ultimate reunion of all branches of the Slav race under the hegemony of Russia, which is the pet object of their dreams, and to which they probably cling even now with the purblind obstinacy of visionary doctrinaires. However, the visibly growing prestige and weight of Russia in international politics, so flattering to national pride, contributed greatly toward reconciling the Intelligentzia to the shortcomings of the domestic policy of the government and toward increasing the Emperor's popularity among all classes.

Though Alexander III may have lacked both experience and deeper insight into affairs of international politics he seemed to be guided, as a true Russian patriot, by an instinctive realization of the truth that the only rational policy for Russia to follow would be the same that Washington recommended to the United States—that is to say, avoidance of any entangling alliances whatsoever. That is how, having cut loose from the alliance of the Three Emperors, he succeeded without any apparent conscious effort in securing for Russia the most brilliant position she had ever held in world politics, that of holding the balance of power in Europe, inasmuch as, thanks to Russia's overshadowing strength—albeit more potential than real—no general war could be brought about without her consent or connivance.

The Franco-Russian alliance, the modest beginnings of which he had initiated, had not during his lifetime assumed the character and the scope it acquired under Nicholas II by inaugurating the sharp division of Europe into two irreconcilably hostile camps, which was bound to lead, and did lead, to the world catastrophe brought on by one of the Powers concerned resorting to the criminal folly of a preventable war. And that was the reason why the untimely passing of Alexander III with his unshakable firmness was lamented by the whole civilized world as the disappearance of the one immovable barrier against any attempt at disturbing the world's peace.

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, in January, 1884, the Bulgarian muddle seemed to be at its worst, our diplomatic agent at Sofia rightly or wrongly being blamed for it, and the question of his transfer to another post had become a pressing one. In my first interview with my direct chief, the head of the Asiatic Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I was informed that it was intended to send me to Bulgaria as diplomatic agent and that I was to hold myself in readiness to proceed to my new destination at the first notice. This notice, however, never came, for reasons that I may be permitted to refer to here at some length, as they shed some light on the way such personal questions are often dealt with by foreign departments more or less everywhere.

At the time of which I am speaking the activity of our diplomacy was still centered on the affairs of the Balkan Peninsula, and, of course, especially of Bulgaria. The post of representative in Bulgaria was therefore held to be of an importance almost equal to that of an ambassadorial post near one of the great Powers, and had naturally become the goal of the ambition of all the rising men—or of those who considered themselves entitled to rise—in the service. The result was a lively struggle for the possession of the coveted prize, which necessitated first of all the elimination of the candidacy of the supposed rival, who, as rumor would have it, already had the prize almost in his grasp.

As I was not by any means anxious to have this prize definitely awarded to me I was a rather amused observer of the indirect efforts set on foot with a view to eliminate my candidacy for the post. The Chauvinistic, Nationalist and Slavophile press, represented by the Novoe Vremia, naturally took a hand in the contest. First appeared a notice to the effect that in authoritative quarters there had of late been much talk about the impending appointment to the most important post in all our diplomacy, that of diplomatic agent in Bulgaria, of a gentleman whose only claim to such promotion consisted in his having acquired some knowledge of Japanese and perhaps of American affairs.

A little later a similar note relating to the same probable appointment expressed profound astonishment at the choice for this particularly important post in a Slav country of a man who, of course, could not be expected to possess any real understanding of or sympathy with the great cause of Slavdom, with which the fate of Russia is so intimately linked—evidently a delicate allusion to me. I do not know whether this press campaign had really anything to do with the decision of the Foreign Department after all not to appoint me to Bulgaria, but it certainly failed to serve the ambitions of those whose interests it was presumably intended to promote.

The appointment which was finally made was brought about by much less serious considerations, quite in harmony with bureaucratic usages as they prevail in all bureaucracies under the sun. The minister simply wished to appoint his son to the post of first secretary to another important legation, which necessitated the promotion of the man who occupied that post to some superior position. But no such position being at the time available except that of diplomatic agent in Bulgaria, to which, for personal reasons, the gentleman to be removed in order to make room for the minister's son could not be appointed, a third person had to be dislodged from his post and shifted to Bulgaria. This was done with unsatisfactory results, as the appointee who thus accidentally secured the coveted prize did not prove a success.

Thanks to these combinations I was naturally left out in the cold, which circumstance, according to bureaucratic conceptions of justice and equity, gave me a claim to some future preferment. Besides, I was sincerely glad to escape being mixed up, even in a subordinate capacity, in our Balkan policies, the aims of which I held to be not only ill defined but also practically unattainable and therefore apt only to draw us into most dangerous complications without any reasonable promise of substantial advantages to be derived from their realization. And so, as a matter of fact, I was not in the least disgruntled about my failure to get the appointment, the promise of which had been held out to me. Nor did I choose to adopt the attitude of injured innocence in order to accentuate the justice of my claim to compensation; but to the great astonishment, and probably delight, of the Foreign Office authorities, I applied at once for the post of consul general at New York, which had just become vacant; though a consular post was much below the preferment I had an undisputed right to expect in the diplomatic line.

My application was, of course, immediately granted, and the more readily as its satisfaction extinguished my claim to compensation and created besides a vacancy in the diplomatic service which could be utilized for placating somebody else or somebody else's friends or protectors.

I have to apologize for having talked shop at such length, but perhaps the philosophically inclined reader will derive some amusement from a story which shows how bureaucratic human nature is very much the same all over the world.

My appointment, though it seemed to put an end to my diplomatic career, gave me the chance, for which I had been yearning all the time, of establishing my headquarters in America, if not for good at least for a good long while.

VIII

FED as a boy very much on James Fenimore Cooper's delightful stories it had then already been my favorite dream of finding myself some day in the wondrous land that had been the home of Leatherstocking, of his friend the Big Serpent and of The Last of the Mohicans. When I grew older and began the study of American history I was fascinated by everything that related to the heroic drama of that glorious struggle against oppression of a people to whom freedom was dearer than life. George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry were my boyhood's heroes, and I could recite by heart the Declaration of Independence. When some twenty years ago I read Weir Mitchell's beautiful novel, Hugh Wynne—to my mind the next best historical novel after Tolstoy's War and Peace—which reproduces so marvelously well and so vividly the atmosphere of those glorious times, it reminded me of the dreams of my boyhood and made me feel as if I had been living through those stirring events myself. In the little seaside town where I went to school an American consulate had just been established and the consul had raised a mast, from which waved the Stars and Stripes, in the garden of the cottage he had rented on the outskirts of the town. After school hours instead of going home I used to steal away every now and then and run up to the American consulate to take off my cap to the flag that represented to my boyish mind an emblem of I could not exactly define what, but which I felt deeply.

The indulgent reader of these reminiscences may be astonished to learn that such were the feelings of a Russian boy in the '60's of the last century. But I can assure the reader that this particular boy was not the only one; there must have been hundreds of them in Russia, and surely many thousands in all Europe, who felt like this. Those were the days when the gigantic flow of immigration, which has helped so much to build up this country, was at its height. America was not only the land of promise and the blessed haven of refuge to the downtrodden and oppressed and hopeless, it was also the beginning of the realization of their dreams to the believers in a better future for mankind. And to think that in this happy land, which popular affection has christened "God's country," there should be found those who strive to undermine the Constitution—that most wonderful piece of work ever struck off by the hand of mortal man, as Gladstone said of it—the Constitution that has made the country what it is today, the country that bears in its womb the future of mankind; or that there should be found those who dream of leveling this nation down from the pinnacle of glorious liberty to the abject depth of a tyrannically imposed equality, as preached by the Bolsheviks, and that these people should find sympathizers and fashionable audiences to applaud their ravings—it is enough to make one feel as if the world had gone mad.

I was speaking here of my boyish dreams and impressions, but when I had reached man's estate and had begun to reflect seriously on the condition of things in Europe and here, especially after my two albeit short visits to this country, there was one thing that struck me most of all as being the true subconscious cause of my own longing, as well as of that of all the millions who had felt invincibly attracted to America, and it was this: The instinctive feeling that all the vexed questions,

(Continued on Page 95)

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(Continued from Page 91)

political as well as social, questions of monarchy or republic, of relations between church and state, questions of class privileges and disabilities, of racial and lingual differences and hatreds, and so on—questions that have caused so much and such acute suffering in Europe—have found their happy solution in America—or rather simply did not exist there at all; and that it is this which makes all the difference between the all-pervading atmosphere of cheerful contentment here and the atmosphere of hopelessness and discontent which embitters the life of the popular masses in Europe, and affects the educated classes as well.

I was anxious to verify my impressions by a more intimate contact with American life, and therefore hailed with joy the chance that had unexpectedly presented itself to take up my residence in New York, as I hoped, in any case for a number of years.

Before leaving Russia this time I had married, and the day after the ceremony we started on our wedding trip to New York, where we arrived about the middle of June, 1884, after a short visit to London and to the Isle of Wight. Our friends, the Struves, had taken for the summer a seaside cottage at Bristol, Rhode Island, and we joined them there very soon after our arrival, as soon as I had succeeded in arranging about the consulate general running itself, which in those days presented no difficulties whatever. We spent the summer most agreeably in that charming town, where the Struves had already made many friends. We arrived there just in time for the celebration of Independence Day, and we all of us, in the Struves' carryall, took part in the Fourth of July procession and parade, listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and on our way home nearly came to grief through the horses taking fright at some firecrackers which enthusiastic boy patriots had thrown under their feet.

We returned to town in October, when the presidential campaign was in full blast and the town was resounding with the blare of brass bands and the shouting of election cries by enormous and enthusiastic processions. My young wife, to whom all this was a never-dreamed-of novelty, took the keenest imaginable interest in all these proceedings; the carpets in our apartment were littered with newspaper extras and campaign literature of every possible description, making our little drawing-room look like the headquarters of a district leader. And on one occasion, when, after two or three days of suspense, the result of the election was still in doubt, I was actually sent to the Union Club in the middle of the night to find out the latest election news.

As for me, I considered it a particularly happy coincidence that in the very beginning of my career in this country it should have been my privilege to watch the actual functioning of the electoral system of a great and free nation under circumstances of particular stress and gravity, when the question of the return to power of one of the two great political parties, after a quarter of a century's monopolization of the Government by the other party, was hanging in the balance. Both parties were numerically more or less evenly matched; both had put forward their strongest candidates, one a statesman of most brilliant attainments and magnetic personality; the other a man of the sturdiest character, of the same straightforward honesty and unshakable firmness of will that characterized his contemporary, the Emperor Alexander III. Feeling on both sides was naturally running very high, and when the final result of the election was dependent on the vote of the state of New York, which in its turn depended on the result of the counting of the votes cast in one of the remotest rural counties of the state, necessitating some delay, the intensity of the strain on the popular impatience seemed to have reached the breaking point.

I was greatly interested in observing the behavior of the crowds that all day long and far into the night were waiting in front of the newspaper offices watching the bulletin boards with the latest figures of the election returns from all parts of the country, which were constantly coming in over the wires. The excitement was certainly very great, and one could overhear some rather wild talk; but at bottom one always felt there was a solid foundation of common sense and cheerful good nature, which was entirely reassuring. When at last, after two or even three days, if I remember rightly, of anxious waiting, the final result—ultimately decided by an extremely small plurality—was announced, the popular acquiescence all over the country was immediate, unquestioning and absolute. It was an inspiring spectacle to witness, the spectacle of a great people settling a momentous question of national life in a spirit of law-abiding, unquestioning submission to the will of the majority, however numerically insignificant.

And this is the people to whom some self-seeking demagogues or deluded cranks venture to vaunt the superior merits of Bolshevism, a minority tyranny exercised over the unfortunate Russian people by a sanguinary band, partly of demented fanatics, partly of scoundrelly bandits, under the guise of a dictatorship of the proletariat.

The newly elected President had to face a task of no little difficulty—that of forming his cabinet, of choosing the men who were to compose his official family. Under the two-party system, as practiced in England, such a task is simplified by the fact that both parties always have a sufficient number of statesmen in their ranks who have already held office before and are competent and prepared to take office again at a moment's notice. In this respect the situation is different in the United States, where there is not and cannot be any such thing as an official opposition, in the English sense. When a political party, like the Democratic Party, has been out in the cold for a quarter of a century it is quite natural that there should be in its ranks a dearth of human material from which an efficient cabinet can be readily selected.

Mr. Cleveland brought to this task of making up his cabinet his sound judgment and knowledge of men, and succeeded in surrounding himself with an official family of rare distinction in every respect, political and social as well as in regard to business efficiency. Such men as Mr. Bayard, Mr. Endicott, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Manning, and after his death Mr. Fairchild, at the head of the most important departments of the Government, were a credit not only to their party but to the nation, and powerfully helped to make the first Democratic Administration since the war an unqualified success. Mr. Cleveland possessed also another quality which characterizes a great ruler, that of knowing how to win the attachment and devotion of his subordinates. I doubt whether there ever was a cabinet the members of which were so sincerely, so unitedly and so lastingly devoted to their chief as President Cleveland's official family showed itself after he had left the presidency.

When the fourth of March was coming near we went to Washington to stay a week or so with the Struves, so as not to miss any of the expected inauguration festivities. We found there one of our dearest friends, the charming Mrs. X, who had come down from Boston for the same purpose. Both she and my wife had been most passionately devoted Cleveland partisans before election, though they had never set their eyes on him, and they were naturally anxious to see what their favorite candidate looked like.

They succeeded in obtaining seats in the front row of the diplomatic gallery in the Senate chamber on Inauguration Day, and had an excellent opportunity of seeing both the outgoing and the incoming Presidents walking down the middle aisle and taking their seats on two armchairs placed directly beneath the tribune of the president of the Senate.

They moreover actually succeeded, thanks to the enterprise and energy of Mrs. X, in invading immediately after the inauguration the sacred precincts of the White House and in being most graciously received by the President.

Having witnessed the installation in power of the new régime, which took place in a way entirely auspicious from every point of view, we returned to New York and I resumed my duties as consul general.

It was, if I am not mistaken, in the spring of that year that the relations between Great Britain and Russia became again strained in connection with a frontier incident in Central Asia. A certain General Komaroff, who was in command of a detachment of troops in Southern Turkestan near the frontier of Afghanistan, as a result of some trouble with the natives, had seen fit in order to punish them to cross the River Kushk, at the frontier, and, on recrossing the river, to establish a military post at a place of the same name but at the distance of some twelve miles from the river, as far as I can remember the circumstances of the case. This particular point being at a distance from Herat of barely sixty miles, and the establishment of a Russian military post at this particular point being considered a menace not only to Afghanistan, a British protectorate, but also to India, a subject in regard to which English public opinion has always been exceedingly touchy, this quite unimportant frontier incident caused considerable tension in the relations between the two governments. There even was a moment when this tension seemed to be likely to bring about an open rupture. Fortunately, thanks to the firmness of the Emperor Alexander III and to the good sense of the British Government, this little misunderstanding was after a while settled to mutual satisfaction, and the danger of a possible war blew over.

During the short period that this tension had lasted two little incidents happened which in the light of the relations now so happily established between the two great English-speaking nations appear to be simply ludicrous, but which, nevertheless, at the time served as an example of the persistency of international resentments in continuing to influence to some extent the popular mind long after the causes of such resentments have been removed or been almost forgotten.

One morning when I was busy writing in my room at the consulate I overheard a voice in the outer office inquiring whether the consul general was in; and, upon being told that he was, the owner of the voice, a gray-haired gentleman of military bearing, came straight to my desk without further ado and said: "Excuse my intruding. I am an old soldier and have fought for the Union all through the war. Your country was ready then to help us. I have come to tell you if ever you go to fight the Britishers there will be hundreds of thousands of us to come and fight by your side. That's all I wanted to say."

Having delivered himself of this declaration he walked out of my room without ever having given me the chance to thank him for the expression of his sympathy and to assure him that, as long as the Emperor lived, Russia would never go to war with anyone, least of all with Great Britain, with whom we had no really serious conflict of interests to divide us.

The other incident happened while I was at a dinner given by my colleague, the British consul general, in honor of the captain of a British cruiser, who had arrived, probably for the purpose of watching the movements of a recently arrived Russian cruiser anchored in the North River. While the consul general, the captain and I were enjoying a friendly chat after the departure of the other guests, over some whisky-and-sodas and Havanas, a seafaring Irishman, by name, I believe, Captain Boynton, who was the inventor of a rubber costume enabling a man to keep afloat in the water for any length of time, had let himself, dressed in his costume, be carried by the current down the North River until he reached the British cruiser, anchored in the Upper Bay, and profiting by the darkness of the night had succeeded in fixing a dummy torpedo to the side of the vessel without being observed. The presence of that might-have-been-murderous apparatus was only discovered at daybreak, so the story went. The next day the newspapers were full of sensational descriptions of Captain Boynton's nocturnal exploit and more or less sarcastic comments on its success. But, then, those were times when Congressman Tom Ochiltree's endeavors to "twist the lion's tail" had not yet been relegated to the limbo of oblivion.

In the summer of the same year I secured a few months' leave of absence and we went home to St. Petersburg; and having obtained an extension of my leave we spent the winter there. When we returned to New York, in June, 1886, we were met at the dock by Mr. Iswolsky, first secretary of legation, and temporarily in charge of the legation at Washington in the absence of M. de Struve, who had gone to Europe to join his family. Mr Iswolsky announced that he had the day before received a cable from the Minister of Foreign Affairs ordering him to return to St. Petersburg at once, as he was to be appointed diplomatic agent in Bulgaria, and to turn the legation at Washington over to me to act as temporary Chargé d'Affaires until the minister's return.

In consequence of this arrangement we gave up a little house I had rented in New York in 18th Street, which was then still a fairly fashionable neighborhood, and moved into the Shepherd house, on the corner of K Street and Connecticut Avenue, which was then occupied by our legation.

In those days it had not yet become the fashion to desert Washington for the summer months, and all the official world, from the President down, as well as most of the legations, remained in town in spite of the truly tropical heat, rendered extraordinarily oppressive by the great amount of moisture in the air. President Cleveland, who had come to Washington as a bachelor, had just married, and after a very short honeymoon trip had installed in the White House one of the most charming hostesses the Executive Mansion had ever sheltered. Mrs. Cleveland, who was very young and strikingly handsome, shortly afterward held a reception for the introduction to her of the diplomatic body, usually a most tiresome function, which she carried off with a charm of manner and graceful dignity of bearing that filled us all with profound admiration. It was a veritable triumph of American womanhood and showed what the healthful naturalness, free from all self-consciousness, bred by the moral atmosphere of America, could accomplish in enabling one so young to act with such perfect tact the most difficult part of consort to the chief of a republican state, a tact many a royal lady born on the steps of a throne might have envied her.

We were suffering considerably from the unrelenting, and to us unaccustomed, heat and used to find some relief only in daily late-afternoon drives on the so-called Pierce's Mill Road, meandering through the picturesque valley of Rock Creek. On these drives we used to meet very frequently the presidential couple taking an airing, like ourselves, after the heat of the day in the sweltering town. In this way we became perhaps a little better known, at least by sight, to the hosts of the White House than most of our colleagues. Or was it the kindly sympathy they felt for another recently married pair? Both the President and Mrs. Cleveland always treated us with marked friendliness.

Later in the autumn I received instructions to propose to the Government of the United States the conclusion of an extradition treaty. Influenced by the murder of the Emperor Alexander II, Russia had in 1881 invited the Powers to hold an international conference at Brussels for the consideration of the proposal that thenceforth no murder or attempt to murder ought to be considered as a political crime. But the conference did not take place because Great Britain and France declined to take part in it. Subsequently Russia had succeeded, in 1885, in concluding treaties with Prussia and Bavaria which stipulated the extradition of all individuals who had made an attack on the life of a monarch or of a member of his family, or who had committed any kind of murder or attempt to murder. It was considered to be in the highest degree desirable that a similar treaty should be concluded with the United States, where many Russian revolutionaries, implicated in conspiracies or attempts against the life of the Emperor, were supposed to have sought and found an asylum.

When I approached the Secretary of State, Mr. Bayard, with my government's proposal, I met with the frank and straightforward admission that an attempt against the life of the head of the government or of a member of his family, when such attempt comprises the act either of murder or assassination or poisoning, should not be considered a political offense or an act connected with such an offense; or, in other words, an offense justifying a refusal to extradite the offender. The position taken in this matter by the Secretary of State had the entire approval of the President, and, though falling short of the expectation of our government, was accepted by them as satisfactory as far as it went.

Nothing, therefore, stood in the way of the conclusion of the projected treaty. But the consideration of the various clauses of the treaty and the drafting of its text necessarily took some time, and it was not till the end of March, 1887, that the instrument was ready to be signed. By this time M. de Struve, who had been detained in Europe on account of the severe

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Zu Zu
GINGER SNAPS
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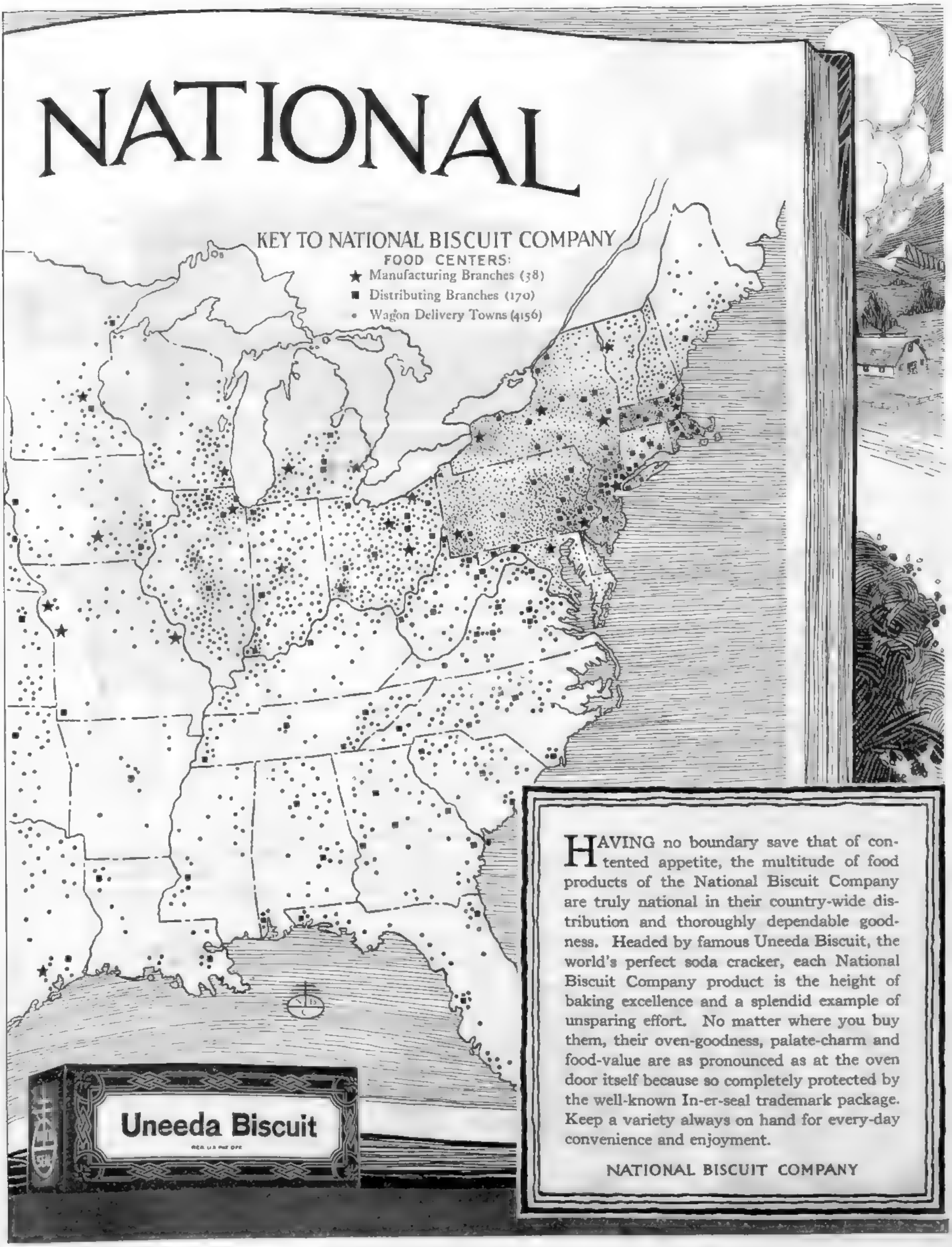

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(Concluded from Page 95)

illness of his wife—which, in the end, after three years' suffering, proved fatal—had returned to Washington, as we had both been appointed joint plenipotentiaries for the signature of the extradition treaty. The treaty was duly signed and transmitted to the Senate, where, however, it was shelved for quite a long while, but was finally ratified with some amendments in the spring of 1893.

Shortly after the signature of the treaty M. de Struve sailed again for Europe, and I resumed charge of the legation for two years more, with one interruption, until my departure for Mexico, in 1890.

The summer of 1887 we spent on the New Jersey coast, on the shore of a little branch of the sea called Manasquan Inlet, a land-locked sheet of water about three miles long and a half a mile wide, the home of a particularly ferocious variety of mosquito, popularly dubbed, if I remember rightly, the "Striped New Jersey Mosquito." Our little cottage was defended against their attacks by an elaborate system of wire netting covering all the windows, doors, and every possible aperture in the walls of the house.

When we were not sailing our catboat on the tranquil waters of our little inlet we used to spend most of the time on the veranda of our next-door neighbors and friends, who indeed had induced us to seek a refuge from the summer heat of Washington in this particular resort. They were a most venerable old couple, touching in the tender loyalty of their mutual attachment. They had seen better days. He had had his hour of celebrity; he had been a candidate for the highest honor his nation had to bestow. They had known long years of great wealth and of that full and interesting life which wealth alone can procure. They were now reduced to very narrow circumstances.

It must have been a cruel hardship to a woman whom Nature had intended for a fate worthy of the rich gifts bestowed upon her. It was borne with the noble dignity of a great heart and a superior mind. I shall never forget the many elevating hours spent in intimate intercourse with that great and good woman.

One day she said to my young wife: "I love to see your happy, sheltered life." That word "sheltered," I remember, struck me then as expressing so simply and truly what real happiness in life is made of. Little did I dream then of the awful catastrophe that human folly would bring down on our unhappy country, that would destroy a once great empire, shatter a nation, and in the general ruin and desolation swallow up millions of happy homes and deprive so many millions of us of the possibility of providing for those we love that shelter and comfort which they have a right to expect and which it is our duty to provide.

During the summer we made some little excursions, and also went on a week's visit to our Boston friends in their seaside cottage at Pride's Crossing, on the so-called North Shore, the summer resort of the wealth and fashion of Boston. I remember how, on one of those gloriously fine mornings when all Nature seems to smile and quiet gladness pervades the universe, we were lounging, our host and I, on the veranda overlooking the sea, comfortably stretched out on deck chairs, with a little table between us bearing refreshing beverages and the finest flavored Havanas, listening to the soft breathing of the mighty ocean, our faces fanned by the gentle breeze wafted across the waters, the bearer of life-giving ozone—in a word, in a state of as perfect bliss as is but rarely attainable in this vale of tears—when the morning papers from Boston were brought in.

Each of us grabbed hold of one with the eagerness of starving people who since the preceding evening have been deprived of indispensable intellectual nourishment. I had just unfolded the numerous sheets of the Boston Transcript when I burst out laughing.

My astonished host inquired what it was all about.

"Listen," said I. "This is the beautiful sentence I have just hit upon in the column of what are supposed to be humorous paragraphs. It is a perfect gem. It runs thus: 'Whilst the Concord school of philosophers are discussing the question of "the whatness of the when" the sensible citizen enjoys "the nowness of the here."' Now if the author of this instructive paragraph did not mean us two I wonder where he could have discovered a couple of more sensible citizens."

And then we remembered the pleasant days, some five years before that, when he and his wife had paid me a visit in Japan, when we used to go out sight-seeing and we two would be quietly resting on some rock in the shade of a century-old evergreen tree, puffing away at our cigars, while Mrs. X. would be investigating the mysterious interior of some thousand-year-old temple, greatly shocked at our imperviousness to the lure of antiquity.

"Weren't we then," said I, "just enjoying 'the nowness of the here' like a couple of real sensible citizens?" Alas, of us two only one is left to enjoy "the nowness of the here"; and for how long?

The winter season of that year and that of the following one—the last two seasons under the Democratic Administration—were particularly brilliant and animated. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, and his attractive wife knew how to make of their house a popular center of society. Though their great wealth naturally facilitated their task of entertaining, all those who had the privilege of knowing them in those days in Washington will, I think, agree with me when I say that their great social success was entirely due to their personal charm and sunny disposition.

Part of every winter we used to spend in New York because M. de Struve, during the last illness of his wife, would return from Europe to join his post every year for two or three months. But our headquarters was always in Washington, where we had quite a circle of friends, not by any means confined to one political party only, since we had had the good fortune to inherit, so to speak, the friendships formed by the Struves with many of the leading families belonging to the Republican Party, which was in power in their time.

Among personal incidents during my stay in Washington I remember a discussion I once had with a distinguished economist under peculiar circumstances. I had come to call on one of my friends who held a high position under the Secretary of the Treasury, and found him engaged in a lively conversation with three or four men on economic subjects. One of his guests, an elderly, gray-haired, distinguished-looking man, whose name I did not catch when being introduced to him, was holding forth on the merits of bimetallism. It was some time after a distinguished statesman and world-renowned orator had on a solemn occasion launched forth the celebrated slogan: "Mankind crucified on a cross of gold."

Now having been not only bred to but, I would almost say, born to the worship of orthodox economic ideas, such economic heresies have the faculty of acting on me, when propounded in my presence, like a red rag on a bull; and when I heard the word "bimetallism" I had my fighting blood up at once, being of a somewhat combative temperament. So I engaged in a most animated discussion with the gray-haired gentleman and perhaps may have let myself go as far as to speak of the "silver lunacy." However, after a prolonged and, of course, resultless discussion we parted company with the friendliest of handshakes.

When the gray-haired gentleman had gone the host said to me: "Do you know whom you have been tackling on the subject of bimetallism?"

I said: "No; I haven't the faintest idea."

"Why," said he, "it was Mr. Dana Horton himself, the great apostle of bimetallism!"

I must own I felt rather ashamed of having obtruded my amateurish views on a scientific specialist and was afraid I might even have offended him. However, the next day he sent me a collection of his pamphlets, asking me to read them carefully and then give him a chance to renew our discussion. When he came to see me he explained that he had been much interested in our discussion and would be particularly glad if he could convert me to his views, because if I would report in the sense he would have wished me to, that might perhaps prove helpful in advancing the cause he had at heart, inasmuch as the Russian Government—contemplating, as he had heard, a reform of the Russian monetary system—might perhaps be influenced in some measure in favor of bimetallism, whose triumph in such a case would be assured.

I could only say that even supposing Mr. Witte, our Minister of Finance, to be quite innocent of any deeper knowledge of the science of political economy, he would, as far as I could judge of his personal character, be inclined to resort to some clean-cut solution of the question of monetary reform—say, in favor of a single gold standard, or even of silver, rather than to some half-hearted compromise like bimetallism.

Subsequent events proved that I had not misjudged Mr. Witte's intentions. A few years later he succeeded in placing the Russian currency on a solid gold basis.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE ENCHANTED HOUR

(Continued from Page 9)

They've freed us from German domination of our markets."

"Yes? I thought you were going to free us from having any markets!"

He tried to be friendly. He puffed: "Is, uh —— Often get back to the colony?"

"Of course."

"What is Ilka doing?"

"Her dancing of course. She teaches, oh, so helpfully!"

"Is she married?"

"No. Well, it's been pleasant to see you. I must hurry on." It was Miss Garver who dismissed Leyland, not he who politely escaped. And she said nothing about seeing him again. He felt that it was the whole colony that had dismissed him. He wrote to Fischer next day.

To his rivals in the profession Leyland would have written with amused ease, but to this man Fischer, who did not know chemistry from morphology, he was humble, trying to defend himself from unspoken charges. The dean did not answer for three months; then briefly, his letter ending:

"I wonder that a busy practical man like you wastes time corresponding with a ne'er-do-well. We're putting on a Dunsany play and starting a class in Freud—but you won't be interested. If you care to write again, tell me about your new car—yr. newest one. Suppose you have two at least. Oh, well, I too am luxurious! I have a new oilcloth on my writing table."

That hurt—the picture of the old man in his one-room hill shack.

He began to brood. Every evening he came home unhappy, to be comforted by his wife. Adeline listened to his latest tragedy and suggested lively things to do that evening, and assured him that he was the king of scientists, the pantiff of idealists and superior to Samuel Higsby Mink, chief chemist of the Calhoun Paint Works.

He was grateful to Adeline for enduring his worry. Yet sometimes, lying awake in the morning, he resented her very comforting. Didn't she thus keep him content with petty tasks? Oh, he was little, he sighed! He who should have been a competitor with the great ones, with Remsen and Curie, was of the common people. The more he devoted himself to satisfying Adeline's friends by choosing correct ties and smart adjectives, the more he betrayed himself as being at heart what the back country called "just folks." And never, while the gods of the colony watched him, could he relax into happiness in his work, his wife, his children; never could he be satisfied with being common.

It would have been better, he felt, had he totally failed. He wouldn't have been bound to his world of well-fed stupidity. He wouldn't have been ridden by a suspicion that—without knowing it, without doing anything so picturesque as signing documents in blood—he had sold his soul to the devil of mediocrity.

Thus the fretting Leyland at forty-three.

III

ALL winter his task had been to find a more permanent varnish for motor cars and he sagged with the discouragement of not having found it. His ingenuity was worn out. He could think of no more methods, no more formulas. He watched himself grow nervous. The first sign that he noticed was his failure to react to the tumultuous coming of April. His step did not spring nor his chest expand to the good air. The sunshine was merely a bother to tired eyes as it glared on the papers on his desk.

Then he saw how much too much he was smoking. He took a cigarette without knowing that he was doing it; was astonished to find that he was smoking; furiously threw the thing away; resolved not to smoke again till after dinner—and ten minutes later found that another cigarette had sneaked out of his case, got itself lighted and insinuated itself into his fingers.

He realized that he was worrying about nothing in particular and everything in general; about going to the dentist, about the number of Victory Bonds to buy, about the duty of having a neglected acquaintance out to the house for dinner. Ten minutes after he had caught a train he discovered that he was worrying about not having time to catch it. He worried about not having mailed a letter that he knew he had mailed; and when he had laboriously satisfied himself he worried about not having addressed, stamped and signed it.

One-third of the time he was fleeing to Adeline for solace; one-third he was wondering whether her solace wasn't a stupefying poison; and the rest of the time he gave to admitting that this was hard on her—which gave him a chance to worry about worrying her.

Desire for the colony was bothering him. He could be serene there—even in poverty. And was it too late for him to begin the vague big work? He smelled the ocean wind and hot hollows among the manzanita bushes. Silver-fretted mountains seemed to laugh at him for speculations about having mailed letters. He saw himself running to Fischer, Souher, the Tiddenhams, Max Toinans. Through the spring rains, when his stodgy back yard was by an early morning mist turned from smugness to mystery, he looked down from the sleeping porch and fancied that garage and lawn and clothes posts were gone; that he was tramping the rough, waving, salt-scented grass above the ocean with a girl beside him.

Adeline knew that he was discontented; she babied him and gave him lamb chops with fresh peas. But she was not one of those exasperating superior people who are too stupid ever to lose their tempers. When on successive days he complained because they never went out in the evening and because they were going out this evening, she snapped: "You're perfectly impossible! If you don't wish to go—don't. I'm going."

She marched to the door and stood on the porch drawing on her gloves so that he would have a chance to catch her. Which of course he innocently did.

They talked it over when they returned, but as "it" was nothing more definite than his desire to be twenty-three at the age of forty-three they didn't make any large decisions; and the next evening, feeling that this was an entirely new and interesting question, he complained because they never went out in the evening.

All the while he knew how absurd he was. It was because his wife was nearer to him than anyone else; because she was a part of him and he of her that he plagued his own self in her. Only, he whisperingly asked himself, if she had been Ilka, would he have had to plague her?

A small ludicrous thing made the break. Neighbors came in one evening. He was glad enough to see them, but he hadn't finished the paper; he was in the midst of a delightful account of political graft, and while the talk labored through the first polite queries about the children, he picked up the paper—just to peep at the end of the story. Through the paper he could feel Adeline rustling with displeasure.

When the neighbors had gone she said: "You weren't very polite."

"What do you mean?"—knowing perfectly what she meant.

"Reading when they came in."

"Well, they knew I was glad to see 'em without my shouting about it! And I didn't want to see 'em anyway! Walshman is a bore and his wife is worse."

(Continued on Page 102)

Ship by Truck

A Glance at Its Present Performance and Its Future

By Harvey S. Firestone, President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

IN previous considerations of Ship by Truck activities the truck express idea has been given prominence. The quick response of business men to this phase of Ship by Truck suggests the presentation here of further data recently secured through the Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau.

For example, Omaha, Nebraska, and Flint, Mich., have offered a valuable suggestion in the establishment of warehouses or freight stations used in common by the truck express companies entering these cities. This permits convenient handling of through shipments and provides prompt transfers from one truck line to another.

The question of economy has been raised in some quarters. Ship by Truck seems to be offering lower rates to the public than might be supposed. A case in point, is the investigation made of rates out of New York City, disclosing the fact that to many points in the state, in Connecticut, in New Jersey, and Massachusetts, the truck express rates are lower than the railroad rates.

Lower rates may not always be obtainable through Ship by Truck. But the shipper will realize the fact that the extra speed, convenience and adaptability of the truck express systems may be had at the same or little more than prevailing freight rates. And the shipper gains a certainty of delivery, an elimination of goods damaged in transit, a lowering of boxing costs, and a favorable impression on his customers that could be obtained in no other way.

Reports are coming in to the Akron office of the Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau showing with what enthusiasm business men's organizations and entire communities are aiding the development of truck express lines.

Macon, Georgia, recently arranged a Ship by Truck demonstration day to test the truck express idea. Four truck trains, one train to a route, moved 100 tons of goods to towns within 50 miles of Macon. The demonstration was an education to merchants of the smaller towns as well as to shippers in Macon. A saving in time of from 1 to 10 days was accomplished.

The Chamber of Commerce of York, Pennsylvania, seems to have an unusual record in spreading the knowledge of truck lines, routes and schedules among local business men. Among other things, a transportation map has been prepared which shows Ship by Truck routes to the immediate towns surrounding York, and also to Pittsburgh on the west, as far north as Buffalo, eastward to Philadelphia and New York, and a route south to Baltimore and Washington.

Detroit has proved that refrigerator trucks will move fresh meat to Toledo in about 6 hours as compared with 2½ days by rail. A Chicago packer ships to branch houses by a 12-ton semi-trailer.

A large ice cream company of Cleveland has reduced transportation costs directly by operating trucks to Limaville—a distance of fifty miles—delivering ice cream and ice to their dealers on their down trip and bringing in cream on the return trip. Former delays and wastage, due to the insufficient railway service, were eliminated through this practical application of motor trucking.

The activities of Detroit in fostering truck transportation for the benefit of local shippers recently took the form of a parade so extensive as to require two hours to pass a given point. It is such promotional work as this that is responsible for the widespread appreciation of the truck as a factor to be reckoned with in nearly all phases of distribution.

Even a cursory study of the growth of the truck express systems inclines one to agree with that official in charge of engineering and maintenance for the U. S. Railroad Administration, who said recently:

"Where, heretofore, development of the country for 50 miles either side of a trunk line of railroad has required the construction of light branch lines, it is a question to be seriously considered whether this policy should be continued or whether good roads should be constructed and the products of farms and passenger travel should not be handled by motor trucks to the main lines. * * * Investigation of this subject may show the desirability of the taking up of many branch line railroads and utilizing the abandoned roadbeds for improved motor road."

If you are a shipper you may well ask yourself: "Am I profiting by what Ship by Truck has to offer?" If the question interests you let us suggest that you consult with the local Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau, the Central Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau in Akron, Ohio, or your local Chamber of Commerce.

Ship by Truck

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Birmingham, Ala.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Providence, R. I.
Boston, Mass.	Jacksonville, Fla.	Richmond, Va.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Kansas City, Mo.	Rochester, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Sacramento, Cal.
Charlotte, N. C.	Louisville, Ky.	St. Louis, Mo.
Chicago, Ill.	Memphis, Tenn.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Cincinnati, Ohio	Milwaukee, Wis.	San Antonio, Tex.
Cleveland, Ohio	Minneapolis, Minn.	San Francisco, Cal.
Columbus, Ohio	Minot, N. D.	Scranton, Pa.
Dallas, Tex.	Nashville, Tenn.	Seattle, Wash.
Davenport, Ia.	Newark, N. J.	Spokane, Wash.
Des Moines, Ia.	New Orleans, La.	Springfield, Mass.
Detroit, Mich.	New York, N. Y.	Syracuse, N. Y.
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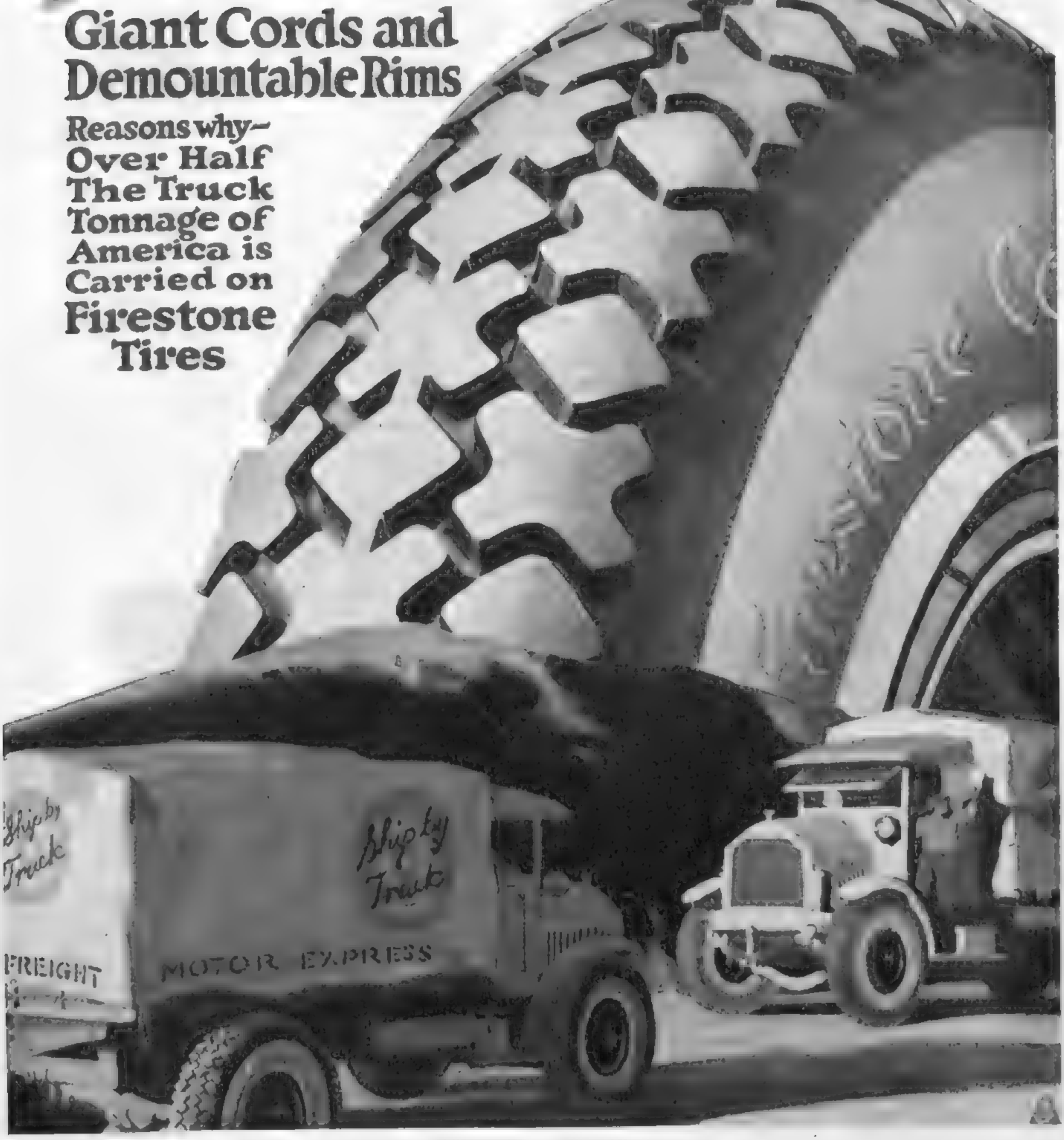

(Continued from Page 99)

"They are very good friends of mine and I won't have you criticize them!"

"You criticize my friends enough! If I didn't absolutely demand it you'd never be polite to poor old Bolton—heart of gold——"

"Crude, jocular old——"

"He isn't a bit worse than Mrs. Walshman with her confounded coy——"

After ten minutes of diplomatic incivilities regarding the Walshmans, the rector and the sales manager of the paint corporation, Leyland banged the ash receiver on the table and roared: "Then the way you called me down for wearing a cap last Sunday! I have something more important to think about than pleasing the Opendykes with my clothes!"

"You might tell me what it is!"

"I'm glad to have you admit that! You think my chemistry is about as important as bricklaying. You haven't the faintest——"

"Oh, I know, dear! I didn't mean that. But really you irritate me so. What is it you want, anyway?"

She put it so directly that he was startled out of observance of the technic of domestic squabbling and actually said what he meant: "I want to get off by myself and think!"

Instantly he was frightened. She had always accompanied him on journeys. To suggest a vacation was like demanding a divorce.

"You want —— You mean you want to go away without me?"

"Why—yes, I do!"

"Well, I think it would be a very good thing. We're fond of each other, but we do need a rest. If you wouldn't be lonely——"

IV

THE steady business man who sat in the smoking compartment of the California Pullman and talked about the paint market seemed guiltless of desire for the luxury of martyrdom. But he was asking himself whether he was not going to give up his position and risk poverty for his family in order to work for an obscure and certainly ungrateful millennium. And he was excited with the adventure of it.

He had not told the Pasqual colony he was coming. He would surprise them.

He stayed for a day in San Francisco. The papers must have known something about his experiments in dyes, for a Banner reporter recognized his name on the register and came up to tell him what to say about America's independence of German industries. The reporter was cordial. Leyland asked him if he knew any of the boys who had done newspaper work on the Coast twenty years before.

Oh, yes! There was Max Toinans. He was back on the Advertiser as city editor. No, Max didn't seem to have done much with writing fiction. And Mr. Leyland knew him? Well, well! He was going to have luncheon with Max and he'd tell him Leyland was in town. Probably Max would send a reporter round to see him.

Leyland always laughed at publicity, but it is a fact that he waited at his hotel till two o'clock to be interviewed by one of Max's young men. That would be amusing—the supercilious Max, who had never taken him seriously at the colony, recognizing him as a personage, sending someone to ask his high opinions.

But Max didn't send anyone to ask his high opinions.

At two Leyland strolled out, found the Advertiser office. He did not care to be interviewed. The thrill of that was gone. He wanted to see Max Toinans for himself. Good old Max, with his contempt of slatternly writing! He remembered now Mrs. Tiddenham, during the one week when she pursued palmistry as a life work, had previsioned Max in a London study with high ceilings and a bust of Beethoven, writing essays about art and George Moore.

He Did Not Rave—the Shaggy Old Man; He Beamed on Leyland Like a Father

He climbed paper-littered stairs to an airless room filled with typewriters, newspaper files and cigarette smoke. In a coop beyond he saw Max—gray now, with wrinkles like parentheses beside his mouth, yet somehow unchanged. Max was busy; did not look up. Leyland waited, sitting on the edge of a table, wriggling with the glad, boyish thought: "Won't Max be excited when he sees me here!"

Max trotted out, glanced at Leyland, said in a manner neither angry nor interested: "Oh, hello, Leyland! Heard you were in town. Still teaching chemistry?"

"Yes, I'm still in chemistry. But not teaching. How goes the work?"

"You can see that I'm on it."

"Well, I did want to have a glimpse of you, old man."

"Yeh! Glad you came in. Come in see us again."

Leyland wanted to demand: "My dear sir, what has there been in your flaming welcome that'd make me ever want to see you again?" But he smiled idiotically, mumbled, shook hands with the ecstasy of insincerity and fled downstairs—down to the street of strangers.

V

THE train reached Pasqual, the station for the colony, in early evening. Leyland had rarely recalled Pasqual itself and he looked indifferently at the familiar buildings—the dumpy restaurant where he had always breakfasted, the drug store where he had bought magazines, the pier from which the kelp boat had set out.

He started for the colony on foot. He passed adobe houses with sagging upper balconies and a dwarf Chinatown where black and vermilion posters were strange against the shuttered walls of prim wooden houses. Beside a garden wall topped with old Spanish tiles was a new cement and fire-brick garage. He left the roaring of the garage and swung into valley. In the twilight he climbed a dusty road between a grove of dark and priestly pines, guardian figures from an island of the dead, and an open field where the bronze-green foliage of scrub oaks was lost in downy shadows. From the summit he looked back across the reaching bay. Out of the wide dimness of it clean white lines flashed from the homeward rolling waves. The pounding of the breakers was lulled and even the hilltop breeze was gentle. Along the horizon slipped a flush of rose that deepened to carmine and vanished.

Peace descended on him from the colored dusk. He was smiling. He plunged into a remembered footpath that skirted groves and secret tiny pastures, in a dark fragrant world, silent save for the patter of rabbits, the fall of a pine cone. He walked quickly, proud of recalling the twists of this old short cut.

He felt a wholesome weariness, an interested appetite. He came out of the gloom of gnarly cypresses and saw the lights of the colony—of home.

They would be so surprised, so glad!

He clattered up the steps of the community dining room, stopped, quieted himself, stepped into the room—after twenty years. He was safe. He had begun his life anew.

He saw the artistic Tiddenhams; Soulier, the agnostic; the gardening Miss Barge. Their faces were so wistfully and oft remembered that he found no changes in them, no grayness or sagging flesh, but only their unaltered selves.

But he realized that he knew no one else here; that the dean, good old Fischer, was absent; that most of these fervent gossipers were strangers to him. And he realized that Mr. Tiddenham was looking at him, nodding indifferently; that only Miss Barge, the unpoetic, was waving to him in greeting.

He started for her table. A minute ago he had thought less of her than of any other in the colony; now she was dearest to him.

He stopped to greet the Tiddenhams.

"Oh! Why, it's Ross Leyland! This is so nice," yawned Mrs. Tiddenham, while her husband grunted: "Oh, didn't know you at first! Going to be here for some time?"

"I hadn't planned —— Say! Can't we have a regular old-time picnic while I'm here?"

The Tiddenhams looked at each other as though nice people didn't talk about picnics, and the husband said doubtfully: "Why, uh, why, we might think about having one!"

"Well, I'll see you later."

He came to Soulier, who stopped a gesticulatory discussion long enough to stare at Leyland and mutter: "Why, hello! Back in God's country, eh? Drop into my cottage sometime."

Neither the Tiddenhams nor Soulier had suggested his dining with them.

Abashed as an intruding freshman, Leyland stumbled to Miss Barge and in her found a lean comfort: "Welcome back, Ross! Glad to see you. Sit down and have supper. Where you bound for?"

Her friendliness was genuine, but she was not—like the others—a licensed dealer in optimism. She talked of mammoth onions and asked questions about dyes as though she regarded factories as respectable. Fischer—it was his inspiration Leyland needed! And Ilka!

"Where's Fischer?" he asked.

"Probably home. He usually cooks for himself now."

"I—don't suppose Ilka is here?" He told himself not to be disappointed—and he was duly disappointed when Miss Barge chirped:

"No, she's up in Oakland. Almost never comes down here any more."

And that was all they had to say. Miss Barge and he did trade words about coal-tar products and phosphates, but he was waiting for her to show that she was waiting for him to go; and when she tactfully tried to glance at her watch he leaped up, said nice things about being glad to see her, and fled.

He floundered up the path to Fischer's bungalow. He stopped, breathed deep. Through the window he saw the dean's worn head as he stooped over a book on the table, his fine long hand up at his temple. As the novice bursts into the abbot's high-groined cell crying "Father, I have sinned," so Leyland pushed open the door, his soul at his lips.

Fischer studied him.

"Well, this is a surprise, Ross."

"Yes, it's —— Lord, I'm glad to see you again!"

"Out here for a trip? I suppose you're doing all the millionaire stunts—golf at Del Monte and riding at Santa Barbara?"

"No, I am not! I'm not a millionaire and I'm not a tourist." Leyland was trying to say "I have come here to save my soul!" He tried desperately, resentfully. He failed. He ended weakly: "Came out largely to have a glimpse of the good old bunch."

"Um! Well, that's very gratifying."

"See here, dean!" Uninvited, Leyland dragged a chair from the wall. "I want you to stop making fun of me. I'm not a rich man, but—well, fact is, saved up a little money and thought I might plan to take sort of a little vacation from the grind and try to do some of the things we used to talk over. Food."

"Food?"

"Yes. Don't you remember? You used to say I ought to invent foods that would get rid of housework."

"Did I? I'd forgotten."

"Why, I've always thought of you as waiting ——"

"Tell you what you chemists should have done though. A chance for really inspired science, and all you fellows neglecting it! You ought to assist some art-theater director by finding dyes for costumes."

"Why," much disappointed, "dyes are my specialty!"

"Oh!" Fischer was equally disappointed. Then, brightening as he thought of a new criticism, he said that he was afraid—it sounded as though he meant that he hoped—that Leyland's dyes were too commercial for use in the new theater arts. And that was all the attention he gave to the soul or the dyes of Leyland. The thought of commerce was the starting point for an attack on a remarkably catholic assortment of dramatists, new-thought healers and grand dukes. Leyland tried to defend the prosperous—and by implication himself. He mentioned famous inventors. But as the supreme judge exposed each of these criminals and left them trembling with shame before the entire world and the suburban spaces of the universe, Leyland stopped listening to him and looked about the room.

He saw that it was not picturesque as he had remembered, but plain dirty. On the pine table were stacks of food-gummed dishes and an exact circle of grease marked the place for plates. A frying pan was on the floor beside the rusty cannon-ball stove. The bedclothes in the bunk were writhing and gray and unwholesome. And as for the man himself—his hair was not quite so much leonine as in need of cutting.

She Was a Nuisance and a Bomb—the Wonder Child Ilka

Leyland snarled at himself for his sneers.

"That's the result of Adeline's eternal superiority to people in flannel shirts," he explained, with the human male's desire to blame all errors of Nature upon his wife. He tried to get back to harmony by turning Fischer to the subject of the colony.

"I hear Miss Barge is doing wonders with her farm," he piped.

Without a break Fischer started in on his associate geniuses. He said that Miss Barge was a materialist and not such a confoundedly good farmer either; that Mrs. Tiddenham was a censorious

(Concluded on Page 105)

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scandalmonger; that Tiddenham was erroneous in his evaluation of Veblen; and that Soulier lied—simply lied, that was all—when he claimed to have shot thirty rabbits in Deep Water Cañon. The new members of the colony were either immoral or too finicky about morals, and all of them were ridiculously wrong about the choice of the next play for the community theater. He did not rave—the shaggy old man; in the pleasure of whispering scandals about his only friends in the world he beamed on Leyland like a father.

It was then that Leyland escaped—a little sick, altogether confused. Only four facts emerged clearly: They had not, these years, awaited his creation of magic food; they had not asked him to stay over night; he'd have to walk back to Pasqual; and his feet were as tired as his soul and much more noticeable.

As he crawled along the path recently so eagerly followed, as sneaking fog blurred the forest, a vision beset him and he saw that the shrouded and waiting gods were a myth and that their temples, across whose pillars slanted ever the smoke from attentive altars, were empty save for rags and echoes and the odor of death.

VI

HE STAYED late abed; he had breakfast at the musty hotel in Pasqual; he was clammy in addressing the waitress and half desirous of taking the next train out of town. But toward noon he crept back to the colony. Miss Barge gave him luncheon with the Tiddenhams, Soulier, Fischer and one outsider, young Dr. Solon Ebert, a university instructor, invited because he was a fellow scientist. In his nod the doctor did not show much fellowship. He was excited about the colony and, though Leyland tried to make Ebert understand that he himself had known these people for twenty years, the convert kept explaining what was a New Light colony—and where and why and how.

Fischer continued his complaint that Leyland had made money, and when they saw how meekly Leyland took it the Tiddenhams and Soulier awoke to interest in him. They demanded of him what sort of people he knew; in what sort of a house he lived.

They told him that he was respectable. He apologized.

They told him that he ought to have started a little theater in his home city. He admitted it. He didn't believe it, but he admitted it.

They told him that he ought never to have left the colony. He agreed.

The loud voice of Dr. Solon Ebert took charge of the conversation. Doctor Ebert was a swollen-eyed, greasy-faced, self-satisfied young man, with the accent of an old-clothes dealer, the manner of a pig in a hurry, and no great cleanliness. Doctor Ebert did not think much of Mr. Leyland, who had received a doctor-of-philosophy degree eighteen years before but had forgotten it.

"So you admit you are not satisfied with your career, eh?" Ebert shied at him. "The trouble with you, my friend, is that you have commercialized your work. You ought to have stayed in a university laboratory."

"I seem to have heard that word 'commercialized' before," sighed Leyland.

"We're getting somewhere with pure theory in the colleges, while you factory fellows expect the maiden science to scrub floors!"

Leyland stated distinctly: "No; when I look you over I fancy that the best thing the maiden science could do would be to scrub you!"

Miss Barge chuckled; Mrs. Tiddenham clamored "How vulgar!" while Solon Ebert wheezed, tried to look fierce and panted:

"You'll apologize for that!"

Compact, erect, easy, Leyland reflected aloud: "I'm so glad I said that. It was vulgar, wasn't it! Cheap! And how often we've all wanted to say things like that. I've tolerated the rest of you because I once loved you. But not from this —— Oh, look at him! He does need scrubbing!"

Ebert made sounds of fattily degenerated belligerency, but Leyland blithely ignored him: "I've insulted him, but think how much worse it might have been! I wanted to insult all of you except Nan Barge. You can't paint, you can't write and you can't grow very good cabbages. You're failures. That's why you stay on here in this hole. But you try to hide it by being contemptuous. I came to you with respect—wonderful chance for you! For the first time a grown-up person was willing to listen to you. All right. I was punished for going to professional idealists for ideals. But it's cruel and unusual punishment to have to hear the kindergarten lessons of Solly Ebert!"

He was enjoying himself. He felt that he was a motion-picture hero facing bandits.

Miss Barge murmured: "You're right, Ross. This Ebert boy is rather trying. But do you know, you were a lot like him when you were here as a boy. You were sweet and eager, but dreadfully condescending—especially to me."

Gravely: "Then I was a fool indeed! I —— Oh, what's the use! What's the use!"

All the cheap delight of easy defiance was gone. He was sick of the unpleasant scene. He rushed out of the room—toward Pasqual, toward the train, toward home and the tenderness of Adeline. He was rimmed round by a cup of jade and gold and living blue, of ancient hills and waves reborn each sparkling minute; but to him it was a painting of which he was weary.

He thought brokenly: "I want to see Ilka before I go East. I'd like to touch her hands. I'll go up to Oakland and surprise her. No! She'd be like the others. I'll leave that one illusion."

He laughed.

"Was I like Ebert when I was a youngster? And all these years I've been remembering myself as a bloomin' star-browed acolyte and wanting to go back and be—that noisy nuisance! Solving the complications and compromises of real life by ignoring them! I'm glad I'm Our Mr. Leyland of the Galway Paint Corporation! I'll get the kids some curios in Chinatown and go back and—I'll take Adeline a mandarin coat. Good-by, Ilka! I'm glad I'm not going to see you. Because I want to go on remembering you!"

He was proud of himself for doing so well with renouncing all dreams forever and ever—till he looked back for the last sight of the mountains. Then it tediously started all over again and he was as anxious to go and be inspired by Fischer as if he had never thought of it before. And he was hungry. He had bolted in the middle of luncheon. He wished that without losing any of the pleasure of being vulgar and rude he might have postponed it till after luncheon. And the food at the Pasqual hotel was bad—very bad.

He sulkily turned in at the restaurant where he had boarded as a cub.

The spherical figure of Madame Luquin, the restaurant keeper, was familiar but uninteresting. He lounged to the lunch counter, drawled: "Coffee and small steak, please."

Madame Luquin dropped her head as she stared at him; then shrieked: "Well, well, well! So you didn't think I'd know who it was! You thought you could fool the old lady! Why, we was just talking of you the other day—saying there'd never been a livelier boy in town. And my! You knew so much! Pa! Come see who's here! Pa!"

Her tuft-bearded little French husband popped out of the kitchen, peered, yelped: "Rows Leylant!" He shook Leyland's hand while he yammered at an invisible assistant: "Pete! Run by the drug store! Bring Mr. Dohengy and Cap'n Catty. Tell them there's an old friend here."

The word "friend" seemed to Leyland the thing for which he had crossed half the continent. And he hadn't even remembered their names! Along with the Luquins he had forgotten Mr. Dohengy, the druggist, and Cap'n Catty, skipper of the kelp boat. They had not forgotten him. They pounded his shoulder. They were sure that he had a bank account and a "fine wife and children who talked just like their daddy." They hung about him, eager to smile at his jokes, triumphant in his success—which had suddenly become real success.

M. Luquin snorted: "Mamma and I, we always say you make good. You are not like those silly chumps at the colony."

Somehow Leyland did not defend his friends then—nor when Captain Catty added: "Those highbrows! Wouldn't have one of 'em on any boat of mine. You were a pretty good seaman, Ross—for a farmer!"

Madame Luquin wailed: "Don't let this boy run away from us again! Cap'n, ain't you going to take him out for some abalones to-morrow?"

"I am so!" roared the captain. And he did.

Leyland stayed at Pasqual for three days without once returning to the colony. He told himself that these people loved him because he was of the common people; and that it was good to be common and to cease blaming himself for not being an archangel. He wasn't going to Oakland to see Ilka. No! And on the third day, as he strode up from the wharves whistling, he came on Ilka in the dusty Pasqual street and stopped—shaken.

She was the same impulsive fairy child. A half block away he was conscious of her lips and eyes. He tried to be defiant; to look at her casually. He—would not—be—condescended—to!

She came swiftly. She raised a clear voice in: "Why! My dear! They said you'd gone!"

He was her slave! Twenty years vanished. She was the little tender moon of evening; she was all that was delicately bright and most precious and inalienably his. Adeline was an intruder and factory laboratories were absurd. Still he tried to save himself. He asserted that Ilka's round face was pudgy and heavy now; that her brown cheeks had turned sallow and her firm neck became stringy. And it didn't matter! She was Ilka! He was slipping his arm about her shoulder, which fitted contentedly into the curve of his elbow.

"You dear thing!" she whispered.

"Have you remembered me?"

"So often! But you've never thought of me!"

"Only about once a day!" he sighed.

"And you with a wife and children, they tell me."

"Yes, but —— And she's a particularly nice wife. But you—you're you, Ilka!"

"Am I? That's consistent of me."

"And you've never married?"

"No, but I think perhaps I'm going to be."

"Oh!"

"Why don't you accuse me of being faithless, Ross?"

"Stop mocking me, dear! Do you know that we two should have been married?"

A voice—perhaps not of conscience but of common sense, of the habit of being a member of working society—was shouting at him: "Stop it! You'll be sorry! You love Adeline, and Ilka will be like the rest of the colony."

But while he noted the voice he was demanding: "Isn't it true? Don't you get tired of dancing?"

"Dance? I? Heavens, I don't dance! I just try to teach dancing. And I don't even invent steps. I steal them from others. Yes, I'm a failure, like all of us at the colony—except you."

They had, without planning it, wavered down the street to the long blank beach. They linked arms; they talked without embarrassment; when they glanced examiningly at each other it was with no peeping curiosity but with the quick smiles of reunited friends.

At her mention of the colony he edged into the story of his misadventures there and ended: "Was I a fool? Or were they beastly?"

She curled on the sand; he was at her feet rocking, his hands about his knees, while she mused:

"Neither! They demand perfection, so naturally they're critical; and naturally they can't live up to their own demand. You have no right to sneer at them because they can't see much beauty in washing frying pans; but they have no right to sneer at you because you can stand washing 'em. They're the voice of conscience and you're the clever hands. You're a real person and they're fairy folk. And I—oh, I guess I belong with them!"

It was what he had found out for himself. He was common people, like Captain Catty and Madame Luquin—and Adeline! Very well, then. He'd better escape. Ilka would merely make him unhappy. She was the brown-breasted nymph in the brake and he the puffing mortal lover, following a path where lurked scummy pools and death. He'd say a nice brotherly farewell now and pack and catch the next train and ——

"Let's get some lunch and tramp off down the coast!" he cried.

"Yes! Let's!"

Which was the end of sensible reflections. They raced to Luquin's; bought sandwiches and a bottle of milk; tramped side by side down the beach, strained up a cliff, brushed through poppy stems thick among the heather; and—not quite so quickly as once—climbed the first of the gray dry foothills to the shade of a scrub oak solitary in a tilted field. They looked down to the purple-streaked ocean and the roofs of the colony bungalows like glistening plates of metal among the shaggy pines. They bustled about spreading the sandwiches on a sheet of newspaper. They laughed a good deal and he kissed her fingers and their puppylike dashes kept them from thinking. But when luncheon was done they sat staring, too conscious of each other for laughter.

"Why didn't you answer my letters?" he quavered.

"Why didn't you go on writing?"

"Why should I have?"

"Dear, it's dangerous for two people like us to start the whys. Either we'll quarrel or ——"

"I'll kiss you."

"Per-haps! And that —— Oh, it's not that I'm puritanical! It's just that we've learned to be quiet and to work. I've done some decent things with my pupils, even if I haven't proved to be a creator. In that I'm like you; not like our frenzied friends. We may have sold our dreams, but it was a good and a sweet thing we bought—the chance to be quiet and work. And so ——"

"Ilka, not to interrupt you, but do you know that I love you?"

Suddenly, terribly, she mourned: "Don't! I've wanted you so much! Wanted you back! Hoped you'd write! All this —— Is it twenty years? It can't be! I didn't know what train you were going to take that day and I ran away; and when I came back you were gone. Ross! Don't go back! Not right away! Stay with me a week or two! We'll ride down the coast road and explore the back country. It won't hurt—them. Your wife—I'm sure she's very nice indeed; and my man, the one I'm engaged to up in the city, he's comfy and he adores me. He's one of the people you can always reach when you suddenly want to phone 'em. But they're not we. They're outsiders. Stay with Ilka!"

Then all the complications, the musings, the retreats of conscience were gone and it was fear that held Leyland. In fear they stared; their eyes confessed the shared and communicated fear.

He did not discuss it. He sprang up. He said hastily: "Yes, I'd like to. But I won't! Quiet and work—that's what we've bought. If we throw that away we still won't have the dreams back; we'll just have nothing. I'll race you to the bottom of the hill. I know now what's been weakening me all these years of half working—that's kept me from contentment with being the decent common folks that I really am. I've been in love with you! And I thought it was ideals, the memory of Fischer and the colony and these hills! They! It was you! Now I'm safe, because I know what to fight."

She reached up her hands, still small and childish and plump and soft; she kissed him and said: "Yes! I'm sorry! Come!"

They returned sedately, talking about how badly Tiddenham painted—for a good painter; they were commonplace and slightly dull. They parted with a handshake too firm to mean anything. In one hour he was on the train.

All through his packing he had been afraid that, once he was gone from Ilka, he would want to leave the train at the first stop and run back to her. But he found himself unable to picture her clearly. He was—without trying to—recalling Adeline and the children. And suddenly he was thinking of the formula for motor-car varnish. He was busily scratching down letters and figures. He was humming. He felt a new power. Youth was that day gone from him; youth and its enchantment of unreality. But in exchange for it he had the resoluteness and contented acceptance of fate that marked his first hour of maturity.

The DRIVE

TIMKEN

The TRUCKS

"How many truck-builders are using worm-drive?" This is a question so frequently asked us that we decided to answer everybody at once in this advertisement.

Furthermore, we wanted to check the statement made by the editor of "Automobile Topics" after the last automobile show.

—"And perhaps the strongest impression made by the truck show in Madison Square Garden and the big Armory across the street is that it was a show of worm-driven trucks. There were worms everywhere, on trucks big and trucks little. To be sure there were many worm-drives at the last truck show; but to-day there are many more, and it needed the bringing together of a representative aggregation of machines to drive home the fact that the silent screw has established itself to an extent that is somewhat startling."—

Automobile Topics
February 15, 1919

So we made up a list of 264 builders of commercial vehicles. We included *every name* we could find from *six different sources*, for we didn't want some one to pop up and say, "Your list isn't fair because it does not include the So-and-So Company."

At the same time, we knew many of these 264 so-called truck-builders were not real. So we checked our list and reduced it to 145—representing the *live ones who are real factors in the industry*.

Then we made up two charts (reproduced below). Look at them and draw your own conclusions.

Observe that even when every questionable name is kept on the list worm-drive *is nearly double* its next competitor. And that when we consider only *real truck builders*, nearly 3 times as many use the worm as use any other form of final drive—and that worm-drive users exceed all others put together.

What reason can there possibly be except the demonstrated efficiency and durability of worm-drive trucks in the six years they have been in service?

NOTE—The original list of builders with form of drive used by each will be supplied to anyone interested on application to—

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Comparison of the Types of Final Drive Used by 264 Builders of Commercial Cars. Capacities from ¼-ton light delivery to 10-ton heavy tractor.

[redacted]	264 BUILDERS	or	100%
[redacted] WORM DRIVE	117 BUILDERS	or	44%
[redacted] INTERNAL GEAR	61 "	or	23%
[redacted] BEVEL	29 "	or	11%
[redacted] CHAIN	26 "	or	10%
[redacted] WORM and CHAIN	14 "	or	5%
[redacted] WORM and INTERNAL	9 "	or	3%
[redacted] WORM and BEVEL	3 "	or	1%
[redacted] DOUBLE REDUCTION	2 "	or	.7%
[redacted] SPUR BEVEL	2 "	or	.7%
[redacted] BEVEL and CHAIN	1 "	or	.3%
[redacted] DOUBLE REDUCTION and BEVEL	1 "	or	.3%
[redacted] BEVEL and INTERNAL	1 "	or	.3%
[redacted] SPUR	1 "	or	.3%

Comparison of the Types of Final Drive Used by 145 Builders actually in business today. Capacities from ¼-ton light delivery to 10-ton heavy tractor.

[redacted]	145 LIVE BUILDERS	or	100%
[redacted] WORM DRIVE	81 BUILDERS	or	55.8%
[redacted] INTERNAL GEAR	28 "	or	19.3%
[redacted] BEVEL	13 "	or	9 %
[redacted] WORM and CHAIN	8 "	or	5.5%
[redacted] WORM and INTERNAL	5 "	or	3.4%
[redacted] CHAIN	3 "	or	2 %
[redacted] WORM and BEVEL	3 "	or	2 %
[redacted] SPUR BEVEL	1 "	or	.6%
[redacted] DOUBLE REDUCTION and BEVEL	1 "	or	.6%
[redacted] BEVEL and INTERNAL	1 "	or	.6%
[redacted] SPUR	1 "	or	.6%

WORM-DRIVE AXLES
For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage

DETROIT

EVERYTHING IN THE SHOP

(Continued from Page 17)

the southeast again and pounce on them before they could draw one free breath.

Hour by hour the chief went padding fore and aft, digging and rummaging to save a barrel here and grind one out there. He lost two tons by an overflow while pumping from one tank into another. It was his heart's blood. He shrieked blasphemy at the boson and deck engineer for daring to turn steam on a winch. Steam was oil. He cut it off from the rooms, from the steam tables. Food came up cold. Finally he cut it off the coffee urn at night and the graveyard watch went coffeeless. He had his ear ever cocked for the hiss of steam—the serpent hiss.

"He thinks he can help himself out by being hard," said Stark bitterly. Elmer had found him in his room, still studying madly for his master's papers.

"It's all grist to your mill," the old cadet said soothingly. "I was noticing just now, she can't get out of her own suds. She didn't make ten miles for the watch and what she did make was sideways mostly."

Without warning, the chief engineer thrust his head in. Involuntarily the eye of the grim mechanic coasted to that line of black crosses marching across the face of the mate's calendar like a line of soldiers. The days were dropping astern fast.

"I've just come from a talk with the Old Man," Haskins began throatily. "He told me to tell you that we have decided to pump a thousand tons of sea water in on top of that sand in the after hatch. That will sink the screw so that it can get a bite on the water. We're getting nowhere."

"Well, every man ought to take to the boats once in his life," said Stark's boy, "if only for the experience."

"Who talks of taking to the boats?" cried the chief.

Stark looked at him thoughtfully, as if questioning his soul before shaping a candid reply. His hair stood up like red fur and crackled when he put his sinewy square hand through it. He was full of force; full of fighting force.

"Personally I am ripe for anything," he said slowly. "All I need is experience."

It was true that he would risk body and soul to wring one added drop of experience from this glorious if exacting profession.

"You can't frighten me," the chief replied heavily. But he sucked his lips in; for the words he had heard were not of good omen and Stark's boy he knew in his heart was strong on seamanship. "I know well enough you are in no hurry," he added with a ghastly grin. He stumbled out and slammed the door in their faces.

"Skewered!" pronounced Elmer gravely.

"Do you suppose he will do it?" queried the mate. "That would be nothing short of punishment for this ship. A man who would give her that sort of treatment would throw rocks at his grandmother."

"Ain't he jest the man to think of pumping loose water into a ship's hold for ballast? I never heard of anything so foolish. He hasn't got what sense God gave to the goose."

"It will make her as drunk as a lord in my opinion," said the mate slowly. "She won't stand up under it. He'll whittle her righting levers down to stumps. It's the luck of this ship. Worst of all, once it's aboard there's no pumping it out. The bilge pumps can't suck it through that bed of sand aft and I wouldn't rig a siphon in this sea."

"Let's sleep on it."

"I know him. He would sink this ship if need be to keep me out of Sade's arms," cried the mate with a dangerous glitter in his eye.

"What's the use of you hard-up Christians lighting into each other like a thousand of brick the way you do?" said Elmer.

"He's at it already," hissed Stark's boy, leaning forward with his ears cocked.

All that night he heard the stroke of the sea pump like the pulse of blood in an over-driven artery. By morning the ship was quivering to the mad rush of a thousand tons of sea water in the after hold. A change had been effected in the period of her roll. It was lazier and more uncertain. Foaming cross seas laved her, every seventh wave dropping on the hatches. The screw was deeper sunk, that was true; but to offset this gain the wind began to get up again—ireful buckets of it. The wet cycle was on them again, chain lightning and a blue-black sea. Just after sunset, the chief officer got a sight of Vega, blazing over a puffy mass of viperous cloud, the wind then yelling on the beam and rapidly getting round ahead of them again.

When he went into the Old Man's office with the result of his observation George Haskins was lounging on the red divan. There were dark circles under his eyes; he looked as if he had not slept for a week.

"Where do you put her?" he questioned feverishly.

"Fifty-eight west longitude," said the mate.

"Way to the east'ard again," groaned the engineer. "And breezing up again. Hear that Kingston suck when she rolls! He's losing his vacuum again. There goes the fire pump on the other side. By gad, I'm glad I'm in this thing only for the duration of the war!"

The captain, who was drawing pictures of what looked like old-fashioned spiral bed springs on the corner of his work chart, announced suddenly: "We can cut off sixty miles by making for Newport," executing with a flourish the tail of his theoretical cyclone.

"Bermuda will be dead south of us by to-morrow noon, sir," said the mate, meeting the engineer's agonized gaze contemptuously.

George Haskins, bending over the pilot chart of the North Atlantic, pricked his horny thumbs with the dividers.

"Bermuda!" he groaned. "Anything but that! I hear they hoist oil aboard in barrels there." He put a black thumb mark down on that island as if to blot it out of physical existence.

The Old Man tapped the chart gently with his parallel rules.

"Bermuda," he said, leaning forward. "I had let Bermuda get out of my mind altogether."

"I have never forgotten Bermuda for one instant," returned the mate steadily. "And I can say this, sir: The weather conditions have been extraordinary for this time of year in this latitude. Unprecedented! It would certainly be no disgrace to run to Bermuda. Have you noticed that the worst of these blows have come at us out of the north and west?"

"That's true," said the captain politely. "You think that if we edge more to the south ——"

"It's hard to say of course. But to go on until we are dead in the water, stone cold in the rooms, no steam, a whistling nor'wester blowing us into a heap and then to yell for a tug—well, frankly, I wouldn't like the look of that. No, for myself, I have never stopped thinking that Bermuda was going to be south of us in case of trouble. We have no sails, you know, and no towing lines either. To put out a sea anchor and wait would make us a fat piece of salvage; or next door to that."

It was true in every word. The Gulf Stream to a low-powered steamer steaming against it in the face of adversity like this was a sort of marine bad lands; and even if they should cut across it successfully another and worse surprise might be waiting for them on the other side of it—a tigerish nor'wester jumping down their backs as cold as ice and relentless as Fate. A plain perishing proposition.

"As like as not," said the Old Man, who was coming round to the demon theory of winds, "if I headed for Bermuda the wind would blow out of the south hard enough to snatch hair out of a bald man's head."

"You said a mouthful that time," murmured the chief, lifting and letting fall his big hands. His eyes were fixed on the vase-like proportions of the skipper's spittoon. His voice fell on their ears as lonely as a bell sounded by action of the sea.

"Still most of these winds have got round to the north and west of us before blowing hard," insisted the mate.

"That is true," said the captain quietly. His calm face betrayed nothing of his purpose.

"If he goes to Bermuda the ship is mine," thought the mate.

"If he goes to Bermuda the jig is up with me," thought the engineer.

All three went out on deck together. In this short time the whole look of things had grown ominous. A high sea was already running, rocking higher with each gust. A misty radiance of spume was thrown out of those running chasms; they came close; it was like looking down an open throat. The pressure of the wind against the high freeboard of the empty ship kept her leaning down to starboard.

The chief watched that rising sea with the sick horror of a man who sees his wound break out into a fatal bleeding.

"I wouldn't undertake to say what might happen now if he loses his vacuum again," he muttered between his teeth.

Stark, colliding with Elmer in the saloon alleyway, hissed vengefully: "I have put a crimp in him this time. I said nothing but what was policy either."

They took the bridge together. An impartial eye might have thought that it was no longer a case of gusts and semicyclones, but the great storm itself drooping over them with its black heart bent on slaughter. These white-crested, black-green legionaries swarming to the assault out of the dirty snoring gulf knew no pause; and the Judkins grunted under the blows like a malleted ox.

"This will take the gimp out of her!" the old cadet howled into Stark's ear.

The Old Man put out his head to ask mildly: "How is she on this heading?"

"Comfortable," answered Stark.

Like the chief, they were unconsciously laying hold of words that nurses use with a sick patient.

"If the wireless brings forward a weather-warning slip, let me have it at once."

"Yes, sir."

The door of the chart room slammed.

He meant to gamble on the weather then. If a south wind was predicted he would hold on like grim death—that was plain—in the direction of Newport. But all the time the note of the northwest wind, rising, rising in their faces, hurled in their teeth fragments of elemental speech: "You would try to go to Newport, would you? Hey? Whee-ee-ee! You pitiful little bit of tin, I'll show you! I'll shoulder you! I'll pick you up and throw you down again until your gizzard is loose. Try this one! Take that! Ha, hooroo! You shake, you shudder, do you? That's only a beginning! That's only a taste of what you will get if you keep on heading for Newport!"

Elmer later told the Tall Stove Club, in conclave assembled: "She got well lathered that night. I never see such a limber ship either. She rode jest about like that buckboard that I used to drive over the Back Road to the station twice a day in my younger days. 'Twas teeter, teeter, teeter the whole blessed night."

Elmer had finally discovered to Stark's boy something mysterious in the run of the water along the stream line of the ship. There was no regulation to the sea at all; and it seemed to him as if she kept stumbling and falling down into some kind of chop hole. The ship didn't rise, but the water fell away from her just the same as if you had poured it out of a pitcher from a second-story bedroom.

"That's queer; almighty queer," Elmer said. "I don't understand that." And this very lack of understanding reflected more credit on his seamanship than complete understanding would have done.

"There's no gainsaying it's a dirty night," he said about midwatch.

Indeed, the black horizon was so dense that the dirty forepart of the ship shone snow white and spiritlike there, as if it had been picked clean. The Horace Judkins sobbed, panted, buckled; swung aloft in skillful and terrifying curves; sank—whirling down like a bird with a crippled wing. She was in the grip of a white cyclone. The sea frothed under a discharge of giant hailstones. It steamed in vast sheets. The arch of the sky was lost in the ugly nearness of the storm pocket.

At its height Stark whirled on Elmer, shouting like a maniac.

"Here's our jinx back on us again!" he cried. "This telemotor is on the blink. Wheel hard over and the helm amidships She's falling off every minute."

The words were not out of his mouth when she received a jolt that staggered her like a short-arm jab from a well-conditioned pugilist. She reeled and wilted under it. The two officers flung out their arms and groped for stanchions. A sound went through her of things creeping, crawling, sliding, clumping over. Half a dozen acid drums in the forward hold were beating like a set of tom-toms in the hands of mad medicine men.

"I never see a ship with such a throw," said Elmer.

"She's spilled the beans now," returned the mate grimly. At a signal from the engine room he put his ear to the voice tube.

"I've got to stop her!" yelled the chief from the bowels of the ship. "She's rolled her Kingston out of water once too many for me. The condenser's on the blink."

The Kingston valve is the ship's sea connection—a hole in her plates near the turn of the bilge through which is sucked up the cold water necessary to condense the steam after it has done its work. It is to a ship what gills are to a fish. If it cannot be kept under water the ship gasps, flounders and eventually dies.

"So that is his game," the old cadet chortled, laying his hand on Stark's shoulder. "He's going to pretend that his engine's gone back on him and yell for a tug on that ground. And then he won't need to open his mouth to the port authorities about the scarcity of oil, understand?"

"I give him just five hours to fix his engine," said Stark grimly. "It's a case of pump or sink. I happen to know that those auxiliary pumps aren't taking care of the water that's coming in. I told you she was only basted together. The shearing stress is too much for these weak rivets when she hangs her weight out over."

"It's all in a lifetime," answered Elmer, "and it's just another dollar for Sade, according to my way of looking at it. Let's get out the two red globes. She's not under command."

They rigged the two red lamps and hoisted them, one six feet above the other. This is not a distress signal. It signifies merely that the vessel displaying it cannot maneuver; the rules of the road are suspended and any oncoming ship has a duty to feel her way past as best she can.

"See if the third mate is in the chart room!" yelled Stark.

Elmer opened and shut the door quickly. No one was there, but the wireless operator had just deposited his slip containing the weather forecast for north and middle latitudes. A second slip was a pick-up from a ship four hundred miles south of Sandy Hook with three days' coal and unable to make headway. Such are now the problems of the sea. Sorely pummeled, from the heart of the storm she inquired of her owner whether she should keep on as she was going and chance it, or turn tail and run for Bermuda. And somewhere in slippered ease her owner made up his mind, scribbled back an answer, put the cat outdoors and went to bed.

Elmer leaned over the forecast slip with his mouth open and water from his wet oilskins running unheeded among the charts. The forecast was of south winds.

Was Stark's boy, then, to lose in spite of everything? So it seemed, for with this assurance of a change of wind in his fist the Old Man would never head her for Bermuda—that was certain. The Judkins would be in inside the thirty days and Stark's boy would be dished. The local inspector would send him to sea again for more experience.

"I couldn't think of a thing but those blue persuaders of Sade Haskins'," Elmer later told the discreet members of the club, "and the disappointment there would be in them when she see Stark's boy come marching home minus those master's papers. Yes, sir, I would have given my eyeteeth to hand that young man in to her on a platter, and it begun to look as if it wasn't for me to. But you know how quick a shift of wind will come."

Even as the old cadet stood cogitating, both lee and weather doors of the chart room were snatched open—the lee door by the third mate and the weather one by the chief in his working clothes. The draft thus created picked up the wretched slip of paper and whirled it into the night so swiftly over the third mate's shoulder that no one noticed its flight. It was gone; and its absence would mystify nobody, because—owing to atmospheric conditions—the Old Man had scarcely expected that anything would be picked up that night.

"Tell the mate to come aft!" shrieked the engineer.

Elmer used to pause and spit and ream his pipe out and say "That's where the fun began" when he was telling this tale,

(Continued on Page 110)

Dependable as the Sun and Tide

Nothing in the knowledge of man can alter the course of the sun and tide. With absolute certainty, and with irresistible force, they perform their functions with absolute regularity.

So it is with magneto ignition—dependable as the sun and tide.

Racing cars, aëroplanes, the giant trucks of commerce and the high priced cars of luxury use magnetos—in fact, wherever extreme dependability is the test—there you will find the magneto, and usually a Splitdorf Magneto.

Its easy starting, its instantaneous response to the throttle, its pick-up and get-away, its bull-dog tenacity and strength have made the Splitdorf Magneto the most dependable of the recognized dependable magneto systems.

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TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Starter Couplings

(Continued from Page 108)

and he never thought he was well launched upon it till he had passed this point.

"You didn't say nothing about that weather report then, Elmer?" Zinie Shadd would interpose.

"Not a whimper. I said to myself: 'South winds is south winds, but silence is golden, as the Good Book says; and what they don't know won't hurt them a particle; and it may do a certain young woman of my acquaintance a whole lot of good.' There are times, Zinie, when you can't stop to think what you owe it to yourself to say, on account of what you owe other people."

It turned out that what was worrying the engineer was the behavior of the water he had so thoughtfully pumped into the after hold. They made their way through the engine room into the 'tween decks. This echoing cargo space steamed like the crater of a volcano, where the cold sea water had vaporized by coming in contact with the warm engine-room bulkhead. The lining of the empty ship gleamed with sweat. At their feet a thousand tons of green water went frolicking.

"It looked to me like the bottom had dropped out of everything," was Elmer's testimony on the subject.

This hold was divided on its bottom into two compartments by the shaft tunnel, whose arch, made of lapped-steel plates, just rose out of that mass of tumbling waters like the back of a sea serpent. Inside it revolved the shaft itself—the spinal cord of the ship, its life nerve. This tunnel, rising to a height of seven feet and dividing the water into two equal lakes, was now—in Stark's opinion—all that kept the ship from turning over.

Heavy planks had been buttoned to the skin of the ship to protect her against cargo thrusts. This dunnage the loose water had lapped down; it charged this way and that and George Haskins was afraid it would ram his vent pipes. These pipes, which ran down into his fuel-oil tanks and allowed them to give off surplus gases, were vital. If any one of them should be cracked salt water would rush down into the oil; it would form pockets there, the fires would die out under the boilers and the ruin of the ship would be complete.

"Well, sir," said Elmer, "there those two—father and son, you might say—were, having a heated argument as to which one of them was to send his men down there to cover those pipes; and they got right up on their toes toward the larst of it—when the Judkins give an everlasting roll and down she went to starboard. It seemed to me by the sound as if every dish in that ship must have gone, and there the water was pouring over that shaft tunnel in a steady stream.

"Now if that warn't enough to transmogrify a man don't say a word. I know I as good as give myself up for gone; and my best hope was that I was going to spend eternity singing round the throne. I see Pearl's face stand out just as plain, and seemed like she knew what a predicament I was in and was anxious to take a hand. I went right back to our wedding trip, standing there on the little edge of nothing, and little things come back to me, don't you know—one after another—that I hadn't thought of for years; like that time Pearl and I had our argument over which church to send the children to, for instance.

"And there she hung, and Stark's boy and George Haskins had their arms round each other's necks like long-lost brothers, jest clinging on. Well, it was comical, I declare if it wasn't! I should have had to burst out in their faces if it hadn't been we were situated jest as we was. And right on top of that I heard this awful crash in the engine room. I haven't heard such a commotion since that night the steeple on the Methodist church fell down into Aunt Sue's back garden.

"Stark's boy sings out, 'You've rolled the engine out of its bed now and I hope you are satisfied.'

"Now you can imagine what a start that would give a man, coming out of a clear sky. I went cold all over, the way a man will when somebody is walking on his grave. Old Haskins was mad as a wet hen, but he couldn't have told his knee from his elbow if anyone had arsked him.

"Come to find out, it warn't the engine that had gone. 'Twas a bunch of spare bearings weighing thousands of pounds apiece that had shifted. Another twenty feet and they would have gone clean through the side of the ship and not made any more account of it than if it was so much tissue paper. But along in there she begun to come back along, an inch to a time, but still she had a scandalous list on her. It was nip and tuck there for a time, I can tell you. The skipper told me himself later that he was standing on his own door waiting, and he showed me the dent in the deck above that lovely-looking spittoon of his made traveling up the starboard wall."

Elmer had in fact found the Old Man staring at the clinometer on the flying bridge with a dubious eye.

"We've got to get her tail up to this wind or over we go," he said, catching sight of Mr. Higgins. He had already sent two of the mates and all the sailors into the forward holds in an effort to right the ship by shoveling the dry sand there to port.

Her tail up to it? That would have her heading for Bermuda! Then the Old Man was still in ignorance of these south winds.

"How would it do for me to try my hand at a sea anchor?" inquired Elmer.

"Good idea! Get the gun crew to help you," snapped the Old Man decisively, "and take everything in sight."

The Horace Judkins in fact had begun to look like a seagoing one-hoss shay; and desperate remedies were quite in order.

Elmer grinned and waved his hand past his ear reassuringly. At a word from the commander of the armed guard the gun crew tumbled out of their forecastle. Now the Barnacles, as they were affectionately called, had been the victims of an untimely accident. Their quarters were forward in the very nose of her. Every time she hung out over a head sea they were forced to grip their bowls of soup hard. A moment later plates and cups spun into the air like tiddledywinks; but first they described a graceful flourish in the air as if the stem of the ship were the pen point of an old-fashioned scroll writer. The last of these jolts, coming just before the Judkins fell off into the trough of the sea, had flopped the fire extinguisher out of its bracket. This perverse instrument, coming down bottom side up, played a generous stream of acid and bicarbonate of soda on them before they could close with it.

They were now as white as ghosts. Their clothes, their hair and even their eyebrows were white.

"I'll be hogswizzled!" whistled the old cadet. "I've heard of hair turning white after one night's work, but when it comes to a man's pants getting in the same predicament, he must have been scared!"

"If they ever get me aboard this wagon again," growled the forward gun captain, "they got to burn the brush and sift the ashes to find me."

"Come on now, you hoodlums!" bellowed Elmer. "Into the main deck space with you and snake out that awning there is there! If it hadn't been for yours truly it would have been at the bottom of the sea by now."

Elmer's glorious chance for working in the odds and ends was now at hand. The gun crew, with whoops of joy—for to those romantic souls even the prospect of being drowned by an overturn had in it something gently pleasing—dashed through an iron door and picked up the awning where it lay like a limp python.

"Take it adrift, boys!" sang out the old cadet lustily. He stroked the canvas with loving fingers. "Open it out! In with you again, all of you, and fetch out those broken booms! I'll teach that boy to throw things away!"

The Barnacles, who had had nothing to do for months on end but pump and soap their hides and shoot craps, now shouldered the enormous boom fragment with a rousing cheer; but the ship was just then heavy hit and fell away from them. A thousand devils of lead swarmed in that boom as the slant of the deck increased. The Barnacles tugged and strained, seeking rivet heads in the deck with fervent heels; for nothing else stood between them and the deep sea.

In half an hour they had all the broken cargo booms laid side by side on the canvas.

Thereupon Elmer called upon them for iron junk to throw in on top. The idea of the thing was this: The drag—thirty feet in length and shotted with iron—was to be towed astern, where it would float submerged. Since—if rightly weighted—it presented no surface to the wind it followed that the empty ship would drift faster than the drag, and so would swing her stern to it and ride easily on a following sea. Such was the theory—a theory which all seamen know and but few have put to the test with ocean-going vessels.

By Midnight the Wind Had Crawled Round to Due West and a Head Sea Had Developed

The Barnacles brought pieces of chain, broken castings, a length of piping. It was not enough.

"Go into the machine shop and bring out what you find!" roared Elmer. Rain was falling again; his Barnacles were barely visible through hanging sheets of water. A blow on the port side like a mine blast was succeeded by a brilliant explosion of white foam amidships. A trembling of her plates with their love-tap rivets succeeded, which warned the old cadet that he had no time to lose if he meant to get her out of the trough any other way than bottom side up.

The chief roared like a bull at that inroad on his possessions, but the Barnacles heeded him not. They tore down spare parts from the walls; they seized up giant spanners; they all but plucked up the lathe by its iron roots.

"This ain't no time to be treading on eggshells with the engineers," cried Elmer. "Thank your lucky stars, George, if I don't go to picking junk off the main engine. Maybe another time you will think twice before you pump a ship full of loose water. You got a lot to answer for, George, here and hereafter."

He swung out on deck again to direct the swathing of his junk in the canvas. He parceled it neatly with a series of marling hitches; he bent on a bridle, and leading the eight-inch line through a stern chock he watched his chance, brought it back in on deck and took it through the bridle. The body of the drag and the bridle now made an equal-sided triangle, thus making certain that the drag would lie in the water at right angles with the line of the ship's keel.

Nothing remained but to drop the enormous packet in the water.

But while all this was going forward, the captain—wrestling with the leaky telemotor—had by chance collided with the wireless house and learned at first hand that south winds were in order.

"South winds!" he cried joyfully. "Why, if we put that drag out forward instead of aft and get her head up to the wind we can still go to Newport. Get him to carry it forward, Mr. Stark. If he drops it out aft we'll have to go to Bermuda, willy-nilly."

The mate, fresh from the sand heaps forward, leaped aft. He was thinking of the ship's fortune altogether, not at all of his. The sight that met his eye was strange. Somewhere above and beyond the weather rail twirled a monstrous shape—the drag itself—hanging by a cargo hook and whip and upheld with all the power of a winch and twenty-five struggling Barnacles. And sitting astride the drag, well out beyond the howling weather fence, a human figure was to be descried. It was the old cadet, the very same whom Stark's boy's young woman had consecrated with a kiss. His sou'wester jammed down to windward and one elbow crooked round the flexible wire whip, which seemed to descend straight from heaven with the rain, but actually dropped from the tip of a boom now curved like the stem of a church warden, Elmer was staving off his device from the rigging of the after mast with a fire ax.

Now he muttered to himself and again he roared orders to the deck, and the Barnacles stared upward, their ears cupped in rain-soaked hands, and made subtle gestures to convey to him that he was understood.

"On the winch! Now! Give her the steam! Ha! Put the screws to her, boys! Another little inch and she's ours! Sway together now!"

He stood up to exhort them more forcibly; he flailed his arms; toppled, seized the giant hook with both hands, still gripping the ax under his arm. At this moment the stentorian tones of the mate fell on his ear through the storm. It was no louder than the voice of a wandering gnat, but he heard:

"Vast heaving there!"

And in a flash Elmer understood. That weather forecast had become ship's news. The Old Man, trusting to those south winds, was going to stick the drag out at the eyes of her and head the ship for Newport.

The cargo hook was hooked into a strap of four-inch rope which went round the body of the drag at its middle point. All but lost to view in a gust of rain Elmer muttered "Kismet, hey?" lifted up his ax and brought it down upon the strap with all the force at his command.

Stark's boy saw the drag, as if fleeing the sound of his voice, fall into the sea bodily. The old cadet was still astride it.

"Of course I was all right," Elmer explained a couple of hours later when he was having luncheon with Stark's boy in the saloon. "Just as much so as if I was sitting in my own back parlor. I had a bowline round me at the time, but I hadn't taken the time to fasten it anywheres. It come as such a surprise. Who would have thought that that strap would have parted the way it did? New four-inch stuff too. It's a mystery."

"It's a miracle to me you didn't drown," said the mate. "Why, when I got back there I saw white water jumping up twenty feet over the after-gun platform and the deck shook so my teeth knocked together in my head."

(Concluded on Page 113)

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Grinnell driving gloves mean cool, comfortable hands

SUCCESSFUL glove making demands expert knowledge of the exacting requirements of the specific purpose for which a glove is made.

When you drive your car you must have the utmost comfort in your hands. You must have gloves which are easy and smooth in fit, along with handsomeness in appearance.

We illustrate the Grinnell driving glove style 4830-B that earns the hearty approval of its wearer for coolness, comfort and durability. Tiny, dust-proof perforations on the back provide ventilation—they mean cool hands. Re-inforced where the most strain will come, cut and sewn by masters of their craft, they have many other special features which add to their attractiveness and value.

They have sixty-two years of experience behind them, and like every pair of Grinnell gloves they typify faithful insistence upon the little betterments which make up lasting quality.

> Made in velvet coltskin that wears like iron, yet is soft, pliable and comfortable. Washable in soap and water, or gasoline, dries out like new—guaranteed not to shrink, peel, crack or harden by wear. Come in smoke or black color; also made in black domestic and imported capes.

The Grinnell trademark is a guarantee of quality—the honor mark of good gloves. See that it is on the gloves you buy. Style 4830-B is only one of the 900 styles of Grinnell gloves—for men, women, boys and girls—for dress, work and play—every one made to the exacting Grinnell quality standard.

For "rip-proof" dress or driving gloves ask for "Grinnell Ultra-Sewn Gloves."

Grinnell
TRADE MARK

1919 Glove Book Free

The 1919 Grinnell Glove Booklet, showing styles for men, women and children, mailed to you on request. Select the Grinnell gloves you want; if your dealer hasn't them, he will gladly order a pair for your inspection.

MORRISON RICKER MFG. CO.
(Est. 1856)
25 Broad Street, Grinnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

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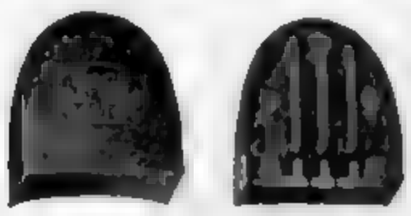
Blucher Pattern
For men and boys

Regular Pattern
For men, boys, youths, women, misses and children

Scout Pattern
Unlined—for men, boys and youths

Hood Wurkshus are Equipped with Hood Patented Pneumatic Heels



Outside View Inside View

HOOD WURKSHU

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Built for Heavy Service with Tire-Tread Soles and Pneumatic Heels. $2.50 to $3.00 a Pair

By "heavy service" we mean a shoe so constructed as to defy the roughest, toughest, hardest wear.

Yet it's a comfortable, foot-resting shoe made on the Munson Army last.

Hood Wurkshus enable you to walk for miles—or stand on your feet all day—without experiencing pinched, aching, blistered feet.

Think of such shoe value as this for $2.50 to $3.00 a pair:

Tire-tread soles made tough and pliable by the same process used in the manufacture of Hood tires.

Patented Pneumatic Heels—found only on Hood shoes—give comfort to the feet, make walking a pleasure.

Uppers of tough, brown, mail-bag duck with an inner lining of lighter duck.

Leather-topped fibre inner soles which protect the feet and prevent drawing.

A specially constructed resilient box toe which keeps its shape.

Every part of the shoe literally welded into one sturdy, long-wearing piece under a heavy pressure of live steam—the "Hood Pressure-Cure Process."

That's why Hood Wurkshus never rip, split or come apart.

It's a shoe you'll wear and wear and wear. Then say to yourself: "That's an honest shoe. It's given me more than my money's worth."

Ask your dealer for Hood Wurkshus. If he hasn't them, we will tell you where you can get them.

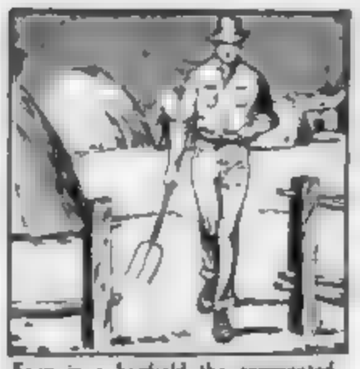
Free Booklet Mailed on Request

Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass.

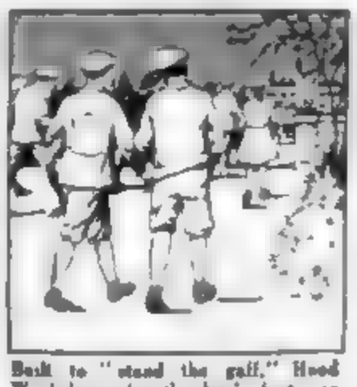
Light and Comfortable—Walk on Air

Hood Wurkshus make the heaviest labor easier. Cool and comfortable with springy Pneumatic Heels.

Walk all day in Hood Wurkshus—the patented Pneumatic Heels prevent tired feet.



Even in a hayfield the corrugated, tire-tread soles on Hood Wurkshus prevent slipping.



Built to "stand the gaff," Hood Wurkshus solve the boy's footwear problem.

On the lawn or in the garden Hood Wurkshus mean cool, rested feet all day long.

For golfing or tramping, the Pneumatic Heels, tire-tread soles and pliable duck uppers make Hood Wurkshus ideal.

(Concluded from Page 110)

"Well, I did drop astern plaguey fast, if anyone should ask you, and I snuffed up brine right and left for a time. That endless whip that I had bent on saved the day, I guess. I know as soon as you had hauled that oil bag out to the block and it begun to shed oil on those troubled waters, I begun to breathe easier. What did the Old Man say when he see what had happened?"

"He wanted to know if we had materials for another drag," said Stark's boy thoughtfully, "and I had to tell him no."

"You done just right," said Elmer. "I put just about everything in the shop into that one, including myself. Why, I knew how this ship had all along been lame on the luck end of it, so I dropped my lucky dollar in with the rest of that junk, and that couldn't be done twice. It was an old Chinese-chop dollar and I set a lot of store by it too. Well, I have bought wind before now by chucking a half dollar overboard in a calm, so I didn't see any harm in trying to buy it off in a storm. So what did the Old Man say then?"

"He wanted to know if we could get the thing back out of the water and I told him no," continued Stark's boy.

"And you were right again. Nor all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't—in a sea like that. So then what occurred?"

"Why, the Old Man says, 'The devil of it is we're headed for Bermuda.'"

"That's the unfortunate part of it," agreed Elmer.

"So we're shaping the course for Bermuda," concluded Stark's boy. "He would never try to force her round into this sea with the foolish rig we have got for a steering gear, and we are leaking too bad to hang on here. She has lost a peck of rivets this one watch."

"You got to take off your hat to Christopher Columbus," mused Elmer. "I don't know how he done it in that little contraption of his. So now Sade has got to suffer in silence another week of Sundays."

The mate's eye glistened with a stern and joyful light. He bent toward Elmer masterfully.

"The best of it is, Haskins has knuckled under," he whispered. "He was just in here saying, 'I guess the girl will be glad to see us this time.' Wouldn't you call that throwing up the sponge?"

"I would call that biting the dust."

"Things have fallen out just the way you predicted somehow. I am as good as master of this ship this minute. Master!" Stark's boy looked round him with wonder in his eye and added:

"Without knowing it you did me quite a favor by taking that cold bath just when you did."

Elmer looked earnestly at the mate across a red-and-white checkered tablecloth strewn with jelly, cheese and coffee grounds.

"If you ain't your mother all over again," he murmured.

"And I got the satisfaction of knowing that I didn't lift my hand to hold her back," said the mate. "My conscience is clear."

"Well, that's the great thing, when all is said and done."

"But it was certainly a narrow squeak for me. If you had only so much as suspicioned that we were going to get south winds you wouldn't have been such a saphead as to stick that drag out aft, would you, Elmer?"

"It does seem as if I would have known enough not to—if the circumstances had been explained out to me," mused the old cadet.

"It's a miracle," said Stark's boy.

"So was the Song of Solomon," replied Elmer in a reverie. "But in my opinion it's jest another case of where the price has changed on horseshoes."

DUDS

(Continued from Page 25)

because of a finer texture. The he beast might cling with to the bleeding tissue with pulpy lips to nourish his materialized entity; the she thing would suck at the soul itself to cloy her appetite.

To make his terror more concrete, here was Olga lying unconscious across the table; but her presence there and utter helplessness yet served to steady his nerve while adding to his fear. He was bewildered too; could not grasp the situation. If ever foul purpose was stamped on the simulacra of human faces it was on those of this couple, and Phineas could not see why. There did not seem to be enough at stake, sufficient warrant for their venom. He now believed that their motive in luring Olga away and getting Karakoff out of the apartment was not to search for evidence but merely for the sake of loot, and so far as the blue stone was concerned Phineas knew enough about minerals to be convinced that it could not possibly have any considerable value. It did not even look like good enamel, being dull and muddy and full of flaws.

All of this went through Phineas' brain like three swift consecutive flashes of a moving picture—the instinctive sense of deadly danger; anguish of dread for Olga, who might, he thought, be dying; perplexity about the motive of these two denizens of slime. Then he acted, and so quickly as to take even their unhallowed acuteness by surprise.

He sprang back, whipped out his pistol and held it muzzle upward, ready to cut down on either one of them.

"One shot," said he, "and the police will have you both. Your plan has failed."

A swift look passed between the two. Then Patricia laughed.

"Listen to our boy scout! My little Phœbe, do you think that we are thieves?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know that you are thieves. You may be an agent of the French Secret Service and a journalist and Lord knows what besides. All that won't save you. You have poisoned Olga. If she dies you go to the chair. If she recovers you may go free. Now get out!"

"How nice of you to let us go, my Phœbe."

"Stand still. I shall now count ten, and if you are still here when I finish I shall kill you both. The first shot will bring the police. If there is no shot you are free to go. Pass round the table, monsieur, and go out the door. Mademoiselle will follow you. Now start. One—two ——"

"Fool! Idiot!"

"Three—four ——"

"Give me that piece of enamel and we will go. It has no value."

"Five ——"

"We want it for evidence against one who has betrayed us," snarled the man.

"Six ——"

Quivering like one in the premonitory aura of a convulsion the count moved round the table. Phineas stepped back to let Patricia pass. Her step was steady. The man stopped.

"Go on!" hissed Patricia. "The imbecile will shoot!"

"Seven ——"

They crossed the salon.

"Eight ——"

The count flung open the door.

"Nine ——"

He passed through. Patricia followed, turned on the threshold and favored Phineas with a terrible smile.

"*A bientôt, mon ami.* We shall meet again."

She went out. Phineas slammed shut the door and sprang aside in case of a bullet through it. But no shot was fired. He waited a moment, heard the front door slam, then stepped to the salon window and looked out. Their two dark figures were moving down the street in the direction of the car which he had seen on the next block. Patricia looked up and waved her hand.

"Good night," she called.

Weak of knee and the lights dancing before his eyes Phineas went to Olga and lifting her as best he could half dragged her into the salon, where he laid her on the divan. Though it was evident that she was profoundly drugged her condition did not impress him as alarming, for there was color to her lips, her hands were not too cold, and the action of her heart and her breathing were labored but fairly strong.

Phineas loosened all that might hamper respiration, then covered her with a steamer rug and her long fur coat and opened the windows.

He hunted for a telephone, but there was none in the apartment. Naturally he wished to avoid publicity and did not dare leave the place for a minute's time. It was possible that the pair, whom he had bluffed into nonresistance by his threat of the police, might suspect this and slink back. Unquestionably they had some vital reason for wishing to get possession of that curious chunk of enamel, though this could not have been their motive in drugging Olga, who had been told by Simondson, the society pawnbroker and expert in precious gems, that it was of no appreciable value.

It was probable, Phineas thought, that Patricia had found reason to suspect Karakoff as being the head of the smuggling system and the person who had been in Durand's room and carried off the precious contents of the safe. She may have reasoned that he would not be apt to place these with the listed articles of his stock in the big safe of the store, but in his private one upstairs. The scheme, then, was pure and simple burglary. She herself would stay in the apartment with Olga, force champagne upon the girl, persuade her later that they had both drunk too much, while the "count," an expert cracksman no doubt, furnished with Olga's latch key, would go through Karakoff's dwelling. Perhaps also they had hoped to find this chunk of enamel, on which they seemed to place such value, with the other loot. Olga's possession of it at that moment might have been mere accident.

Convinced that this must be the true solution Phineas felt infinitely relieved. For in such a case Patricia would have been careful not to drug Olga dangerously. A fresh inspection of the girl seemed to corroborate this. She looked and breathed more like a lovely sleeping child than a person under the influence of a powerful narcotic. There was an exquisite infantile quality in her face which stirred Phineas deeply; roused his fine protective instincts and a sort of tenderness. This was the second time that he had stepped between this girl and harsh usage. It gave him a curious proprietary sense

It occurred to him as he watched her slow breathing that perhaps he ought to be making some effort to revive her, slapping and shaking and forcing strong coffee down her throat. But common sense prevailed. As long as her condition remained good, why not leave her in peace to sleep off the drug as much as possible? He had not the slightest intention of running the risk of leaving the place until broad daylight with life and movement in the streets. His strategic position was all that could be desired. From where he sat at Olga's side nobody could enter that little apartment without his official safe-conduct.

Two hours passed. Somewhere in the neighborhood a clock struck three. Olga's condition was unchanged, so far as Phineas could ascertain. Her breathing was a little longer, less labored. He drew back the coverings and laid his ear over her heart. It was pumping along like a good little motor. Phineas felt her hands and feet. The latter seemed cold to his touch, so he went into the kitchenette, heated some water on the gas stove, filled the champagne bottles and placed them where they would do some real good. Then with the Yankee practicality which was his birthright he proceeded to make some coffee that would have curled the hair of a Javanese, and ate the grilled sardines.

He put on his overcoat and sat down at Olga's side to wait for the day. This did not prove tedious because he had for contemplation the beautiful girl and his not unpleasant thoughts. Studying the perfect childish face with solicitude he was inclined to think that Olga might have passed gently from the influence of the narcotic into a natural sleep; precisely as Patricia had intended, perhaps. She did not look like a person drugged and Phineas did not believe that it would be difficult to rouse her when the time came.

This vigil began to have a curious effect, the drawing out of a newborn tenderness. There is something in the bedside watching of a stricken person which does this to one of kindly soul. The physician has it, and the nurse. The "buddy" feels it keenly; even an enemy may feel it for a stricken foe whom humanity forbids him to abandon to his fate. It is perhaps the strongest of all instincts next to the maternal, and for the simple reason that it approaches that. Often it leads to love parental, filial or that which makes the world go round.

It was perhaps a combination of all three which now began to stir and burgeon in Phineas. He had been really stirred by Olga's naïve declaration, because he could not help but feel its absolute sincerity. Coming at that time when nearly disillusioned of previous taken-for-granted ideas on friendship it was as though on passing from the interment of something he had felt to be immortal a strange child had offered him a rose.

He had not taken the flower, but neither had he declined it. Olga had kept it for him. In a way she had offered it again that night when in her growing distress she had turned her hand upward to clasp his, and this curious object which seemed to have been on the verge of precipitating slaughter had slipped into it. "Oh, Phœbe—I—I feel so queer." The plaintive appeal had probably saved them both, nerved Phineas to strong action, banished his dread of devils like an exorcism.

What sort of talisman could this thing be? Phineas took it from his pocket and examined it curiously. Patricia, that she werewolf whom that afternoon he had in his simplicity endowed with the soul of Javert, had said that it was the shackle in a chain of evidence against a traitor.

Be that as it might the turbid coagulum, which looked like the slag from a crucible of enamel, was not much of a shackle. It struck Phineas that such a thing of no beauty but containing potentialities of mischief had better be destroyed.

He took out his pocketknife and trying the point of a blade found that it scratched to steel, with some difficulty, where apparently impure. He gave it a smart tap with the back of the knife. A tiny spicule chipped off. No precious stone could be scratched by steel or laminate from a slight rap. He cupped the thing in the hollow of his hand and dealt it a smarter blow. The lacquerlike stuff shivered on the surface, split off in flakes from a harder nucleus beneath. He rapped it again, and the blue muddy cortex seemed to exfoliate, to peel away; and as it did so there flashed from his palm a pale blue lambent flame.

It flared in his eyes—pure, dazzling, incandescent, like the freed soul embodied in millions of tons of inanimate matter concentrated in a glorious gem. Dazed, bewildered, almost frightened, he gripped at it, turning its many facets, and tongues of fire leaped out between his fingers. Dominating them was the blue, but wondrous tones and overtones of blue, which ran a chromatic scale undreamed of by artists. And the stored fire had taken a mountain, a volcano to produce.

Phineas stared at this prodigy aghast. He recognized it from the description given him by its legitimate owner. Rosenthal too had given him its quality.

"If you should r-reach up in der sky some br-right night in der tropics, and haul down a star vat tinkles long blue tongues of flame—vell, that is the Sultana!"

XXII

A VERY beautiful dawn was breaking on the artificial crags of Manhattan. The late-winter sunrise was a little slow to invade South Grove Street. Perhaps it felt that there was still plenty of time in that quarter.

Olga stirred beneath her furs. Phineas cocking his head alertly caught a murmur to the effect that she was not yet ready for her coffee. The words were Spanish, but he understood. She was telling Karakoff's Filipino butler that he was bringing her coffee too soon. Phineas had shut the windows and Patricia's apartment was redolent of coffee; fifty-fifty coffee—which is to say, half coffee, half water, by bulk.

Phineas smiled and shoved his automatic back into his pocket. Since undressing the Sultana and gazing impassioned on her nudity he had sat the rest of the morning with his pistol in hand, rather expecting an attack by storm. This not having happened he had come to the conclusion that crooks were really cowards at heart.

Olga turned on her side, opened her eyes in a deliberate way and stared at Phineas as though not at all surprised to see him there. This to the intelligent observer would seem to indicate that he had been the companion of her dreams. Patricia's drug must have been potent and swift of action, but pure,

for it left no trace of lethargy or mental confusion. Naturally enough the girl gazed round the room in considerable astonishment and, as her faculties cleared, with a good deal more of this at Phineas, who smiled at her cheerfully.

"Phœbe—what's happened to me?"

"Drink this and I'll tell you. How do you feel?"

"All right. But everything looks a little blurred and there's a queer, sweetish taste in my mouth. It seems as if I'd been asleep a week." A crimson flush crept up into her face. "I had the most wonderful dreams—beautiful places; and flowers and everything in bright gorgeous colors; and—and ——"

She stopped, let fall her eyes, looked suddenly abashed.

"Go wash out that taste and bathe your face and then drink this coffee," said Phineas. "Then I'll tell you all about it."

Olga obeyed. "Hashish," thought Phineas to himself. He had once read something about the action of cannabis indica and remembered the mention of pleasurable color dreams and the sense of long elapsed time as the most pronounced effects of the drug. Trust Patricia to administer something subtle and out of the ordinary. No crude and dangerous knockout drops for this finished artist in crime.

When Olga returned he saw that she was in the grip of an overwhelming embarrassment. As the girl saw it she must have succumbed to the champagne, spent the night on the divan in drunken sleep with Phineas acting as special attendant, Patricia being evidently called away on some imperative errand. Shame overpowered her, filled her eyes with tears of mortification. She felt that Phineas was lost to her forever. But he did not leave her long in distress.

"Cheer up, Olga. It's not your fault. That rotten pair doped your champagne. They are crooks, expert thieves and safe breakers. Their object was to get you and your father out of the apartment so as to go through it. Rosenthal saw you leave the theater with them and wised us up over the phone. I was with your father at the time and guessed that the Melton woman had brought you here."

"Phœbe!"

"Yes. When you went down and out I marched them off at the point of a gun. They wanted that chunk of enamel too."

"But why?"

"They knew what it really was. Look!"

He reached in his pocket, held out his hand, the great diamond filling its palm. The early sun rays were gathered to the heart of the luminous crystal, there to be concentrated and intensified and shot out in flashing bands of cerulean blue. And close about it a nimbus glowed and quivered with a palpitating light, as though the wondrous gem were living and breathing, and seemed to say: "Look on my naked beauty with care to your soul, for I am the Sultana."

Olga shrieked. "What is it? Oh, Phœbe—what is that? The Sultana ——"

"Yes. I think it must be the Sultana, the big blue diamond Rosenthal gave to the Marquise d'Irancy as a wedding present, which was taken from her by the German officer. Somebody dipped it in enamel or fused it over with cobalt or something of the sort. I tapped it with my knife and the stuff cracked off like the shell of a hazelnut. This is what these beasts were after—no doubt what brought the Melton woman over here. They got on the trail of it in some way, suspected that it was in your father's possession. If they had thought I was going to find out what it was some of us would never have got out of here alive. How did you happen to come here with them?"

"Miss Melton was in the Simondsons' theater party last night. She knew them in London. In the first entr'acte the Count de Vallignac came into the box and she introduced him. They were all going for supper afterward, but I said that I was not feeling very well and asked to be excused."

"Why?"

"Because I had heard papa ask a messenger if the gentleman was at the hotel, and I thought that perhaps you might be coming."

"Kid! Well, what then?"

"Miss Melton said that she had to leave as soon as the play was over and that she would drop me on the way. Then the count met us in the foyer and offered to take us in his car. Just as we left she asked if I would mind coming here first, as she was anxious to see if there was any message for her, and I couldn't very well refuse. They insisted on a bite to eat and a glass of champagne. The rest you know."

Phineas nodded. "Did you notice anything peculiar about the champagne?"

"Yes. It seemed very sweet and fizzy, but I didn't like to criticize. I thought it must be rather poor wine. Oh, Phœbe—what if you hadn't come!"

"Nothing would have happened to you, my dear. They were after the Sultana and would have got away with it."

"Isn't it wonderful? Oh, dear!" Her voice grew plaintive. "And now I suppose you think me more of a helpless little fool than ever!"

"I think you are a darling."

"What?"

"That seems to be the word. I've been giving it a good deal of thought for the last five or six hours. It is also very certain that though your father may love you to death he takes rotten poor care of you. He does not know how. You ought to have a nurse—or a husband, and quick!"

"Oh, my dear!"

Olga's breathing would have alarmed Phineas if she had still been under the influence of Indian hemp. But her trouble at that moment was some far more potent elixir in the disturbance of time values and colorful joy dreams. She made rather a distracting vision of loveliness herself, sitting there on the edge of the divan in décolleté evening gown under the cold and critical examination of a frigid March dawn. Phineas certainly found something about her which laid upon him the imperative demand for a great deal of immediate care.

XXIII

THE tall clock in Karakoff's study voiced the full Westminster chimes, then solemnly struck six. To the dealer it sounded like the knell of such real happiness as up to this time life had held for him. His chin sank upon his chest.

Over against him in a great prelate's chair loomed the huge figure of the Baron de Rosenthal—massive, incongruous, almost grotesque in his immaculate evening dress, with the enormous and impassive face of some ferocious pagan idol set like an ancient ivory mask above a vast expanse of snowy shirt front. From the slow-burning end of his long black cigar a tenuous thread of smoke rose straight as a plumb line, to dissipate about his immobile head like incense burned before a joss.

Karakoff raised his pale haggard face and looked at this silent comforter. "You're a mighty good sort to stick it out with me, baron," said he, "but really you had better go back to your hotel and turn in. There's nothing now but to wait."

"Den let us vait. Everyt'ing comes to him who vaits. I haf tried it and it is so. I do not mind vaiting. I like you, and I am sorry for you. I hate to see a good man go wrong—and den find it out so late."

"What Do You Mean by Coming Here at This Time?" She Cried. "I Thought I Made It Plain This Afternoon That I Wished Never to See You Again!"

"What could they possibly have wanted of her?" Karakoff demanded for the twentieth time. "Her maid says she wore no valuable jewels." He passed his hand across his eyes. "Plunkett was wrong. Nobody has been here, and God knows they had time enough while we were scouring Bay Ridge. We were certainly followed, and it must have been reported."

"Do not despair, my friendt. I have mooch fait' in this young man. He may haf put their business on the blink. He iss a good poy."

"He could always have telephoned—if he was still alive."

"He is all r-right. I feel it in my bones. Dose Amer-rican poys like him are more hard to kill than cr-rooks like dis scum of Chu-Chu's. My yoong friend Dallas was like him—and Fr-rank Clamart. I should vorry."

"Don't you think I'd better call up police headquarters?"

"No. You do not vant dem arrested. You have not'ing certain on dem—and you do not know what dey may or may not have on you. Vait."

"This waiting will drive me mad."

"Gif Ploonket time. Py chingo, that poy is not the fool he looks. It vas my fault. I should haf stopped t'em. But I did not know. I suspected you. Besides, I haf made a life study of minding my own business."

Karakoff groaned. "That's what comes of getting tangled up in dirty work. And Plunkett and I tossing bouquets back and forth and discussing plans for the future, all so *couleur de rose*. You don't suppose that chunk of enamel Olga took to show Simondson could have had anything to do with it?"

Rosenthal's tufty eyebrows went up an inch or so. "I do not see how. You say it looked like der skum off a crucible? No. It was somet'ing else. Listen!"

There came the noise of an opening door—the front door. Karakoff sprang to his feet. Somebody had entered the ante-chamber. There was a low rippling laugh, a subdued but joyous laugh. Karakoff gave a cry.

"Olga!"

He tottered on his feet, lurched forward. Rosenthal did not move. He sat there as passive as the Daibutsu Buddha at Kamakura, but his mottled eyes twinkled and the deep scorings of his harsh features were marvelously softened.

"Papa, dear—yes, we are both here. It's all right. I've had a *nuit blanche*. They drugged me. But Phœbe—"

She rushed forward and was caught in the strong arms of her repentant parent.

They went into the study, where Rosenthal, not moving from his throne, examined them with twinkling eyes.

"Vell, my poy, and vat haf you to report? Haf you slaughtered Chu-Chu's familiar? And Mademoiselle Eut'anasie?"

"Mademoiselle what, baron?"

"That is her *petit nom* in the underworld. Miss Happy Death. I haf looked her up. I sent some cables to my old fr-riendt, Frank Clamart, of Paris. I t'aught she vas a cr-rook, and I vas r-right. I am not alvays r-right any more, because I am getting old and lazy, but I haf still a *flair* for a cr-rook."

"Have you a *flair* for a treasure, baron?"

The big mottled eyes twinkled more than ever. "I t'ink so. To look at you two kids I would say you had found one."

"I've found two, baron." Phineas' hand went into the side pocket of his coat. "Madame d'Irancy has got a happy day ahead. Did you ever see this rock before?"

He held out his hand. The baron gave one look. Up went the great bushy eyebrows a full three inches, the brown-mottled eyes bulging like those of a strangled calf. His jaw dropped, the yellow teeth with their curious concavity upward were like those of an ogre.

And then there burst from his great chest a yell that struck the others like the blast of a ship's siren.

He sprang from the chair, flung up his arms, rose upon his tiptoes and whirled like a Rufaiyah dervish.

"My poy! My Yankee poy!" he bellowed. "Py chingo, der Sultana!"

(THE END)

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This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

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"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

OLDFIELD TIRES

FEAR

(Continued from Page 19)

wails, long-drawn cries fit to split the heart—the broken cough of death ——"

Hilliard chuckled.

"He is a friend of the wild animals—that wise man," he said. "He thinks we have come to hunt, and he would frighten us with tales."

"I thought of that," Cantrell said quietly; "but this man is a saint. It's quite the situation, I'm afraid. The startling thing about it all is that we've found the serpent village Glossop told about."

Hilliard turned with a smile to the jungle.

"Is the python really in there?" he asked

"Yes; this is the town. The forest ranger was here," Cantrell answered. "The old man wasn't ready to talk at first, but he took to me later, saying I had brought peace to him; also, that the king of all grass pythons was in there—living off the town."

There was silence, which Cantrell broke.

"I should judge that it would stretch across a tennis court, from what the wise man said—a pampered old python that favors this particular village, just as Glossop intimated. A woman took her father, a very old, a very little and withered old man—and laid him out in the sun while she swept her house; and when she went to look the old man was gone—though he had not used hand or limb for four years. I think they said four years," Cantrell added explicitly. "I seem to have fallen into one of Glossop's moods of narration."

"I caught that," said Hilliard.

"Sometimes they are tempted to tie their goats a little farther out from the village edge, because the forage isn't so trampled; but they say it would make little difference. Every fortnight, as regular as the wax and wane of the moon, the monster feeds; and his sleeping lair is secret."

"You mean he doesn't feed off the jungle at all?" Hilliard asked.

"That, I believe, is his habit of life."

"And he finds his secret sleeping hole before sleep?"

"It is so testified."

"And they let this thing go on from year to year?"

"From generation to generation. There isn't even a fowling piece in the village."

"In many ways they are a wonderful people," Hilliard said.

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you know anything about a mature python with a hunger on, Hilliard?"

"I do not—if these things are true."

"Sometimes it's a woman's father; sometimes it's a woman's son," Cantrell drawled.

In the few days that followed Cantrell sat from time to time at the feet of the wise man, and Hilliard had ample opportunity to dwell with a secret of his own, which required all the power he had to cope with. It was Fear. The vaguest hint of it had come at first in the billiard room of the Crown Hotel as Glossop had told the story, not even vouching for the truth of the thing. The remittance man had spoken scornfully of Borden's enlarging upon the government report of the forest ranger.

Yet here was the village; here was the woman. They had heard her crying in the night, her mind maimed, even as her body, at the touch of the coils.

They had set forth from Bombay at a whim of Cantrell's—a whim like many another of his in recent years, which those who knew him best attributed to his anxiety to put himself out of the way. They had gone forth like a pair of dragon killers in a fairy tale, incidentally to deliver a stricken town; but had forgotten their quest for days, on the out journey, in the fine unfoldments of companionship.

It is rather difficult to conceive the shock when they suddenly found themselves in the nameless town. They had seen the woman, through her open doorway, limping about the hut. The monster had fed shortly before their arrival. The psychologic pressure was incredible. Hilliard's sensibilities need not have been half so keen to feel the heaviness about him like a loathsome cloak.

The terror of it all was in the faces of the children. They often came to the foreigners' fire in the evening—one little boy especially, whose brain had been hurt by the sun. Always his mother or grandfather had to come for this one, because he would have sat on and on listening. All the low talk of the native children when they were near the white men was about the python—some peculiar entrance or departure of the monster. Every day of life in the town was marked by some python memory or episode, many of them stretching back into the dimness of tradition, some with the intimacy of recent occurrence upon them. And over all was the Fear.

A live goat was usually tethered at the far end of the town toward the jungle; but the people were very poor and could only afford to offer a very old animal for the sacrifice. The story had come, even so far as Bombay, that this serpent had a way of choosing his own prey, only occasionally deigning to accept the bait that was offered.

Hilliard laughed at himself a good deal, and silently; but the thing was bigger than anything he had met so far. Also, he watched the rise of Fear with something of the loathing that one would sense at a foreign growth in his own body.

It was in his dreams and in his days; and often he found himself watching Cantrell with an inexplicable hope to find a trace of it in the gloomy countenance of the Englishman.

It wasn't there; certainly not on the outside. Cantrell would come in from the peepul tree, under which the wise man sat, with an abrupt remark that the days were wearing for those who waited for dragons. Or he would bring some bit of gossip or occultism from the teacher who approved of him; or look away into the jungle as one would look for a storm, but with something of delectation in his eyes rather than apprehension.

Hilliard, in equity, couldn't call himself a coward. He had been round. Dangers of the field, crises of the hunt, and even the haunt of ghostly visitation had never brought him into a strain like this. He worked with the thing steadily and long. Often he tried the jungle edges alone, but found his knowledge wanting. He couldn't tell the difference between the animal paths and the man paths. In the usual course the former are lower, the branches folded in so that a man would have to walk tiresomely bent. But that wasn't all, as he perceived unmistakably.

On one of the very first days he tried to hire a town-bred son to venture with him past the outer paths. His offer of money tempted the boy cruelly, but he had another demonstration of how deeply founded was the lad's fear of the serpent, and how the monster lived in all the native minds.

One night as he lay brooding upon these things, brooding and staring up at the stars, he started at finding Cantrell leaning over him.

"What's the matter, son? You're not getting on," the Englishman said.

Hilliard laughed.

"The fact is, I didn't know I was delicate like this," he said. "It's the big *samp*, Cantrell. He's riding me. It began with Glossop's story; but nothing like this. I can't get over our finding the thing here, actually as he said."

Hilliard heard his own words with amazement. They had dropped out like grains from a tilted cup. He couldn't have helped it, even though he was coldly convinced that he was losing the pith and reality from a man's friendship which had become very dear.

Cantrell was on his hands and knees. He turned to throw off a blanket that had been clinging to his hips. Then he caught Hilliard by the shoulders and laughed.

"You're a braver man than I am, Hilliard," he said with a deep chuckle.

"Why is that?" the other asked dryly.

"I wanted to tell you, but couldn't get my nerve up to relate the symptoms of the same disease."

"You mean you've got it too?"

"Flat on my back with it. From the first day it had me down. Never knew the like! You couldn't drag me away from here, with my nervous system in a condition like this."

"That's the point," Hilliard muttered. "I wouldn't go away. I'd see it out at any cost. But I never knew, anywhere, that a thing could prey like this."

Peculiarly enough now, they found they had been avoiding the subject during recent days.

"The hard part seems to wait for him to appear," Hilliard confessed.

"That's exactly what the town has been doing all these years."

"He doesn't sleep where he gorges—that's the shocking part," the American went on. "His lair isn't known. They don't even go in after him; and yet he can't go far."

"The inference is, if I catch the drift, that we should carry the fight into the jungle," the Englishman remarked.

"After he feeds again," Hilliard said. "There isn't much hope for us to meet him head on—in full activity and gaunt."

Cantrell smiled at the fire.

"We've been here twelve days. His sleep must be wearing off right now. I say, Hilliard, we'll see it through, won't we?"

It seemed an almost boyish appeal to help him overcome a personal revulsion. The moment marked one of the best of their association.

"I couldn't live with myself and go away now," the American repeated.

The next morning Cantrell was abroad early and brought in the report that one of the native boys had gone into the jungle alone.

"The little chap who always sat so long—the little slow-eyed one who had to be carried off to bed so often," he said. "The town is inclined to blame us for lighting him up to this great adventure—turning his head, they say."

Hilliard didn't stop to reflect that the little turned head had been sun-damaged.

"Which way did he go in?" he asked quickly.

"They don't know. He was missed at dawn. I thought I'd try the north side, thrashing about the grass near the clearing, calling from time to time."

"I'll take the other side," Hilliard replied.

"I'm carrying the sawed-off shotgun," said Cantrell, turning away. "Steel balls, size of buckshot; both barrels."

A little later Hilliard made an entrance into the grass; but what he had supposed to be a path was merely an eccentricity of growth. He tried again. His mind was in a queer, lulled state. He had to stop to recall the exact reason for his entering—that the native boy had really evolved some great concept from listening to white men who appeared unafraid. The jungle fascinated Hilliard with its gold-green plumy distances. To enter was vaguely suggestive of going under water, the weave of the stems was so thick, except where the narrow path had been kept open.

Fear returned when the American really found a way in; but for the first time he seemed to have a faint leverage on its heaviness. Never before had the chance offered really to deal with it, because it had been such an involving part of him. He forced himself on step by step. His mind whipped him with every hideous aspect of the whole story; yet he found a stable Center somewhere in himself and held to it grimly. It was laughably like his venturing into a creaky attic one night when he was a child. He had not realized until years afterward the real meaning of the thing his father had then told him—that Fear was a sham. Yet Fear had had him for days. It all but had him now.

No; there had never been a chance like this before. The steady Center in himself made him know this, even in the shiver of the cold sweat upon his body. Presently he thought of calling for the lost boy, but refrained a moment more, not sure of his voice. A man could trust his face better than his voice. It was a shocking thing to break this submarine silence. Now he saw this was a part of the Fear. He forced himself to call.

No answer came to him.

At length, when he was in better command of himself, he turned back. Emerging to the clearing once more he climbed to a low crest between the jungle edge and the town. He saw Cantrell coming, walking briskly, the short piece in his hand. At the same time he heard certain bird notes from the jungle, the sound of which in tone and arrangement was altogether new, yet not designed to compel attention particularly. Back toward the town he heard a native woman singing.

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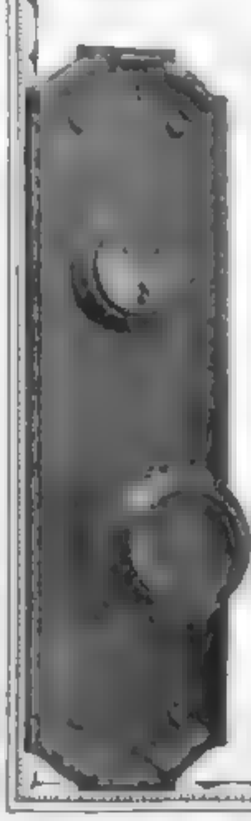

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As a matter of fact, Edgeworth has to be stored, dried, stemmed, packed and shipped. We have to carry and treat it for two full years before it is ready and you can pack it into the bowl of your pipe and settle back for a good, fragrant smoke.

If it weren't for this long process of expert handling and treatment, it would leave us a good margin for profits, but—it wouldn't be Edgeworth. Edgeworth has to furnish you with a genial, mellow smoke, so we have to stand for a couple of pretty heavy shrinkages. Perfectly good leaf shrinks 30 per cent from the stems we remove alone before we're ready to call it Edgeworth, and then there's a further sizeable shrinkage from the excess moisture carefully dried out.

A pipe tobacco two years en route to you from plant to pipe certainly eats into money. There are freight charges and carrying charges, neither exactly lenient with any of us in these times, there are labor charges—you know how much more labor costs at every step; and getting down merely to packing materials—why, waxed paper linings are up 100 per cent and tin boxes cost 70 per cent more.

Now let us tell you about the raw material with which our work begins. Some leaf tobacco sold last year for over three times what it ordinarily sells for. We bought every time prices dropped. Yet our leaf tobacco cost us on an average between two and three times what it formerly did.

And then along came the additional tax, 18 instead of 8 cents per pound, up 125 per cent.

With advances of 100 to 150 per cent on raw material, 125 per cent on taxes, 70 to 100 per cent on linings and containers, and 25 to 100 per cent on labor, cartons, cases, freight, and other factors, you are probably now wondering how we can sell you your little blue can of Edgeworth for 16 cents.

We couldn't, but for leaf tobacco we bought previous to last year which scaled down costs. We could have sold that leaf from storage at a handsome profit, but we're selling Edgeworth, not raw material.

It doesn't look as if prices were coming down, not until many other nations get to producing instead of just consuming. Prices appear likely to go higher rather than lower. But when they do drop, watch us drop the price for your little blue can of Edgeworth. The one thing we haven't and shan't allow to drop is the quality of Edgeworth. That's going to stay put.

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He didn't want to see Cantrell close. The sun of midforenoon now warned him to seek shelter. He pushed his way into the jungle and a path appeared before him. The peculiar notes continued, as if the bird were perched in a bamboo top and were seriously concerned over certain movements below. All this was the external history of the queer lulled moment before a human voice cried out—a sort of lipless horror.

Hilliard hurried in. The path, all but closed at the clearing edge, opened magically now for a way. He wanted to get under cover before Cantrell saw his face. Yes; he felt better with Cantrell on the outside.

The cry reached him again. It could be from no other than the boy. It came from the same jungle spot—as if the boy were sitting still. It was not articulate—not even a cough; only a hoarse burst of noise from the lungs.

Hilliard answered and pushed his way in. The boy was curiously quiet now, though the American called several times. He was in a hollow, his feet ankle-deep in standing water. The water did not end; rather it became deeper. The stretch of grass was thinner ahead, as if one were looking across a stage.

Hilliard's surface mind was curiously concentrated upon the missing boy; what that cry had meant; why it did not come again. Now ahead, across the yellow-dim, open area, he saw a lifted arm, a gleaming arm. It was like the arm of a black woman, small wrist, elongated hand—possibly thirty-five yards away.

Exactly as slowly as this the realization dawned upon Hilliard's queerly strained faculties. He glanced back as if to be assured that the path was still there. When he turned again the arm stood taller—fatter, where the shoulder would begin. The peculiar darkness of the thing held him—a gleam and impressive quality to the color.

Now his gameness began to slip against all the force of a finely trained mind—virtue evaporating from his bones and blood. Before his eyes the dark wrist bent suddenly to a sharp angle, as if to point a finger. Then from the density at the right of him a senseless hollow scream—the village boy huddled there.

It was the shock instant of all his life. Vast areas of his consciousness were stricken with something like death. The Center was rocked, but it righted itself in the midst of the chaos of shattered nerves and rent faculties. Then he knew that this issue was more than life—that he would not care for spared life if his courage failed. He had no thought now of what anyone might see or think. This was for himself.

It wasn't an arm. Laughable that he should have thought it a black woman's arm. Yet how utterly still it was! His eyes held to the python; his right arm reached down toward the boy, his hand groping. It did not touch the boy's shoulder. He had to loose his eyes from the python to find him. The boy's mouth was formed to scream again. Hilliard drew the helpless body in close to him, turned and placed him in front on the path he had come.

"Run!" he said.

The feet of the lad lifted, but seemed to make no progress. Hilliard's hands grasped him by the neck and shoulders, as if he would force his own power into the boy. "Run!" he said again.

The path was only wide enough for one. The boy cried aloud. His limbs lurched crazily, but Hilliard's hand was a steady, forward pressure against his back. Once the man turned. The python had looped and lowered. For an instant his entire length had vanished into the wet grass; but Hilliard heard a slow, tearing sound. And now he knew that he must hold this, step by step, yard by yard, to the light.

Hilliard laughed—and he seemed to see his own face as he laughed. It was as if he were already dead.

He did not care for the world now; nor for what Cantrell might see. This of all life was his own affair—the one thing that he had ever really feared—all fear massed in this—a dweller on his own threshold. He did not turn again, but softly urged the boy to run—pushed him forward, yet not enough to endanger his falling—thus toward the clearing. It was as if they were running a tread, making no actual progress. It was like children escaping from a giant. There was nothing to do but run, and no good to run. The American heard the voice of living men and running water.

At the clearing a great shadow lifted above them from behind. Hilliard's face upturned. The python had already chosen. The mouth was not open, the head was still held above them, the endless undulation soft and slow compared to the boy's frenzied effort. The thin, loose lateral lips were wet but calm; the eye quiet, the ease of it all transcended.

The choice had been made. There was an almost invisible tug of the head, a hurling strike past Hilliard's shoulder, and the boy was bowled forward—a black rush of the python's length following. The rest for an instant was a huddle, a kind of nursing. Then a shot passed the face of Hilliard, who had been hurled aside.

The dust rose, vast and explosively. In the great threshing there was nothing to see. Then a moment of complete silence.

Now Hilliard, who was still standing, saw Cantrell emerge from the dust carrying the boy, and heard the cry from the village—the running of many feet. Cantrell had placed the boy upon the grass.

The python was looping and whipping itself toward the jungle with a riddled head.

Hilliard's left hand lifted slowly to Cantrell, who held under his arm the sawed-off shotgun—both barrels empty now. The American spoke very slowly:

"Is the boy—anything to him?"

"I wouldn't know about that just yet," Cantrell said strangely.

He was searching Hilliard's face. "And you?" he said.

"I'm tired, Cantrell. It's all right. Not a single point missed, yours or mine. I'm telling you," he repeated vaguely. "I'm telling you, it's all right."

Cantrell took his arm and drew him close. The natives were bringing garlands of sun-colored marigolds. The greatest of all pathos was in the joy of the people over their deliverance.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 27)

and we have between Herman Merivale's Stephanie de Mohrivart and Victorien Sardou's Zica a very theater—or shall we say a charnel house—of the woman with the past; usually portrayed as the victim of circumstance; unprincipled through cruel experience; insensible through lack of conscience; sexless in soul, but a siren in seductive arts; cold as ice; hard as iron; implacable as the grave, pursuing her ends with force of will, intellectual audacity and elegance of manner, yet, beneath this brilliant depravity, capable of self-pity, yielding anon in moments of depression to a sudden gleam of human tenderness and a regret for the innocence she has lost.

Such a one is sometimes, though seldom, met in real life. But many pretenders may be encountered at Monte Carlo and other European resorts. They range from the Parisian cocotte, chiefly signalized by her chic apparel, to the fashionable divorcée who in trying her luck at the tables keeps a sharp lookout for the elderly gent with the wad, often fooled by the enterprising sport.

These are out-and-out professional adventuresses. There are other adventuresses, however, than those of the stage and the cabaret. The woman with the past becomes the girl with the future.

Curiously enough this latter is mainly, almost exclusively, recruited from our countrywomen, who to an abnormal passion for foreign titles join surpassing ignorance of foreign society. Thus she is ready to the hand of the Continental fortune seeker masquerading as a nobleman—often the black sheep of some noble family—carrying not a bona fide but a courtesy title—the count and the no-account, the lord and the Lord knows who! The Yankee girl with a dot had become before the world war a regular quarry for impecunious aristocrats and clever crooks, the matrimonial entanglements tragic in their frequency.

Another curious circumstance is the readiness with which the American newspaper tumbles to these frauds. The yellow press especially luxuriates in them; woodcuts the callow bedizened bride, the jaded game-worn groom; dilates upon the big money interchanged; glows over the tin-plate stars and imaginary garters and pinchbeck crowns; and keeping the pictorial paraphernalia in cold but not forgotten storage waits for the inevitable scandal, and then, with lavish exaggeration, works the old story over again.

The newspapers ring all the sensational changes. Now it is the wondrous beauty with the cool million, who, having married some illegitimate of a minor royal house, will probably be the next Queen of Rigmarolia, and now—ever increasing the dose—it is the ten-million-dollar widow who is going to marry the King of Pontarabia's brother, and may thus aspire to be one day Empress of Sahara. Old European travelers can recall many funny and sometimes melancholy incidents—episodes—histories—of which they have witnessed the beginning and the end, carrying the self-same dénouement and moral lesson.

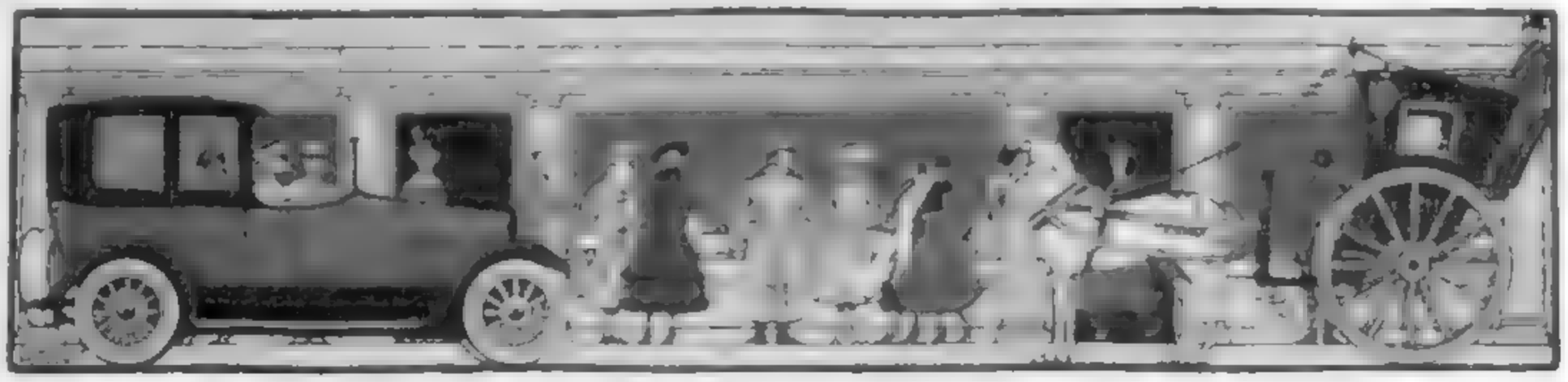
IV

AS THERE are women and women there are many kinds of adventuresses; not all of them wicked and detestable. But, good or bad, the lot of the adventuress is at best a hard lot. Be she a girl with a future or a woman with a past she is still a woman, and the world can never be too kind to its women—the child bearers, the home makers, the moral light of the universe as they meet the purpose of God and Nature and seek not to thwart it by unsexing themselves in order that they may keep step with man in ways of self-indulgent dalliance. The adventuress of fiction always comes to grief. But the adventuress in real life—the prudent adventuress who draws the line at immorality—the would-be leader of society without the wealth—the would-be political leader without the masculine fiber—is sure of disappointment in the end.

Take the agitation over suffragism. What is it that the woman suffragist expects to get? No one of them can, or does, clearly tell us.

It is feminism, rather than suffragism, which is dangerous. When they have it the leaders will not stop with the ballot for women. They are too fond of the spotlight.

Editor's Note—This is the twentieth installment of Mr Watterson's reminiscences. The next will appear in an early issue.



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The Laundry Soda You Eat With Your Biscuits

What are the "chemicals" that modern laundries use?

Like the goblins that in our childhood days lurked around the corner, these "chemicals" have been imagined by many housewives to be fearsome things—and most certainly never to be used on the family wash. The words "chemical" and "harmful" have been thought of as having one and the same meaning.

Yet we live on chemicals—on some of the same chemicals that help clean our clothes. The water we drink is a chemical compound of the gases oxygen and hydrogen. We breathe air that is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen and inert gases. Everything we wear and use is "chemical".

No work can be done without the assistance of "chemicals" in some form. These helpful "chemicals" are friendly "chemicals" in the same way that bacteria on the roots of clover are friendly "germs".

In common with those of the housewife, the friendly "chemicals" of the laundryman are sours, a mild soda, Javelle Water, chipped soap, and pure soft water.

Consider these. .

In the dressing served with your salad is a higher concentration of free acid than will be found in the sours of modern laundries.

All of us have eaten more excess soda ash in our biscuits than is commonly used on the family wash by the laundry.

The snowy whiteness which the housewife secures with bleaches, is obtained by the laundry with a milder preparation—Javelle Water. It was this solution that was so successfully utilized during the war to purify wounds.

But these materials are only incidental in modern laundries. The principal "chemical" and real cleansing agent of the laundry is pure soft water. This water in which your clothes are washed is changed as many as from nine to twelve times in the washing process. It is this soft water with fluffy suds, that gives to laundry work its characteristic finished appearance.

The sum of the modern laundries' method is clothes conservation.

Pay your laundry a visit and be enlightened. You will find it well qualified to take over the burden of your family wash.

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The National Rifle Matches

TIME was when the sword was the gentleman's weapon, but it is now obsolete. Time also was when the art of the pistol was one of the gentleman's accomplishments; but the pistol was so much taken up by bad men and criminals that to-day it is shorn of all halo outside of military use. On the other hand, the rifle at one time of our history was as much the tool as the arm of the average man and it had no greater station when it became the weapon of the private soldier all over the world. But to-day the rifle may be called the weapon of average man and gentleman, of private soldier and of officer. In its modern form it is a splendid thing, strong and exquisite alike, accurate, dependable and useful. The future of a nation depends upon that nation's rifle and on the men who understand it. Beyond that point of utility the use of the rifle is again becoming a gentleman's accomplishment. A boy should have education on the rifle as much as in sailing, swimming, skating, boxing, riding, dancing. A man ought to know his rifle as he does his forks at dinner. The first officers chosen in war are men who know firearms—and he goes fastest and farthest who knows most.

Wherefore the Government at Washington nowadays is doing something to enlarge the American rifle horizon. It has been supposed offhand that we are a nation of riflemen. That supposition no longer has any good foundation. We really are a nation of business men—shrewd, keen and quick to learn anything we must learn or which we think it will pay us to learn. Uncle Sam thinks that we ought to enlarge our knowledge of our national weapon; and there is no one valid argument against that purpose.

A very wide interest was awakened by the government announcement of the National Rifle Matches on the Caldwell Naval Range during the current summer. These matches will be the biggest thing of the kind ever held in any country. They are under government promotion and supervision. The rules and regulations have been drawn by the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice and with the approval of the Secretary of War.

These matches will be held jointly by the War Department and the Navy Department—the Army, the Navy and the Marines have all thrown in together to make this the biggest rifle event the world ever saw. As incidental features of interest, international competitions in small-bore matches are scheduled in which Great Britain competes with our own men.

The fundamental feature of this series of matches is the basic truth, openly accepted and encouraged, that rifle knowledge is a good thing for the average American citizen. Hence we have the extraordinary and interesting fact that the citizen himself is to take a hand with the Army and the Navy in such numbers as he may like—and the more the better. Uncle Sam even agrees to pay the expenses of the citizen riflemen—an arrangement thus far unknown in matches of military sort. The gate between the professional soldier and the citizen rifleman is thrown open. The rifle comes into its own as the weapon not only of the officer and private but also of the citizen and average man. Any man who can shoot is welcome at Caldwell Range.

This admission of the civilian in the national competition opens for him the advice and counsel of the best experts of the profession of arms. The amateur rifleman can gain in this way absolute familiarity with our national arm.

Col. William C. Harllee of the United States Marine Corps has been appointed executive officer of the national matches and has entered into his work not only with professional exactness but with personal enthusiasm. He says that the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps have combined to make these matches the greatest rifle carnival ever held, endeavoring to take advantage of the spirit of the times to interest the public in the cult of the rifle.

"During the war," he says, "the navy rifle ranges, with a specially trained force of instructors and operators, were opened not only to the Navy but to the Marine Corps, Army and the general public; and we are trying to spread this idea of open ranges with rifles, ammunition and the services of operators and instructors free to the public in order to establish the riflemen's art in our country as a national sport."

The rules governing the matches can be obtained of Colonel Harllee by addressing him at the Woodward Building, Washington, D. C. They are too extensive for reproduction here, but brief reference should be made to their general terms.

The national matches are preceded by the matches of the National Riflemen's Association of America. The national matches proper will begin on Monday, August twenty-fifth, at the Navy Rifle Range, Caldwell, New Jersey.

The course of fire provides for twenty shots, rapid fire, at 200 yards; twenty shots, slow fire, at 500 yards; and twenty shots at 1000 yards, each stage being fired in specified positions.

For the national pistol match any automatic pistol or revolver of .45 caliber with a barrel not greater than ten inches in length is specified. The ammunition specification, however, which limits the cartridges to those issued on the firing line, practically confines the hand guns which may be used to the army automatic pistol and the new models of army revolvers.

The matches will be held in the following order: National individual match, national pistol match, national team match.

National Team Match

Open to teams of 12 firers from the following:

(a) The Army of the United States, one or more.
(b) The United States Navy, one or more.
(c) The United States Marine Corps, one or more.
(d) The United States Military Academy, one.
(e) The United States Naval Academy, one.
(f) The National Guard, including the Naval Militia of the several states and territories, including the District of Columbia, one or more from each.
(g) School teams composed of students of universities, colleges and schools, one or more from each state, territory and the District of Columbia and one or more from each reserve officers' training corps training camp.
(h) Civilian teams composed of members of the National Rifle Association or its affiliated clubs, one or more from each state, territory and the District of Columbia.

There will be established and maintained at the Navy Rifle Range, Caldwell, New Jersey, a small-arms firing school for the instruction of citizens of the United States in marksmanship.

The governors of the states and territories, the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the commanding officers of reserve officers' training corps training camps are each authorized to designate a civilian or school team of 17 members to receive transportation and subsistence to attend the small-arms firing school at the Navy Rifle Range, Caldwell, New Jersey, from August 4 to August 30, 1919, inclusive, to engage in practice and to participate in the national matches.

The civilians so designated, if they pay their own transportation and sleeping-car fare, will be reimbursed upon public vouchers by the quartermaster of the small-arms firing school, the actual cost thereof—exclusive of war tax—and also for subsistence at the rate of one and a half dollars per day while performing travel from their point of departure within the state they represent to Caldwell, New Jersey, and at the conclusion of the matches will be furnished transportation, sleeping-car accommodations and subsistence at one and a half dollars per day from Caldwell, New Jersey, returning to the same point.

Uncle Sam, so it seems, has quite a shooting gallery at Caldwell range, twenty miles out of New York. This range was the last one built by the Navy and is perhaps better fitted than any other in the world. It can shoot one hundred teams at each stage of the matches and has ample buildings and accommodations to make all competitors and visitors comfortable.

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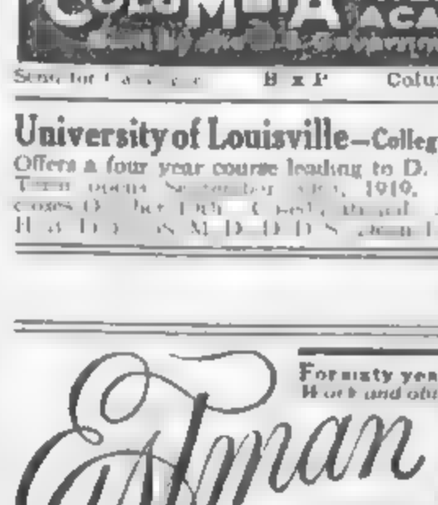

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THE PRICE WE PAID

(Concluded from Page 6)

transfer of wealth by continued high taxes from all the people to the minority that made its wealth available to the Government for war purposes. This process will extend over a long period, and will at least produce many psychological disturbances, as well as many individual hardships.

However, this nation is growing rapidly in population and wealth. It gained a population of twenty-four millions between 1900 and 1915. It has probably gained four and a half millions since the breaking out of the European War. Its banking resources increased from about ten billions in 1900 to nineteen billions in 1915. These have greatly increased during the war. We are doubtless gaining eight hundred thousand people a year from natural increase. The annual increase will probably be greater from now on with our larger population. There will also be additions to the population, perhaps not so large as formerly, through immigration. We shall probably gain twenty to twenty-five millions of people in the next twenty years.

From the Treasury I learn that the gold monetary stock—coin and bullion used as money—in the United States on November 1, 1918, is estimated to have been $3,079,800,000. The increase since January 1, 1918, amounted to approximately $39,400,000; since the beginning of the European War, $1,192,500,000. The portion of the world's gold monetary stock held by the United States is estimated to be about one-third. The estimated stock of gold for currency purposes in all the world is about $9,300,000,000.

This nation will be in better position to effect the liquidation of the debt—that is, the transfer of wealth, with interest, from all to some—and to make industrial advances than any other in the world. It can meet any reasonable domestic and foreign financial demands if our people will work and save, especially as they worked and saved during the war.

No finance minister, however able, could have devised a more ideal set of conditions than the United States enjoyed from a financial viewpoint at the outbreak of the world war. The Federal Reserve system, coördinating the banking resources of the country and stabilizing the currency, had just gone into operation. Therefore when, in 1917, the United States entered the war it was only necessary to speed up actually existing fiscal machinery. No time was lost in devising new methods of taxation. There was no necessity or excuse for questionable currency methods. It was unnecessary to beg the banks to make wholly inadequate preliminary advances, as Secretary Chase was compelled to do at the time of the Civil War.

Thrift as a War-Winner

The distinguishing feature of the financing of the present war has been the emphasis which has been put upon thrift. The doctrine of conservation of "goods and services" has been preached from one end of the land to the other. This effort has succeeded to a remarkable degree.

The method of public-debt financing which the Treasury Department has so successfully used since we entered the war may be simply and clearly described. In anticipation of the receipt of the proceeds of Liberty Bonds the Treasury has issued certificates of indebtedness. These certificates have first been apportioned to the twelve Federal Reserve Banks and then to the banks in each district in the ratio which the assets of each group and of each bank in a group bore respectively to the entire banking assets of the country and of the group. These certificates have borne rates of interest varying from 3 to 4½ per cent. The certificates have been issued from time to time, as the exigencies of the Treasury required.

Then, when the time seemed suitable for the issuance of a Liberty Loan, the advances of the banks have been repaid from the proceeds of such loan.

The success of the permanent or Liberty Bond financing is a matter of common record. The grand total of the five loans issued was $21,478,356,250. According to official estimates these bonds have been distributed among nearly thirty million subscribers. Then there have been the sales of War Savings and Thrift Stamps aggregating well over a billion dollars.

The actual net war burden which the American people will have to liquidate will be about twenty billion dollars or, say, $187 per capita. At the close of the Civil War the per-capita burden was more than $79. Considering the development in the resources of the nation which has taken place since 1865 the problem ought not to be more difficult to cope with now than it was in that instance. The traditional dislike of the nation to being in debt and the rapid progress made in debt reduction after every other great crisis in the history of the country will undoubtedly characterize the course of events following the present crisis.

Patriotism Can be Profitable

When Alexander Hamilton became the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, in 1789, he found that the new Government had inherited from the Federation an indebtedness of about $80,000,000. In his second report on the public credit, made in January, 1795, Hamilton stated that the public debt at that time amounted to $77,496,468. At about this time Hamilton in another report laid down the principle which has been lived up to by subsequent generations in this country, when he declared that "as the vicissitudes of nations beget a perpetual tendency to the accumulation of debt, there ought to be in every government a perpetual, anxious and unceasing effort to reduce that which at any time exists as fast as shall be practicable, consistently with integrity and good faith." He defined public debt as "a property subsisting in the faith of the Government. Its essence is promise. Its definite value depends upon reliance that the promise will be definitely fulfilled."

It looks very much as if history would repeat itself and taxes flow into the Treasury in such volume as to permit of an early resumption of debt paying.

Those who have bought Liberty Bonds from patriotic motives will unquestionably be rewarded for so doing in hard dollars-and-cents profits, should they wish to realize upon their bonds prior to maturity. The present market return of nearly five per cent from an investment in United States Liberty Bonds will fade away as did the big returns from similar investments after the Civil War. After that war 7 3-10 per cent gave way to 6 per cent, then to 5, 4½, 4. No sooner was the debt upon a 4 per cent basis than the market rate became 3½ per cent, then 3 per cent and finally before the turn came the government credit rose to a two per cent basis. Patriotism was certainly wonderfully rewarded. The same relative enhancement in market value and of rapid debt reduction happened following the funding of the Revolutionary debt, after the War of 1812, and after the Mexican War.

It will not be many years before the United States will be again out of debt, and in the interval the fortunate holders of the country's bonds will reap a harvest. This time those to be benefited will be the people at large, for there is scarcely a family to-day that does not own at least one Liberty Bond.

The people of the United States may well be proud of the debt-paying record of their Government.

Though assisted by the fact of the great resources of a new country the achievements of the past would not have been possible had not the financial foundation been well laid in the beginning of our history and a strong sense of public honor ever afterward maintained.

There have been four issues of Liberty Bonds for an aggregate amount of $16,978,356,250, and one issue of Victory Loan notes, which brought the total up to $21,478,356,250. The subscription lists for the First Liberty Bond issue were opened May 14, 1917, and the total subscriptions amounted to $3,035,226,850. The total number of subscribers was 4,500,000 and the average subscription was $675. The per-capita subscription was $28.63. Soldiers and sailors came forward with subscriptions amounting to more than those received from the civilian population.

These fine lads not only offered their services and their lives but actually turned their money over to the Government to prosecute the war.

Subscriptions to the Second Liberty Loan opened October 1, 1917. The total amount offered was $3,000,000,000. The amount subscribed was $4,617,532,300, or 154 per cent of the amount offered. The amount allotted was $3,808,766,150. The number of subscribers was 9,500,000, giving an average subscription of $486. The bonds were subscribed for by about nine per cent of the population and the per-capita subscription was $13.66.

The Third Liberty Loan was offered on April 6, 1918. The amount offered was $3,000,000,000. The amount subscribed and allotted was $4,176,516,850. The total number of subscribers was 18,308,325, an average of $228.12 each.

The Fourth Liberty Loan was offered September 28, 1918. The amount offered was $6,000,000,000, bearing interest at the rate of 4¼ per cent. The subscription allotted was $6,993,073,250. There were more than 21,000,000 subscribers to this loan—giving an average subscription of $333. That is to say, one subscription for every family in the United States.

Secretary McAdoo said in his annual report to Congress: "This great loan was oversubscribed in spite of very real difficulties incident to the influenza epidemic which swept over the country during the progress of the campaign and which caused the abandonment of public meetings on a large scale, the unenacted revenue bill and other unfavorable factors. The oversubscription of this largest of all loans was the greatest financial achievement in all history and a wonderful manifestation of the strength of purpose of the American people." International bankers, familiar with the history of bond transactions for the last half century, have described this Fourth Liberty Loan as "the most successful war loan ever placed in this or any other country."

Our Sacrifices—and Theirs

The Fifth, or Victory, Liberty Loan, was offered on April 21, 1919. The amount offered and allotted was four and a half billion dollars. The total subscriptions from approximately twelve million persons came to $5,249,908,300, an oversubscription of $749,908,300, or 16.6 per cent.

When Secretary Glass, of the Treasury, was told before the Victory Loan was issued, "by public men of steady judgment and tested patriotism," that we must approach the problem of future loans in a distinctly cold-blooded mood; that things had assumed a different phase; that our attitude of mind and heart was altered; that we must consider the matter strictly from an investment point of view, and put the loan on a commercial basis; he replied warmly enough: "What is meant by the 'sacrifices' of war for America? Where are our devastated fields and ruined cities? Where our cathedrals destroyed and homes profaned? Where our flooded mines and pillaged factories? Where our defiled women and starved children and wrecked men? Where on this wide continent does hunger stalk abroad or pestilential disease claim its thousands of victims? Is it, then, a serious 'sacrifice' to invest one's money in the interest-bearing obligations of one's Government in order to make everlastingly secure the nation's freedom as well as the nation's property?

"Our Allies fought for nearly three years before we began to fight with them. For nearly that period of time the United States profited tremendously, in a commercial and industrial sense, by the European War. Immense fortunes were made; prosperity pervaded our land. Our domestic trade was almost past computation; our foreign trade in many lines was epochal. It reached the immense proportions of $23,462,191,652 of exports against $11,881,973,986 of imports, showing a balance in our favor of $11,580,217,666. We imported more than a billion dollars in gold from debtor nations. France and Britain lost millions of men killed and millions of others wounded. Less than sixty thousand American heroes sleep beneath the sod of France. These men made the supreme sacrifice. Should we dishonor their memories or diminish the glory of their service by pausing in the cheerful performance of an imperative duty?"

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Lowry. The second will appear next week.

Let the "Kitchen Maid" be Your Kitchen Aid

The Five Kitchen Maids and the Five BIG Reasons

EACH of the Five Kitchen Maids is showing to you a dominating point in the construction, convenience and sanitation of the **Kitchen Maid Kitchen Cabinet.** Sanitation, convenience, beauty and lasting quality—the points you want most—are found at their best in this superior kitchen aid. For instance:

(1) **The Flush Doors**—Just one rub of a cloth and they shine like new. All surfaces smooth, shiny and clean; corners and edges are rounded off smooth.

(2) **"Look at those Inside Rounded Corners."** It is another exclusive Kitchen Maid feature. Rounded corners, easy to keep white and clean, certainly make work easier.

(3) **The Pastry Compartment,** where pastry can be kept fresh for days, is found only in this cabinet.

(4) **The Flour Bin** is easily removable and stands by itself as a unit. It has those "easy-to-clean inside rounded corners"—a big sanitary feature. Flour is sifted finer and lighter, because only a limited amount is let onto the screen at a time—this means better pastry.

(5) **The Automatic Sugar Bin**—Absolutely damp proof, dust tight, and always reliable. No valves to clog. A tip forward opens—a tip backward closes the lid. This is the bin where no sugar is wasted because of lumps or trouble with leaking valves.

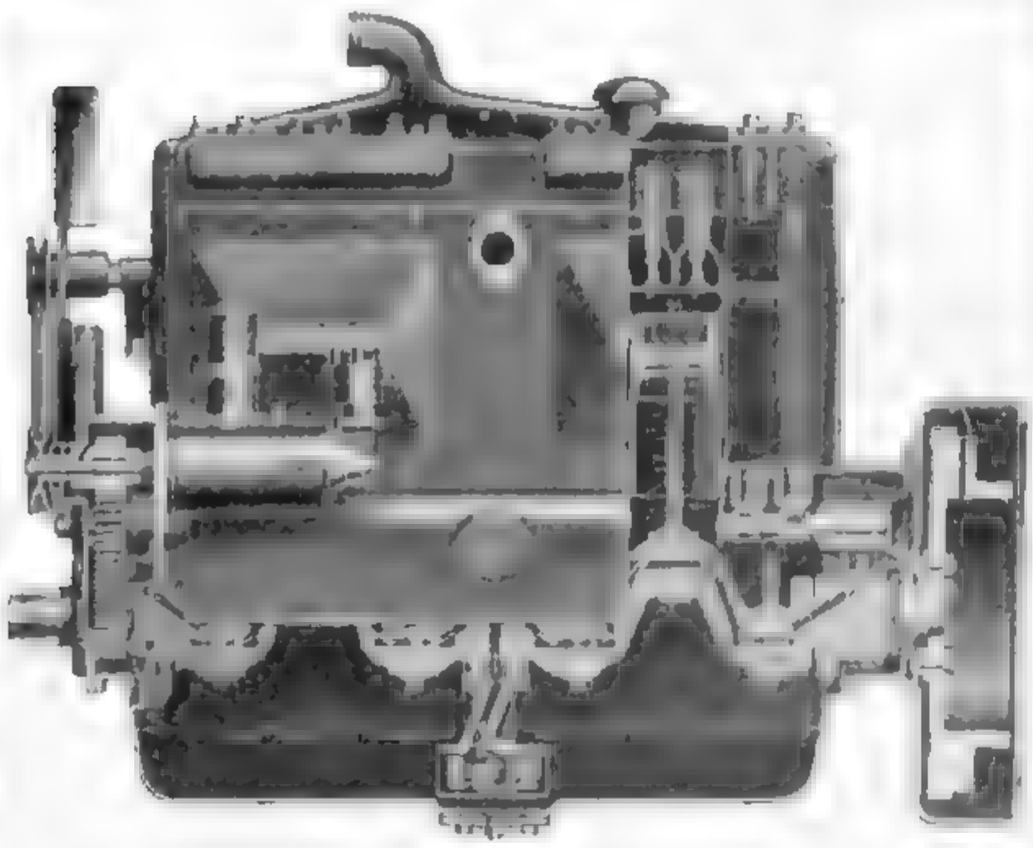
These are the five big features you want in your cabinet and they are found combined **only in the Kitchen Maid.** Interior finish of all models is adhesive white enamel, with exterior finish of either snowy white enamel or beautiful golden oak. Together with master cabinet workmanship, these features make a cabinet which will meet your every need and make your routine more pleasurable. Why buy any cabinet less convenient when all these highly desirable features are combined at a moderate cost in the **Kitchen Maid Kitchen Cabinet?**

Write for booklet "The Five Kitchen Maids and the Five BIG Reasons."

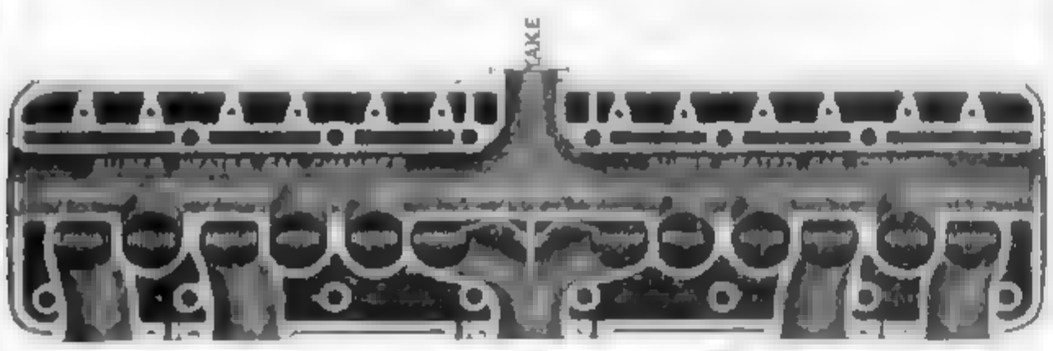
WASMUTH-ENDICOTT COMPANY — ANDREWS, IND.

"The Smooth Surface Round Corner"
KITCHEN MAID
KITCHEN CABINET

STEPHENS Salient Six



This engine develops 57 h p. at 2600 R P.M All valve mechanism is enclosed. Valve tappets are adjustable while engine is running no noise. Valve springs are double, which gives quick, quiet valve seating. Valves are unusually large one half the diameter of the cylinder—this gives extremely quick charging and discharging. Oil is pumped to all bearings under pressure.



As the gas leaves the carburetor it strikes a hot wall which instantly vaporizes all the gas. Gas is held in the superheating chamber—it can not condense—and is constantly waiting to shoot through the large valves. Gas enters the combustion chambers in uniform and perfect condition for delivering every mute of power.

Power and Economy-

AGAIN the Stephens Salient Six has won the Annual Los Angeles Economy Run. This year it traveled 21.4 miles for each gallon of fuel, and won over all watercooled cars by a 5 ton mile margin. In 1918 the Stephens Salient Six made 21.5 miles per gallon of fuel and won over all cars entered for economy of gas, oil and water.

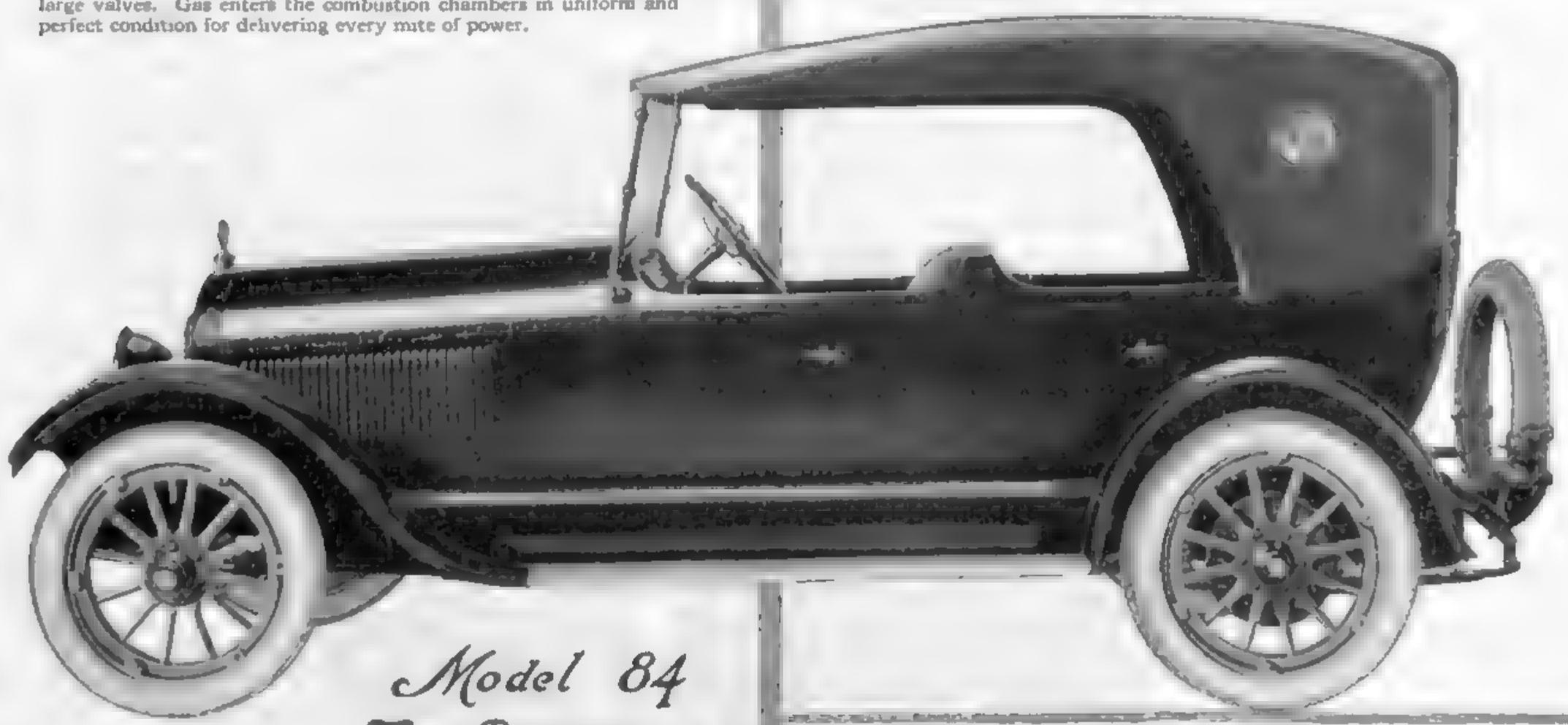
These records establish the Stephens Salient Six as the most economical motor car of its class. Such performance is the result of the Stephens perfected overhead valve engine, which is not only the most economical but also the most powerful engine of its size.

Briefly the superiority of the Stephens engine is due to its perfected overhead valve construction, its superior gas preparing and handling system and its unusually large valves.

And the Stephens Salient Six is just as beautiful and comfortable as it is powerful and economical. You are impressed by its beauty.

The open models of the Stephens Salient Six are of 2, 4, and 6 passenger capacity. This new American seating arrangement is logical, as more people motor in couples than otherwise, and in addition such construction lends itself to a long, low and narrow design which is extremely pleasing.

MOLINE PLOW COMPANY
Stephens Motor Works
MOLINE, ILL.
Factories: Freeport, Ill.



Model 84
Four Passenger

JOHN J. COINCIDENCE

(Continued from Page 5)

On that great day when a new definition for the German equivalent of the English word "impregnable" was furnished by men who went up to battle swearfully or prayerfully, as the case might be, a-swearing and a-praying as they went in more tongues than were babbled at Babel Tower; in other words, on the day when the never-to-be-broken Hindenburg line was broken through and through, a battalion of one of the infantry regiments of this same draft division formed a little individual ground swell in the first wave of attack.

That chill and gloomy hour when condemned men and milkmen rise up from where they lie, when sick folk die in their beds and the drowsy birds begin to chirp themselves awake found the men of this particular battalion in shallow front-line trenches on the farther edge of a birch thicket. There they crouched, awaiting the word. The flat cold taste of before sunup was clammy in their throats; the smell of the fading nighttime was in their nostrils.

And in the heart of every man of them that man over and over again asked himself a question. He asked himself whether his will power—which meant his soul—was going to be strong enough to drag his reluctant body along with it into what impended. You see, with a very few exceptions none of this outfit had been over the top before. They had been under fire, some of them—fire of gas shells and of shrapnel and of high explosives in dugouts or in rear positions or as they passed along roads lying under gun range of the enemy. But this matter would be different; this experience would widely differ from any they had undergone. This meant going out into the open to walk up against machine-gun fire and small-arm fire. So each one asked himself the question.

Take a thousand fighting men. For purposes of argument let us say that when the test of fighting comes five men out of that thousand cannot readjust their nerves to the prospect of a violent end by powder and ball from unseen sources. Under other circumstances any one of the five might face a peril greater than that which now confronts him. Conceivably he might flop into a swollen river to save a drowning puppy; might dive into a burning building after some stranger's pet tabby cat. But this prospect which lies before him of ambling across a field with death singing about his ears, tears with clawing fingers at the tuggs and toggles of his imagination until his flesh revolts to the point where it refuses to dare. It is such a man that courts-martial and the world at large miscall by the hateful name of coward.

Out of the remaining nine hundred and ninety-five are five more—as we allow—who have so little of perception, who are so stolid, so dull of wit and apprehension that they go into battle unmoved, unshaken, unthinking. This leaves nine hundred and ninety who are afraid—sorely and terribly afraid. They are afraid of being killed, afraid of being crippled, afraid of venturing out where killings and cripplings are carried on as branches of a highly specialized business.

But at the last they find that they fear just one thing more than they fear death and dismemberment; and that this one supremest thing is the fear that those about them may discover how terribly afraid they are. It is this greater fear, overriding all those lesser terrors, that makes over ordinary men into leaders of forlorn hopes, into holders of last ditches, into bearers of heroic blazons, into sleepers under memorial shafts erected by the citizens of a proud, a grateful and a sorrowing country. A sense of self-respect is a terrific responsibility.

Under this double stress, torn in advance of the actual undertaking by primitive emotions pulling in opposite directions, men bear themselves after curious but common fashions. To a psychologist twenty men chosen at random from the members of the battalion, waiting there in the edge of the birch thicket for their striking hour to come, would have offered twenty contrasting subjects for study.

Here was a man all deathly white, who spoke never a word, but who retched with sharp painful sounds and kept his free hand gripped into his cramping belly. That dread of being hit in the bowels which so many men have at moments like this was making him physically sick.

Here again was a man who made jokes about cold feet and yellow streaks and the chances of death and the like and laughed at his own jokes. But there was a quiver of barely checked hysteria in his laughing and his eyes shone like the eyes of a man in a fever and the sweat kept popping out in little beads on his face.

Here again was a man who swore constantly in a monotonous undertone. Always I am reading where a man of my race under strain or provocation coins new and apt and picturesque oaths; but myself, I have never seen such a man. I should have seen him, too, if he really existed anywhere except in books, seeing that as a boy I knew many steamboat mates on Southern waters and afterward met socially many and divers mule drivers and horse wranglers in the great West.

But it has been my observation that in the matter of oaths the Anglo-Saxon tongue is strangely lacking in variety and spice. There are a few stand-by oaths—three or four nouns, two or three adjectives, one double-jointed adjective—and these invariably are employed over and over again. The which was undeniably true in this particular instance. This man who swore so steadily merely repeated, time without number and presumably with reference to the Germans, the unprettiest and at the same time the most familiar name of compounded opprobrium that our deficient language yields.

For the fiftieth time in half as many minutes, a captain—his name was Captain Griswold and he was the captain of B Company—consulted the luminous face of his wrist watch where he stooped behind shelter. He spoke then, and his voice was plainly to be heard under the whistle and whoop of the shells passing over his head from the supporting batteries behind with intent to fall in the supposed defenses of the enemy in front. Great sounds would have been lost in that crashing tumult; by one of the paradoxes of battle lesser sounds were easily audible.

"All right," said Captain Griswold, "it's time! If some damn fool hasn't gummed things up the creeping barrage should be starting out yonder and everything is set. Come on, men—let's go!"

They went, each still behaving according to his own mode. The man with the gripes who retched was still retching as he heaved himself up over the parapet; the man who had laughed was still laughing; the man who had sworn was mechanically continuing to repeat that naughty pet name of his for the Fritzies. Nobody though called on anybody else to defend the glory of the flag; nobody invited anybody to remember the Lusitania; nobody spoke a single one of the fine speeches that the bushelmen of fiction at home thought up to put into the mouths of men moving into battle.

Indeed, not in any visible regard was the scene marked by drama. Merely some muddied men burdened with ironmongery and bumpy with gas masks and ammunition packs climbed laboriously out of a slit in the wet earth and in squads—single filing, one man behind the next as directly as might be—stepped along through a pale, sad, slightly misty light at rather a deliberate pace, to traverse a weedy meadowland which rose before them at a gentle incline. There was no firing of guns, no waving of swords. There were no swords to wave. There was no enemy in sight and no evidence as yet that they had been sighted by any enemy. As a matter of fact, none of them—neither those who fell nor those who lived—saw on that day a single living individual recognizable as a German.

A sense of enormous isolation encompassed them. They seemed to be all alone in a corner of the world that was peopled by diabolical sounds, but not by humans. They had a feeling that because of an error in the plans they had been sent forward without supports; that they—a puny handful—were to be sacrificed under the haunches of the Hindenburg line while all those thousands of others who should have been their companions upon this adventure bided safely behind, held back by the countermand which through some hideous blunder had failed to reach them in time. But they went on. Orders were to go on—and order, plus discipline, plus the individual's sense

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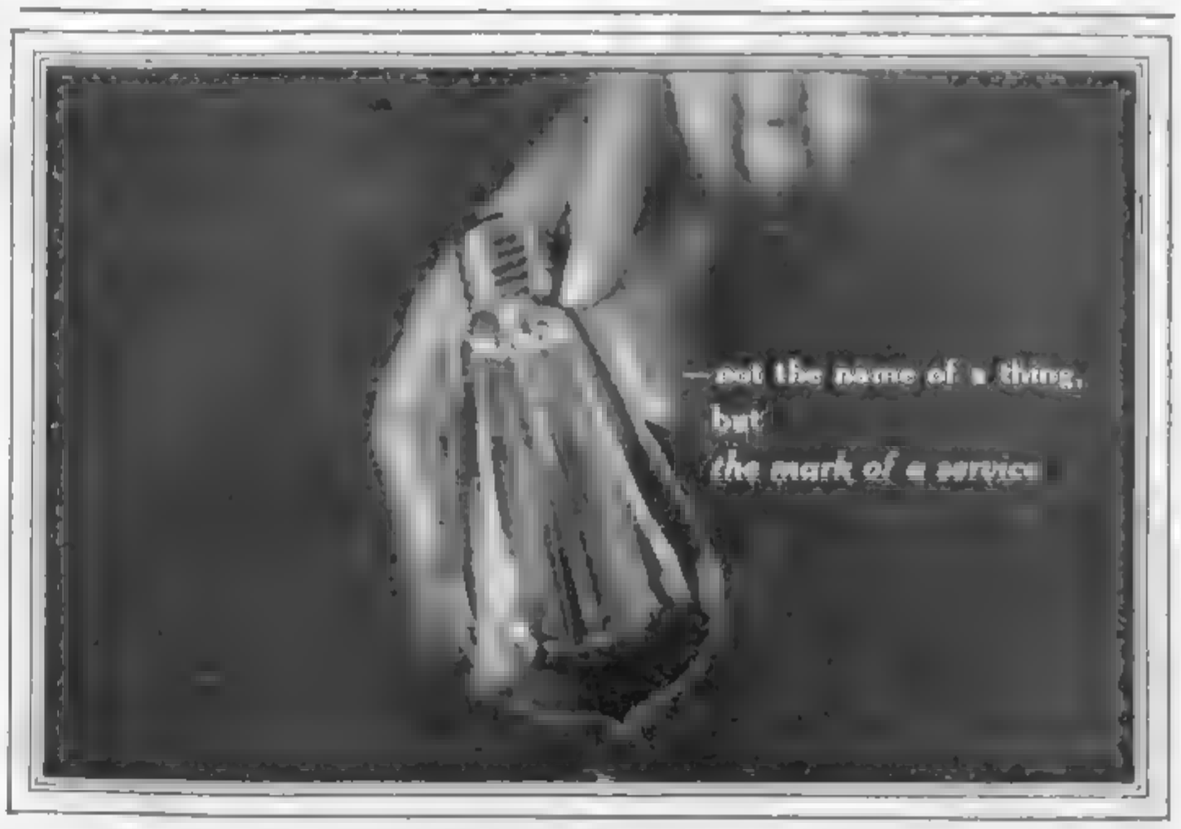
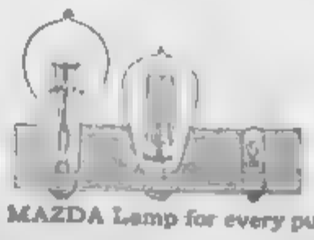


MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this service.

MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.



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"Where From, Son?"

[illegible] Bixler boy. Did I get it at [illegible] day I bought my new suit. He [illegible] Bixler Jewels. Dee [illegible] cuff links, [illegible] belt [illegible] and everything of that sort. Works in line with his line."

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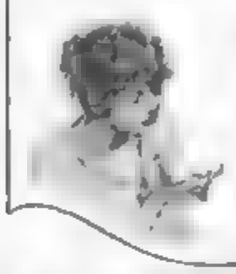

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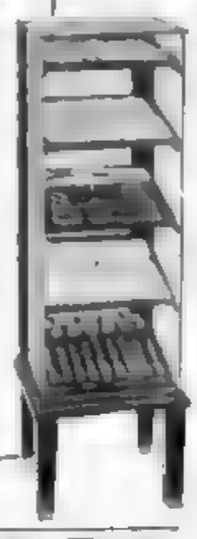

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[illegible] ve "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. The Economy is a [illegible] renewable fuse. As compared with [illegible] time fuses, it cuts annual fuse [illegible] approximately 80%.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
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[illegible] Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator.
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Sprinkles Like Rain—75 ft. in Diameter
Turning faucet reduces sprinkling to any area. Takes all the [illegible] quicker, easier and better. [illegible] work in watering [illegible]

10 Days' Trial Over [illegible] sprinkler working you will never [illegible] it up. Write for Trial Offer and Free Book.

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WEATHERWAX
Roof Concrete Paint

Corrects and prevents white stains on brick walls. Makes concrete walls waterproof. Cannot peel from [illegible] or brick because it penetrates like a stain.

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THE REILLY COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

of responsibility, plus that fear of his that his mates may know how fearful of other things he is—make it possible for armies to be armies instead of mobs and for battles to be won.

They went on until they came to an invisible line drawn lengthwise across the broad way of the weed field, and here men began to drop down. Mainly those stricken slid gently forward to lie on their stomachs. Only here and there was there a man who spun about to fall face upward. Those who were wounded, but not overthrown, would generally sit down quite gently and quite deliberately, with puzzled looks in their eyes. Since still there was neither sign nor sight of the well-hidden enemy the thought took root in the minds of the men as yet unscathed that, advancing too fast, they had been caught in the drop curtain of their own barrage.

Sergeant Hyman Ginsburg, going along at the head of his squad, got this notion quite well fixed in his mind. Then, though, he saw smoke jets issuing from bushes and trees on ahead of him where the ridges of the slope sharpened up acutely into a sort of natural barrier like a wall; and likewise for the first time he now heard the tat-tat-tat of machine guns, sounding like the hammers of pneumatic riveters rapidly operated. To him it seemed a proper course that his squad should take such cover as the lay of the land afforded and fire back toward the machine guns. But since the instructions, so far as he knew them, called for a steady advance up to within a few rods of the enemy's supposed position and then a quick rush forward, he gave no such command to his squad.

Suddenly he became aware that off to the right the forward movement of the battalion was checking up. Then, all in an instant, men on both sides were falling back. He and his squad were enveloped in a reverse movement. It seemed too bad that the battalion should be driven in after suffering these casualties and without having dealt a blow in return for the punishment it had undergone. But what did it matter, after all, if they were being sacrificed vainly as the result of a hideous mistake at divisional headquarters? Better to save what was left.

So far as he could tell, nobody gave the word to retire. He found himself going back at the tail of his squad where before he had been its head. Subconsciously he was surprised to observe that the copse from which they had emerged but a minute or two earlier, as he had imagined, was a considerable distance away from them, now that they had set their faces toward it. It did not seem possible that they could have left it so far behind them. Yet returning to it the men did not perceptibly hurry their steps. They retreated without evidences of disorder—almost reluctantly—as though by their very slowness of movement to signify their disgust for the supposed fiasco that had enveloped them, causing them to waste lives in an ill-timed and futile endeavor.

Ginsburg reëntered the covert of birches with a sense of gratitude for its protection and let himself down into the trench. He faced about, peering over its rim, and saw that his captain—Captain Griswold—was just behind him, returning all alone and looking back over his shoulder constantly.

Captain Griswold was perhaps twenty yards from the thicket when he clasped both hands to the pit of his stomach and slipped down flat in the trampled herbage. In that same moment Ginsburg saw how many invisible darting objects, which must of course be machine-gun bullets, were mowing the weed stems about the spot where the captain had gone down. Bits of turf flew up in showers as the leaden blasts, spraying down from the top of the ridge, bored into the earth.

Well, somebody would have to bring the captain in out of that. He laid his rifle against the wall of the trench and climbed out again into plain view. So far as he knew he was going as a solitary volunteer upon this errand. He put one arm across his face, like a man fending off rain drops, and ran bent forward.

The captain, when he reached him, was lying upon his side with his face turned away from Ginsburg and his shrapnel helmet half on and half off his head. Ginsburg stooped, putting his hands under the pits of the captain's arms, and gave a heave. The burden of the body came against him as so much dead heft; a weight limp and unresponsive, the trunk sagged and the limbs loose and unguided.

Ginsburg felt a hard buffet in his right side. It wasn't a blow exactly; it was more like a clout from a heavily-shod blunt-ended brogan. His last registered impression as he collapsed on top of the captain was that someone, hurrying up to aid him, had stumbled and driven a booted toe into his ribs. Thereafter for a space events—in so far as Ginsburg's mind recorded them—were hazy, with gaps between of complete forgetfulness. He felt no pain to speak of, but busybodies kept bothering him. It drowsily annoyed him to be dragged about, to be lifted up and to be put down again, to be pawed over by unseen, dimly comprehended hands, to be ridden in a careening, bumping vehicle for what seemed to him hours and hours. Finally, when he was striving to reorganize his faculties for the utterance of a protest, someone put something over his nose and he went sound asleep.

Ensued then a measureless period when he slept and dreamed strange jumbled dreams. He awakened, clear enough in his thoughts, but beset with a queer giddiness and a weakness, in a hospital sixteen miles from where the mix-up had started, though he didn't know about that of course until subsequent inquiry enabled him to piece together a number of fragmentary recollections. For the present he was content to realize that he lay on a comfortable cot under a tight roof and that he had his full complement of arms and legs and could move them, though when he moved the right leg the ankle hurt him. Also he had a queer squeezed-in sensation amidships as though broad straps had been buckled tightly about his trunk.

Upon top of these discoveries came another. Sitting up in the next-hand cot to his on the right was a trooper of his own company, one Paul Dempsey, now rather elaborately bandaged as to his head and shoulders, but seemingly otherwise in customary good order and spirits.

"Hello, Dempsey," he said.

"Hello, sarge," answered back Dempsey. "How you feelin' by now—all right?"

"Guess so. My ankle is sprained or something and my side feels sort of funny."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Dempsey. "I got a dippy kind of feelin' inside my own headpiece—piece of shell casin' come and beaned me. It don't amount to much, though; just enough to get me a wound stripe. You're the lucky guy, sarge. Maybe it's so you won't have to go back and prob'ly I will."

The speaker sighed and grinned and then confessed to a great perception which many before him had known and which many were to know afterward, but which some—less frank than he—have sought to conceal.

"I'll go back of course if they need me—and if I have to—but I'd just as lief not. You kin take it from me, I've had plenty of this gettin' all-shot-up business. Oncet is enough for First-Class Private Dempsey.

"Say," he went on, "looks like you and me are goin' partners a lot here lately. I get mine right after you get yours. We ride back here together in the same tin Lizzie—you and me do—and now here we are side by each again. Well, there's a lot of the fellows we won't neither of us see no more. But their lives wasn't wasted, at that. I betcher there's a lot of German bein' spoke in hell these last two three days.

"Oh, you ain't heard the big news, have you? Bein' off your dip and out of commission like you was. Well, we busted old Mister Hindenburg's line in about nine places and now it looks like maybe we'll eat Thanksgivin' dinner in Berlin or Hoboken—one."

Dempsey went on and every word that he uttered was news—how the seemingly premature advance of the battalion had not been a mistake at all; how the only slip was that the battalion walked into a whole cote of unsuspected machine-gun nests, but how the second battalion going up and round the shore of the hill to the left had taken the boche on the flank and cleaned him out of his pretty little ambuscade; how there were tidings of great cheer filtering back from all along the line and so forth and so on. Ginsburg broke in on him:

"How's Captain Griswold?"

"Oh, the cap was as good as dead when this here guy, Goodman, fetched him in on his back after he'd went out after you fell and fetched you back in first. I seen the whole thing myself—it was right after that that I got beaned. One good scout, the cap was. And there ain't nothin' wrong with this Goodman, neither; you kin take it from me."

"Goodman?" Ginsburg pondered. The name was a strange one. "Say, was it this Goodman that kicked me in the ribs while I was tryin' to pick up the captain?"

"Kicked you nothin'! You got a machine-gun bullet glancin' on your short ribs and acrost your chest right under the skin—that was what put you down and out. And then just as Goodman fetched you in acrost over the top here come another lot of machine-gun bullets, and one of 'em drilled you through the ankle and another one of them bored Goodman clean through the shoulder; but that didn't keep him from goin' right back out there, shot up like he was, after the captain. Quick as a cat that guy was and strong as a bull. Naw, Goodman he never kicked you—that was a little chunk of lead kicked you."

"But I didn't feel any pain like a bullet," protested Ginsburg. "It was more like a hard wallop with a club or a boot."

"Say, that's a funny thing too," said Dempsey. "You're always readin' about the sharp dartin' pain a bullet makes, and yet nearly everybody that gets hit comes out of his trance ready to swear a mule muster kicked him or somethin'. I guess that sharp-dartin'-pain stuff runs for Sweeney; the guys that write about it oughter get shot up themselves oncet. Then they'd know."

"This Goodman, now?" queried Ginsburg, trying to chamber many impressions at once. "I don't seem to place him. He wasn't in B Company?"

"Naw! He's out of D Company. He's a new guy. He's out of a bunch of replacements that come up for D Company only the day before yistiddy. Well, for a green hand he certainly handled himself like one old-timer."

Dempsey, aged nineteen, spoke as the grizzled veteran of many campaigns might have spoken.

"Yes, sir! He certainly snatched you out of a damn bad hole in jig time."

"I'd like to have a look at him," said Ginsburg. "And my old mother back home would, too, I know."

"Your mother'll have to wait, but you kin have your wish," said Dempsey gleefully. He had been saving his biggest piece of news for the last. "If you've got anything to ask him just ask him. He's layin' there—right over there on the other side of you. We all three of us rode down here together in the same amb'lance load."

Ginsburg turned his head. Above the blanket that covered the figure of his cot neighbor on the right he looked into the face of the man who had saved him—looked into it and recognized it. That dark skin, clear through, with a transparent pallor to it like brown stump water in a swamp, and those black eyes between the slitted lids could belong to but one person on earth. If the other had overheard what just had passed between Ginsburg and Dempsey he gave no sign. He considered Ginsburg steadily, with a cool, hostile stare in his eyes.

"Much obliged, buddy," said Ginsburg. Something already had told him that here revealed was a secret not to be shared with a third party.

"Don't mention it," answered his late rescuer shortly. He drew a fold of the blanket up across his face with the gesture of one craving solitude or sleep.

"Huh!" quoth Dempsey. "Not what I'd call a talkative guy."

This shortcoming could not be laid at his own door. He talked steadily on. After a while, though, a reaction of weariness began to blunt Dempsey's sprightly vivacity. His talk trailed off into grunts and he slept the sleep of a hurt tired-out boy.

Satisfied that Dempsey no longer was to be considered in the rôle of a possible eavesdropper, Ginsburg nevertheless spoke cautiously as again he turned his face toward the motionless figure stretched alongside him on his left.

"Listenin', ain't you?" he began.

"Yes," gruffly.

"When did you begin calling yourself Goodman?"

"That's my business."

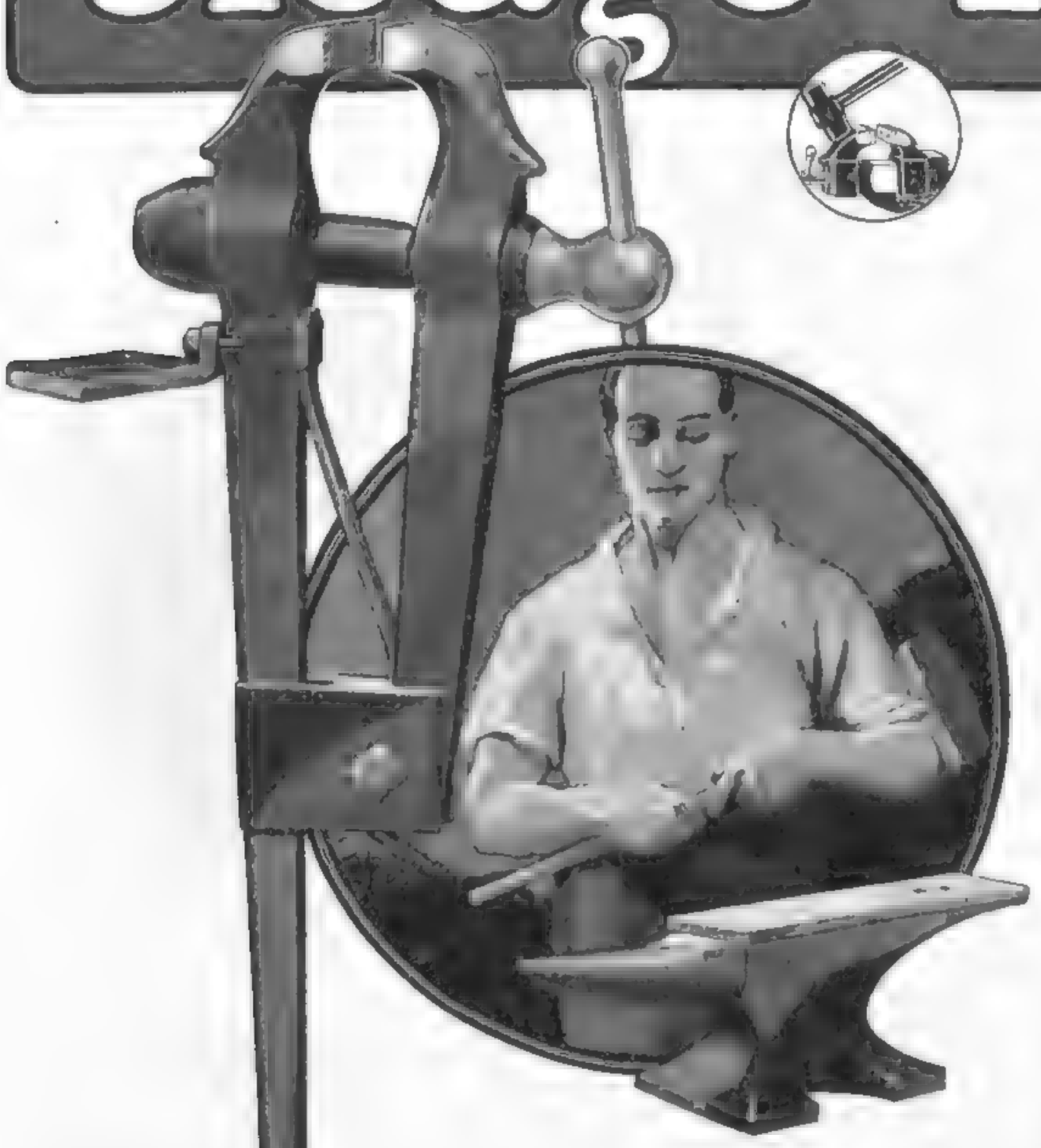
"No, it's not. Something has happened that gives me the right to know. Forget that I used to be on the cops. I'm asking you now as one soldier to another: When did you begin calling yourself Goodman?"

"About a year ago—when I first got into the service."

"How did you get in?"

(Concluded on Page 129)

"Sledge-Tested"



AMONG Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises the Columbian forged steel leg vise is preferred by many users. It has always been a favorite with blacksmiths and it is today probably the most popular type of vise for farm use. Two-thirds of all the leg vises sold in America are Columbian Vises.

Most users of leg vises use anvils too. The Columbian All-Steel Anvil is Crucible steel from top to bottom and made in one piece. It is a scientifically designed and carefully finished anvil. Of one style there are 33 separate sizes from 10 pounds to 800. Of the government's purchase of anvils during the war, we estimate that 80 per cent were Columbian Anvils.

Columbian bench vises are the only malleable iron vises made and are patented. They are twice as strong as cast iron vises *yet they cost no more.* All have removable steel jaw faces and other distinctive features.

Columbian Vises include every style and size. Hundreds of dealers sell them, among whom are the distributors listed below.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
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World's largest makers of vises and anvils

Cleveland

COLUMBIAN

Sledge-Tested VISES **All-Steel One Piece ANVILS**

© 1919, G.-D. Co

For Sunday Afternoon at Home the Gulbransen Plays the Hymns

WHEN you gather 'round on Sunday afternoon or any other time—and hymns are in order, the Gulbransen is always ready to furnish the music.

All the well-known hymns in universal use are now available in player-rolls. Some with the words on the roll. Here is a partial list:

Standard Hymns

Abide With Me
I Need Thee Every Hour
Jesus Lover of My Soul
Lead Kindly Light
Nearer My God to Thee
Onward Christian Soldiers
Rock of Ages
Ave Maria
Come All Ye Faithful
Holy, Holy, Holy

Christian Science Hymns

Show Me How to Go
Day By Day the Manna Fell

Billy Sunday Hymns

The Gulbransen transposes the music into any key so that all may sing without straining the voice, and it can be played as slowly as desired. No knowledge of music is required to play the Gulbransen. Neither does it require effort.

The pedals operate so gently that a tiny baby once crept up to the Gulbransen and played it as shown in picture below, which gave us the idea for our trade mark.

Elderly people take a keen delight in this ease of operation, and in the simplicity which makes the playing with expression so natural to you at the Gulbransen.

The moment your feet touch the Gulbransen pedals you know you are playing a better player-piano than any you ever tried before. The Gulbransen is so Easy to Play.

Look up our dealer and try the Gulbransen yourself. Try some of the good old hymns. The dealer has them. You can locate him by the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. Or write us for his address.

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO.
3232 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

NATIONALLY PRICED

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

White House Model	$600
Country Seat Model	535
Suburban Model	450

Gulbransen Trade Mark

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Concluded from Page 126)

"Enlisted."

"Where? New York?"

"No. Cleveland."

"What made you enlist?"

"Say, wot's this—thoid-degree stuff?"

"I told you just now that I figured I had a right to know. When a man saves your life it puts him under an obligation to you—I mean puts you under an obligation to him," he corrected.

"Well, if you put it that way maybe it was because I wanted to duck out of reach of you bulls. Maybe because I wanted to go straight a while. Maybe because I wanted to show that a bad guy could do somethin' for his country. Dope it out for yourself. That used to be your game—dopin' things out—wasn't it?"

"I'm trying to, now. Tell me, does anybody know—anybody in the Army, I mean—know who you are?"

"Nobody but you; and you might call it an accident, the way you come to find out."

"Something like that. How's your record since you joined up?"

"Clean as anybody's."

"And what's your idea about keeping on going straight after the war is over and you get out of service?

"Don't answer unless you feel like it; only I've got my own private reasons for wanting to know."

"Well, I know a trade—learnt it in stir, but I know it. I'm a steamfitter by trade, only I ain't never worked much at it. Maybe when I get back I'd try workin' at it steady if you flatties would only keep off me back. Anything else you wanted to find out?" His tone was sneering almost. "If there's not, I think I'll try to take a nap."

"Not now—but I'd like to talk to you again about some things when we're both rested up."

"Have it your own way. I can't get away from you for a while not with this hole drilled in me shoulder."

However, Ginsburg did not have it his own way. The wound in his leg gave threat of trouble and at once he was shifted south to one of the big base hospitals. An operation followed and after that a rather long, slow convalescence.

In the same week of November that the armistice was signed, Ginsburg, limping slightly, went aboard a troopship bound for home. It befell, therefore, that he spent the winter on sick leave in New York. He had plenty of spare time on his hands and some of it he employed in business of a more or less private nature. For example, he called on the district attorney and a few days later went to Albany and called upon the governor. A returned soldier whose name has been often in the paper and who wears on his uniform tunic two bits of ribbon and on his sleeves service and wound stripes is not kept waiting in anterooms these times. He saw the governor just as he had seen the district attorney—promptly. In fact, the governor felt it to be an honor to meet a soldier who had been decorated for gallantry in action and so expressed himself. Later he called in the reporters and restated the fact; but when one of the reporters inquired into the reasons for Sergeant Ginsburg's visit at this time the governor shook his head.

"The business between us was confidential," he said smilingly. "But I might add that Sergeant Ginsburg got what he came for. And it wasn't a job either. I'm afraid, though, that you young gentlemen will have to wait a while for the rest of the details. They'll come out in time no doubt. But just for the present a sort of surprise is being planned for someone and while I'm to be a party to it I don't feel at liberty to tell about it—yet."

Now it is a part of the business of newspaper men to put two and two together and get four. Months later, recalling what the governor had said to the Albany correspondents, divers city editors with the aid of their bright young staff men did put two and two together and they got a story. It was a peach of a bird of a gem of a story that they got on the day a transport nosed up the harbor bearing what was left of one of the infantry regiments of the praiseworthy Metropolitan Division.

Even in these days of regardless receptions for home-arriving troops it does not often happen that a secretary to the governor and an assistant from the office of the district attorney go down the bay on the same tug to meet the same returning soldier—and he a private soldier at that. Each of these gentlemen had put on his long-tailed coat and his two-quart hat for the gladsome occasion; each of them carried a document for personal presentation to this private soldier.

And the sum total of these documents was: Firstly, to the full legal effect that a certain indictment of long standing was now by due processes of law forever and eternally quashed; and secondly, that the governor had seen fit to remove all disabilities against a certain individual, thereby restoring the person named to all the rights, boons, benefits and privileges of citizenship; and thirdly, that in accordance with a prior and privy design, now fully carried out, the recipient of these documents had official guaranty, stamped, sealed and delivered, that when he set foot on the soil of these United States he would do so without cloud upon his title as a sovereign voter, without blemish on his name and without fear of prosecution in his heart. And the upshot of it all was that the story was more than a peach; it was a pippin: The rehabilitation of Private Pasquale Gallino, sometime known as Stretchy Gorman, gangster, and more latterly still as P. Goodman, U. S. A., A. E. F., celebrated to the extent of I don't know how many gallons of printer's ink.

Having landed in driblets and having been reassembled in camp as a whole, the division presently paraded, which made another story deemed worthy of columns upon columns in print. Our duty here, though, is not to undertake a description of that parade, for such was competently done on that fine day of March in the year of grace and victory, 1919, when the crowd that turned out was the largest crowd which that city of crowds, New York, had seen since the day when the crowding Dutchmen crowded the Indians off the shortly-to-be-crowded island of Manhattan.

Those who follow the daily chronicles of daily events saw then, through the eyes of gifted scribes, how Fifth Avenue was turned into a four-mile stretch of prancing, dancing glory; and how the outpouring millions, in masses fluid as water and in strength irresistible as a flood, broke the police dams and made of roadway and sidewalks one great, roaring, human sluiceway; and how the khaki-clad ranks marched upon a carpet of the flowers and the fruit and the candy and the cigarettes and the cigars and the confetti and the paper ribbons that were thrown at them and about them. These things are a tale told and retold. For us the task is merely to narrate one small incident which occurred in a side street hard by Washington Square while the parade was forming.

Where he stood marking time in the front row of the honor men of his own regiment—there being forty-six of these honor men, all bearing upon their proudly outbulged bosoms bits of metal testifying to valorous deeds—First Sergeant Hyman Ginsburg, keeping eyes front upon the broad back of the colonel who would ride just in advance of the honor squad and speaking out of the side of his mouth, addressed a short, squat, dark man in private's uniform almost directly behind him at the end of the second file.

"Pal," he said, casting his voice over his shoulder, "did you happen to read in the paper this morning that the police commissioner—the new one, the one that was appointed while we were in France—would be in the reviewing stand to-day?"

"No, I didn't read it; but wot of it?" answered the person addressed.

"Nothing, only it reminded me of a promise I made you that night down at the Stuffed Owl when we met for the first time since we were kids together. Remember that promise, don't you?"

"Can't say I do."

"I told you that some day I'd get you with the goods on you and that I'd lead you in broad daylight up the street to the big chief. Well, to-day, kid, I make good on that promise. The big chief's waiting for us up yonder in the reviewing stand along with the governor and the mayor and the rest. And you've got the goods on you—you're wearing them on your chest. And I'm about to lead you to him."

Whereupon old Mr. John J. Coincidence, standing in the crowd, took out his fountain pen and on his shirt cuff scored a fresh tally to his own credit.

In Peace and War Use

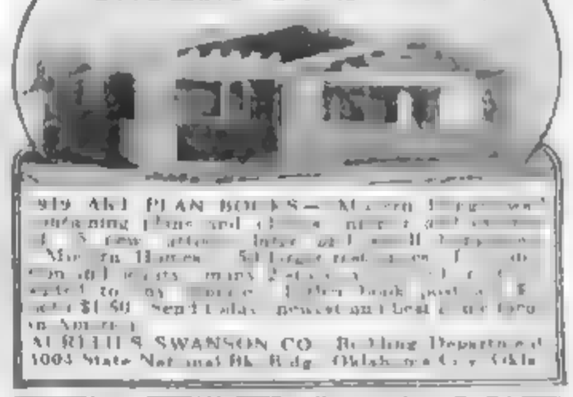
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A prominent British Government officer, in a speech about the war to a large body of business men in N. Y. City recently said, "After the tired soldier has returned from a 12 mile tramp, with swollen and aching feet, is there a mother, who, if she knew, would not go out and get some Foot-Ease to send to her boy?"

People everywhere should realize the comfort derived from Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes. It takes the friction from the shoes and gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters and callouses.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises all men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Try it yourself and if you have a son, brother or friend in the army or navy, why not mail him a package now? Sold by drug and dep't stores everywhere.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD?



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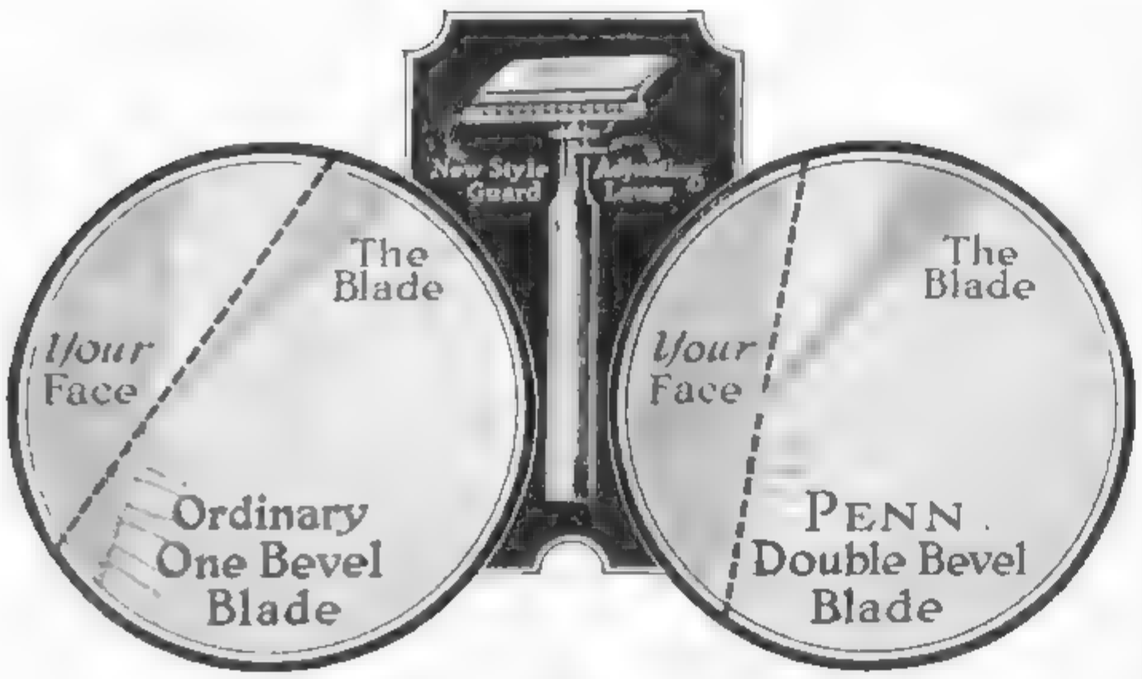

This Double Bevel Blade Makes Your Face Feel Fine!

DOESN'T scrape. Doesn't pull. The tiny *second* bevel guides the keen edge along the skin, leaving it clean, cool and smooth.

This new Penn Double Bevel Blade fits *all* Penn Razors, including the new Penn *Adjustable* Razor, the razor that's adaptable to every type of beard—the razor with the new style guard that smooths out skin along complete front of blade and permits use of entire shaving edge.

Penn Adjustable Razor, with 10 Double Bevel Blades in leather case, $5. Complete shaving sets, including Penn Adjustable Razor, 10 Double Bevel Blades, Honing Strop and Handle, complete in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

We absolutely guarantee the Penn to give you shaving satisfaction. The store where you trade will *loan* you one to try. If your dealer does not keep the Penn, send us his name and we will make sure you are supplied.

A. C. PENN, INC., NEW YORK

Penn Razor
ADJUSTABLE

With the Double Bevel Blades

Oh! That Cooling Breeze!

On days that are sweltering—when the air is like the heat of an oven and your office or room is so stuffy you almost smother—that's the time Polar Cub will change your misery to joy.

Get this busy little fan to-day. Hour after hour he will send out his cooling breeze. In office and home you can work in comfort, eat in comfort, sleep in comfort.

And all he costs is $5.85 (Canada, $8.50), complete with 8 feet of cord and plug. Handsomely finished with nickel-plated motor, adjustable to any angle, and two speeds—for a light or strong breeze. Uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours.

Most hardware and electrical dealers sell Polar Cub. If your dealer hasn't this individual fan write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

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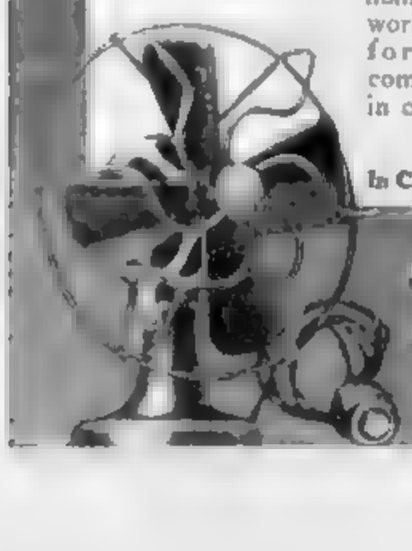

Polar Cub Electric Fan $5.85

GOOD-BY, FRANCE!

(Continued from Page 15)

With their clean outfits, their radiant faces, their strong easy stride, they seemed to me the finest army this old European sun had shone upon. It didn't belong to Europe—this fresh, lusty, free-striding breed. It belonged to a cleaner, bigger land.

It was the same famous division I had seen a month earlier moving out from the bridgehead on the Rhine. On they marched, past the Y huts where for the last time they were treated to chocolate and cigarettes; on past the Red Cross barracks where doughnuts were handed out; past the perspiring band that tootled with crimson cheeks; past the crowd of bravely dressed little French demoiselles waving handkerchiefs like mad!—were there some sore hearts here?—through the narrow gate in single file before the embarkation officer, who from his list monotonously intoned: "Munaric"—"Ivan"; "Taylor"—"George B."; "Alberthal"—"Harry"; "Johnson ——"

But this time the soldier before him did not automatically reply. He was a great, shining, ebony giant of about seven feet six, laden to his big flaring ears with all manner of equipment and carrying—in addition to his own traps—his lieutenant's trunk. It was evident he labored under a powerful emotion. His round open countenance glistened with sweat. His eyes rolled with excitement.

"Johnson!" barked the officer and waited for the response.

"H-h-heah, suh!" beamed the owner and started to march on.

The officer's arm barred the way.

"Johnson!" he shouted.

"Y-y-yes, suh! D-d-d-dat's m-me!" In his terror of being left behind he stammered worse than ever.

"Yah!" exploded the officer, boiling over as he saw the line begin the clog. "How do you get that way? Follow your instructions! Reply with your first name! Now, Johnson!"

"W-w-w-w——" palpitated incoherently the negro, sweat pouring down his face.

"Cut out that w-w-w stuff! You're not a lady's wrist-watch dog. Come on now—Johnson! What's the rest?"

"W-w-w-w——" babbled the big fellow, his eyes goggling with fear.

The officer gave himself to the laughter that rocked the long line. His speed record was irretrievably smashed.

"Take your time," he advised grimly. "We've only got to embark nineteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine other men to-day."

Under the easement of the friendly laughter the private essayed once more. "W-w-w-w-ullie!" he gulped triumphantly. The column roared.

A Two-Fisted He-Man Job

"Well, W-w-willie, we'll let you pass this time. But next time there's a war on hand you get your momma to teach you your name so you won't hold up the whole United States Army en route."

Willie showed all his teeth in an abashed grin and resumed his march toward the promised land. The column began to flow forward, man by man—a steady continuous stream. All through the year of 1918 I had watched the steady flow of that stupendous stream of men and supplies toward the east. Now the tide had turned and was flowing just as strongly in the opposite direction. The ebb of that mighty tide of men and materials from the coast of Europe is the theme of this article.

The forging of the organization of the American Expeditionary Force is one of the finest, noblest enterprises that America as a nation has ever been involved in. Perhaps this is because into its forging went the energy, the heart, the brains and the aspirations of practically every soul in the Union. And creations forged suchwise are apt to have a pretty solid integrity—to amount to something in the world. The American Expeditionary Force, as it came into being in France, was two-sided. It was composed of the men and the plant that took care of the men—in other words, the combat troops and the Service of Supply.

Of this latter organization, with its tremendous plants and installations scattered all over the map of France, from the western ports clear to the banks of the Rhine, the public is already informed. And if I sketch it once more it is simply to visualize it from a new angle—from the angle of pulling down, cleaning out, dissolving the huge plant that was constructed and assembled with such speed, efficiency and care. First of all, there were the installations at the different ports for receiving men and supplies: vast systems of docks, freight yards, warehouses and hundreds of miles of track. There were the immense reservoirs for storing food, clothes, equipment, ordnance and medical supplies; the refrigerating and salvage plants; the munitions and aviation centers; the forestry and engineering corps; the hospital installations—in short, all the physical properties and supplies that were necessary in order that a nation might conduct successfully in a foreign land the business of killing men.

These plants of every type and description, representing the best energy and brains of America, cost a stupendous sum to lay down in France. In addition to the original high cost of wartime production was the cost of transportation. The plants had been laid down with a speed that astonished the world—to make possible the winning of the war. And they had made it possible. The flood of men and materials had done it. The gigantic driving force that could put two millions of men into a foreign land with one hand while with the other hand it fashioned a huge physical plant capable of feeding, clothing and arming those two million men—such a driving force broke the backbone of the German resistance.

They didn't dream we could do it—in the allotted time. Neither, in truth, did the Allies; they only desperately hoped. But America showed them. She showed even herself, for until then she had not consciously measured her own strength. The year of 1918 was the slow, arduous, sacrificial march up a steep hill. Until November eleventh we were marching up the hill. Upon November twelfth we began to turn round and march down again.

Converting Arteries Into Veins

Before November eleventh there was a mighty tide of men and materials pouring into France. The machine that controlled that tide was one of the best the world has seen—built in the shortest time, handling tremendous quantities, functioning with unparalleled speed. The entire system was fashioned to operate in one direction only, like the arterial system, which is fashioned to push the blood forward and never back. In like manner this system was forged to pass men and supplies with all speed up to the Western Front. It could not have worked backward any more than the arterial system, for it was not built that way.

But on November 12, 1918, cables began to arrive from Washington which indicated that the mighty tide had been arrested, and that a new system must be forged to work in the opposite direction—to get two million men, together with their equipment, out of France. Up to November eleventh the work had been one of assembling, constructing a formidable machine. After November eleventh the business automatically became the opposite one of dissolving, reducing to its original elements that same formidable machine—of returning the soldier to his home and civiliandom; of turning all the physical properties and supplies left in France back into credits and gold; of obliterating, wiping off the map all that which had been previously so carefully built up—of liquidating, in short, all the foreign war interests of the United States. In France the American Expeditionary Force, as an individual organism, is fast passing out of existence. It will soon be extinct. What follows is the account of its final hours.

The wind-up of the military situation in France, both as regards men and properties, is a subject which—if less dramatic than sanguinary tales of battle fronts—should still interest America. For in this whole proposition of modern warfare the United States has been—like Antonio in The Merchant of Venice—an honest business man, anxious over many precarious enterprises afloat on far perilous seas. Now the ships are beginning to put back to harbor; now is the reckoning hour.

For two years the American nation, considered as a merchant, has been engaged in conducting a tolerably large cash and

(Continued on Page 133)

LINCOLN ARC WELDER

Electric Arc Welding In *Your* Business

Auto Parts Makers (Frames, Motors, Bodies, Axles, etc.)
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Other Uses

NOTE: These are by no means all the places where arc welding is being used. It can be applied in practically any shop where iron and steel parts are to be joined or where breakage, defects or wear of metal parts is to be repaired.

If you are in any of the lines of work listed here, you *can* and *should* use Electric Arc Welding.

In every one of these industries there are many firms with definite shop records showing how they cut their costs, reduced their time of production and at the same time bettered their output by means of this wonderful process.

These plants have used electric arc welding for joining together steel pieces of every description—sheets, plates, bars, angles, tubes. By this means they are making thousands of different products from gasoline tanks up to complete steel ships.

They have used arc welding to melt new steel into slight defects in castings, forgings, stampings, etc., thus making such parts perfectly serviceable and saving them from the scrap heap.

They have repaired breakage in machinery and they have built up worn equipment by the addition of new metal, thus saving thousands of dollars in purchase of new equipment.

The tremendous possibilities of arc welding with complete records of costs, etc., are fully explained in our welding book. It is not a technical book, but contains hundreds of clear photographs showing just what electric arc welding will do.

Check over this list of successful users. Write on your business letterhead for our Arc Welding Book No. 104-P.

THE LINCOLN ELECTRIC CO.
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, Ohio

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The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal. Agencies in Other Principal Cities

It's the Same Old "Juice"

—the Electricity that whizzes the Big Trolley Car along or pours from the Fiery Little Columbia to drive the Youngsters' Train

ELECTRICITY for hustling the big trolley car along the street comes from mammoth generators whose energy is reckoned in thousands of horsepower. . . . The youngsters' train gets its snap and go from the Fiery Little Columbia. . . . In both cases it is identically the same kind of electricity running the same type of motor. The only difference is in degree and size.

Toys themselves appear to enjoy the frolic when spun around by Columbias. No connection with the house-lighting fixtures is needed—the whole outfit may be toted up to the garret, out on the lawn, anywhere, everywhere, wherever the good time is—and with absolute safety.

What a marvelous thing this Columbia Dry Battery is—and what a lot of uses! Motionless, yet moving toys at a merry clip; cold, yet firing the fuel in autos, motor-boats, trucks, tractors, and farm engines; silent, yet giving a vigorous tone to telephones, bells, and buzzers; lightless, yet illuminating lanterns, pocket lamps, and other portables. . . . Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts may be had without extra charge.

THE STORAGE BATTERY

WHEN you place a Columbia Storage Battery in your car you equip with *definite power guaranteed for a definite time.* The famous Pyramid Seal stamped on the connectors is the symbol of that guarantee.

Columbia Storage Battery Service is all around. Stop in and see how easily and gladly they make certain that each and every user gets the actual performance to which his original purchase entitles him.

Columbia Dry Batteries

(Continued from Page 130)

credit business in France, as well as laying down in that country some tolerably valuable properties. All told, the value of such properties amounts approximately to a round billion and a half dollars. The time has arrived, the war being done, for America to wind up the accounts; to set claim against claim, contract against contract, debt against debt; and to sell on the open markets of the world the surplus war stocks remaining in France. And at the same time it was her duty to clear out of that country all her unnecessary troops before they ate their heads off. These are two plain obvious business propositions disposal of men, disposal of war properties. Let us glance at the last-named phase of the problem first—the disposal of property.

When on November eleventh the armistice brought a cessation of hostilities to the world, the business of quantity production of war materials was going full blast. America, in common with the rest of the Allies, was in the business up to her neck. On November eleventh came the great news and even on that same day production began to slack off. But it was not possible—by the pressure of an electric button, so to speak—to shut off the power of that huge machine which was hurling men and materials on the Western Front at a maximum rate of speed, for some of the troops and materials were still on the sea. Fabrics and food and guns were still in the mills. Huge contracts had just been signed. Nevertheless, America began to slack off. Other powers did likewise. And in a short time the whole vast machinery of war was arrested and nations began to take stock of the situation and see where—as responsible agents—they stood.

America, farthest removed from the seat of destruction, was the first to start in coolly to overhaul her accounts. And she found herself saddled with surplus war materials at home to the tune of approximately two billion dollars—approximately, for it is not possible to estimate such staggering sums down to the final cent. But approximately the sum reached the two-billion-dollar mark. In France the sum was approximately a billion and a half. In addition to that there were a few paltry outlying millions tied up in Italy, England and Spain. But by far the major portion of the stuff was either at home or in France. That was America's slice of the war pie.

Europe the Logical Market

England and France had larger slices still. England was lucky in that she had huge stores of raw materials, such as cotton and wool, easily disposed of at top prices France was particularly unlucky in that as a government her credit was badly strained, though her private citizens, in common with the private citizens of other Allied countries, had amassed vast fortunes out of the war. But there was this difference: That whereas the other Allies, notably England and America, had by law clapped down a thumping big tax on the wealth amassed by their captains and kings of industry, which netted billions of revenue, the French Government on the contrary did not tax the big private fortunes of her citizens one single sou. So much better for her millionaires—but so much worse for France as a government when the hour of tight money arrived. Why didn't she? Ask her deputies, ask her millionaires. The fact remains that France as a government found herself at the close of the war badly cramped financially, partly because her legislators had not opened up this perfectly legitimate source of public revenue.

The value of all the surplus war material of the world put together amounts, it will be seen, to a staggering sum. But of this for the moment we are concerned only with America's portion in France. This, as has already been stated, was of every conceivable type and description, perishable and imperishable. Nor was it concentrated. On the contrary it was scattered here and there and everywhere all over the map of France. That fact at once complicated the situation, for it was obvious that America could not leave her soldiers behind her to guard all this property. That would have been a cure which was worse than the disease. Neither could it be transported home—for a variety of reasons. First, because there were not enough ships to haul both the material and the men; and America had set up a clamor even as far back as November eleventh for the immediate return of her men. As between men and materials, then, it did not take a wizard to determine the priority; and in addition ships in sufficient number even for the troops had yet to be found.

Also, a large proportion of the supplies was perishable and would not stand another long haul. But even setting these points aside, it would have been a very poor business policy to reship these goods to America already burdened by her two billion dollars' worth of surplus war supplies—when all the big world markets were in Europe; and Europe, depleted, broken down, starved, an economic and industrial vacuum, was clamoring for all she could get. So necessity and common sense forbade retransportation to any extent.

How Untouched is America!

But on the other hand, never were the world markets in a worse state. Never was a worse moment to sell. That is to say, if you wanted to sell. If what you wanted was merely to give property away, never was a finer time. And upon this angle of the problem I am going to linger a moment. We have among us, both abroad and at home, a certain number of Bolshevik humanitarian citizens who would like nothing better than to see the Government give all this property away. Nor are they all citizens of America. Uncle Sam at the present moment bears the reputation abroad of being so rich that the kindest thing one can do for him is to relieve him of some of his disgusting surplus wealth. We are the great untouched nation in this world war—the natural corollary of which is to touch us for all we are worth. The analogy—in surgery—is that of a patient suffering from too great a blood pressure, which the doctors reduce by the process known as cupping. They take off some of that extra blood. It is said that in ancient days the heathen warrior kings and princes roared mightily at having their vitality so drained—but no doubt it was good for their souls. At the Peace Conference in Paris it was several times specifically suggested by worthy doctors of diplomacy that America could be cupped to pay for the costs of the war. It is an interesting doctrine—when the other fellow is the patient. It all depends on who holds the cup. The idea in this particular instance was that it would not only reduce America's plethoric blood pressure to get rid of several billions of little red-corpuscle dollars, but it would also by the same token be a simply splendid thing for anæmic old Europe to get outside of the same. No doubt! It all depends on the point of view. But in this instance it eventuated that the patient balked. And unlike the case of the ancient heathen kings and princes, the worthy doctors were not strong enough to hold him down in bed. The patient allowed as how he was able to regulate his own blood pressure for a while and considered it, moreover, a strictly private and personal affair. As I have said, it all depends on the point of view.

Now in the disposal of a billion and a half dollars' worth of property it is certain that the same dictates of common sense and sanity will prevail. America in this affair is doing exactly what a sensible business man would do, exactly what the other Allies are doing in like case. Nobody is giving stuff away these hard days, and it is only Bolsheviats, no matter whether they style themselves diplomats or humanitarians, who want to take it away.

That point being settled, the next one is the credit of the nations that might presumably buy. There is France. Her needs are stupendous. Her finances are in bad shape. But her honesty, her pride as a nation, her industry and undeniable genius are heavy weights in the balance on the right side of the scales. She is a sound risk. One could write volumes on this one phase. I am simply stating here the judgments of financial experts in three big American banking concerns in Paris.

Then there is a whole group of little nations who want to buy. These little nations are the result of the new school of democratic thought. Whether they make good—or make bad—remains to be seen. At present they are brand-new sisters and have acquired the loose designation of the newly liberated nations. But as separate government entities they are in effect brand-new. They have just been abstracted out of the side of other nations, as Eve was abstracted on another occasion out of the side of Adam while that gentleman was

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taking his afternoon nap—but with this difference: That it is not paradise they are born into, but an old world as acutely miserable as a man with a boil on his neck. They have come into existence at the tail of a world tornado and they have to hustle right out and nail down the four corners of their kingdom before it blows over the hills into Hades. No money! No food! No stable government! No raw materials! No industries! They're born—and that's about all you can say for them. And they are in the market to buy. Something of a risk for a solid sober Yankee merchant with a strong sense of responsibility to his firm—what? It takes some tall adjudicating in such cases to achieve an equipoised justice for both sides.

There arises still another problem—that of priority. Who shall be served first? Aside from the newly created little governments all clamoring for supplies, there is also the enemy howling loudly for his inalienable right to eat. Here manifestly the principle is clear: Friends first, enemies afterward. None of these, friends or enemies, can offer anything but their government bonds in exchange for goods.

So much for the markets. In addition there are any number of interesting and subterranean questions of diplomacy and politics that enter into the situation, tending some of them to muddy the wells of wisdom. There are questions of high finance and low finance—so low indeed that it is right down in the slime—and there are trade relations and shipping relations and every other kind of relations, high-born and base-born, that one can possibly conceive.

Food for Thought, Not Hunger

I recall one particular episode involving the sale to a famished country of sundry million dollars' worth of fish. The fish were rotten—a small detail. They had cost a firm millions when they were fresh and somebody had to stand the loss. Therefore they must be passed on. Who was the tentative seller and who the tentative purchaser in this shady little affair I may not say—save that it was not America. Like the diplomats themselves, I confine myself here to glittering generalities. But the rotten-fish gentlemen went so far as to threaten the opposing gentlemen that if they—the objectors—stood in the way of a perfectly legitimate business deal, then the objectors' government would have to pay the price of the rotten fish. And when the objectors played a trump and said: "Very well, gentlemen, we'll give the whole story to the press," the head of the rotten-fish delegation rose up, white with fury, and roared the answer: "Don't do anything so absolutely absurd!" In vulgar parlance, he caved. This incident only shows how easily the steel needle of the compass, which points straight north with exquisite precision to the frosty little polar star, can be deflected by interested parties to point due south or any other desired direction by the artful insertion into the mechanism of a few particles of iron ore.

It would appear that with so much surplus war materials on the market the Allies would get together and pool interests as they did during the war. Why don't they? Chiefly because their interests now conflict. During the war they were held together by that sternest of all laws—self-preservation. But after November eleventh that same law whirled about and showed a different face. Each nation found itself with a lot of more or less unsalable war merchandise on hand, a strained budget and a busted market. Each nation wanted to sell its stuff at top prices and buy at bottom prices. There was therefore no particular reason for pooling interests when each nation could do better playing an independent hand. But on the other hand no nation could be allowed to dump all its wares on an already overstrained market, and so a few general restrictions were agreed upon by all the parties concerned.

This states in a general fashion the difficulties surrounding the problem of disposing of the United States' war material in France. It is a problem ringed round with thorns. Transportation, perishability, diplomacy, trade, finance—these and a dozen other elements render it as prickly a thistle as the nation has ever had to grasp firmly with both hands. In order to grasp it a special commission was formed. On February 11, 1919, acting under the direction of the President, the secretary of war appointed such a commission and a special act of Congress was passed designating its powers and functions. It was in fact given absolute power to pluck the thistle in whatsoever manner it might devise. To be concrete, it was given absolute power to dispose of all military properties, plants and installations and to settle all contracts and claims growing out of the war—in short, to liquidate the vast war business in Europe of the merchant firm of the United States of America, Limited.

It was a big job, a responsible job, a job calling for brains, judgment and tact. Its relation to the Peace Conference was almost as close as that of the left hand to the right. It could give food to starving nations or withhold it. It could give or withhold credits. It could—by a selfish or a hostile or a tactless attitude—tie up the efforts of the peacemakers in a hard knot; or it could—by a tolerant, far-seeing policy—pour oil on the troubled waters of trade and finance; or, again—by a slack, easy-going negligence—it could disperse a billion and a half dollars' worth of government properties to the four winds.

The commission, known as the United States Liquidation Commission, is composed of four men—two Republicans and two Democrats. Of these, the chairman, Edwin B. Parker, is internationally known for his services as priority commissioner of the War Industries Board. It was that board that fitted in the strategy of the industrial program of America to the strategy of the military program in France. There is no manner of doubt that the hearty coöperation of the great industrial leaders of America in getting quantity production, in composing differences between labor and capital and in generating speed was a powerful factor in enabling the Allies to win the war. It was fine military strategy backed up by fine industrial strategy that turned the tide. And it was upon Judge Parker's table that much of the big industrial strategy of America was worked out.

In closer relation to the European end of the problem was the position occupied by another member of the Liquidation Commission—Gen. Charles G. Dawes, chief purchasing agent of the A. E. F. At the beginning of the war General Dawes, then president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, raised a regiment to come to France. Once in Paris, his wide financial and commercial experience was recognized by General Pershing, who selected him as chief purchasing agent of the American Expeditionary Forces, in which position he made a distinguished record at a time when both military and civilian reputations were falling by the wayside alarmingly.

A Commission Wisely Selected

It was fitting that the two men who served—one in America and the other in France—in the building up of the vast plants and overseas properties should be the ones chosen to liquidate the same. Of the other two members of the commission, one, Henry F. Hollis, for some years United States Senator for New Hampshire, is an expert on financial matters; and Homer H. Johnson, the fourth member, is a lawyer from Cleveland, whose broad legal experience was a valuable asset to the commission. In addition to these four, an executive secretary, Junius G. Adams, a lawyer, keeps an official record of all the meetings and conferences, as well as of its transactions and sales.

Thus for the task in hand the commission has been well chosen. First of all, it is composed of civilians and is thus outside of the red tape of the Army. Two of its members are Republicans and two Democrats, so that there is no definite political cast to its decisions. And upon its board are the two men who were instrumental as much as any single individuals in calling into existence the huge structure of the Service of Supplies in France, which they are now engaged in dissolving.

The one quality that distinguishes this commission from the liquidation commissions of the British and the French is its absolute power and independence of action. Its members do not have to report to Congress every time they sell a safety pin or a mule. Final authority is in their hands—and also final responsibility. It should be added that it is the large policies—the strategy, so to speak—of the liquidation process that are handled by this commission. The actual execution of orders is carried out through the military channels of the Army.

(Continued on Page 137)

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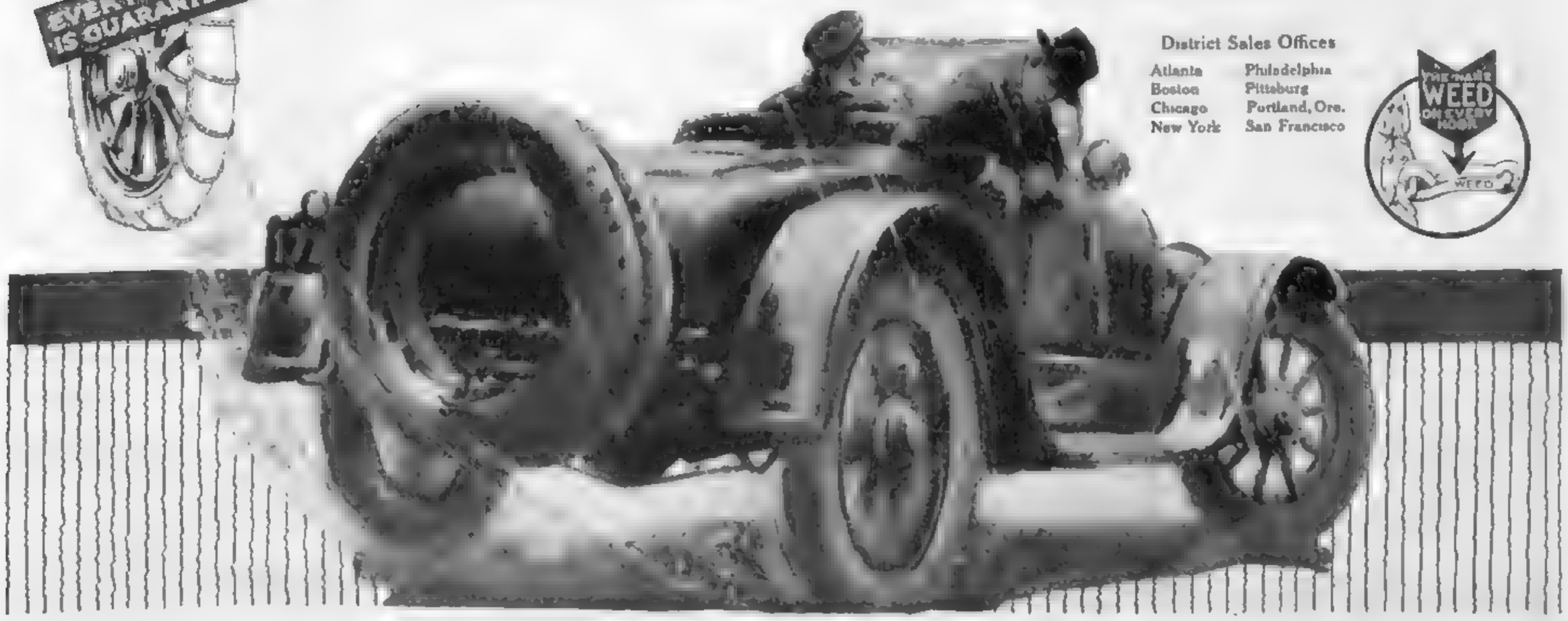

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(Continued from Page 134)

This sketches briefly the chief difficulties attending the process of breaking up the huge machine forged in France for the conduct of the business of killing men, and also the personnel of the commission appointed by the Government to control that process.

For the details of the situation I sought Judge Parker.

"First of all," I asked him, "just what do those properties consist of and what are their approximate values?"

"Well," said he, "you have seen most of them, scattered here and there throughout France, but I can give you a list of general categories and values—the latter only approximate, you understand. To arrive at the value we took the cost to lay down the properties in France and added sixty dollars a ton for transportation. The different categories stand somewhat as follows:

1—Docks, freight yards, warehouses, assemblage plants, machine shops, barracks, hospitals and in general all physical structures. Cost to the Government approximately $175,000,000.

2—Motor transport system: This includes motor cars, trucks, ambulances, motor cycles, bicycles, artillery trucks, tractors and repair trucks. The cost of this system is estimated at about $300,000,000.

3—Ordnance: This includes everything pertaining to guns, ammunition, gas shells, machine shops and assemblage plants. These properties are valued at about $100,000,000. Of these materials a large portion has already been shipped home for future safety and as a measure of preparedness.

4—Quartermaster stores: These include food, clothes, supplies of every type and description, animals, equipment of animals, saddles, wagons, harness—everything, in short, needed to equip an army not handled in other departments. It is a monstrous general merchandise store and its approximate value is $600,000,000.

5—The air service: Some of the air material has been sent home. The value of the balance is estimated at about $25,000,000.

6—Medical department: This consists of large supplies of medicine, surgical supplies and instruments, beds and bedding and hospital equipment of all kinds. Value, $55,000,000.

7—Engineer Corps supplies: Here we have buildings and construction materials and tools of every conceivable description. Planing mills and sawmills; light railway equipment and little narrow gauge railroads suitable for sending food and ammunition up to the Front. The value of these properties is estimated at $100,000,000.

8—Transportation Corps supplies: These include locomotives, cars, rolling stock, machinery and tools. Value, $130,000,000.

9—Chemical warfare supplies: Here are laboratories, gas machinery and chemicals which cost the Government about $10,000,000.

"These figures, as I said," continued Judge Parker, "are only approximate, but they represent in round numbers the value of our war properties in France.

"So much for the material we have for sale. And now for the markets: Who are our buyers? The principal purchaser obviously is France. The chief improvements are improvements of her territory, her ports and railways. In addition there was thrust upon her shores this stupendous volume of material called into existence by the stern pressure of war. So France is the logical purchaser of a large portion of our stuff."

Outfitting the Baby Nations

"But aside from her we have also other buyers. The first thing that the commission found on beginning its labors was that the so-called newly liberated nations—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Serbia, Rumania—were suffering for foodstuffs and clothes. Now we have on hand immense amounts of foodstuffs and also of salvaged clothes, the latter not new but good—completely renovated and overhauled. And so we sold these salvaged clothes to the newly liberated nations at a low cost—and yet for more than we would have received from the junkman. Extensive lots of food we sold also at the exact price they cost us to lay down in France. We made nothing on this transaction, but neither did we lose, and at the same time we relieved the strain of these peoples.

"In return as payment we took government obligations. Risky? Yes, but what else was there to do? If these countries do not get help they can never pay their just debts. On the other hand, if the United States can help them on their feet by the sale of essential materials at cost on long easy terms it tends to stabilize Europe and get the world on solid ground once more.

"The value of food, clothes, medicine and hospital supplies sold to these newly liberated nations amounts to a little under fifty millions. To Poland we sold supplies amounting to about $25,000,000; to Czechoslovakia $4,000,000; to Serbia about $10,000,000; to Rumania $8,500,000. In addition we sold to Belgium goods amounting to $26,000,000 and to the Hoover Food Administration we sold for spot cash in American dollars supplies amounting to $30,000,000.

"This group of newly liberated countries is still in the market for rails to build and repair their broken-down transportation systems. They are in the market for rolling stock, machinery, tools and installations of all types required for the industrial development of a country. We feel that it is a good investment to sell them the war materials America has left over here in France on long credits, unstable as their present governments may seem, in order to give them a chance to resume their normal economic and social life."

Bargain Days for Our Allies

"Even after the needs of these various small nations are temporarily satisfied, there still remains the French Government, which is in the market to purchase materials for the reconstruction and development of her devastated regions in the north.

"I should say in the beginning that we do not sell these materials to private individuals or firms. The market—a very unstable affair in Europe to-day—must be carefully protected. Industries, crippled by the long blight of the war, which are just getting on their feet, must not be forced to bear the added burden of competition with a foreign government, which by dumping its huge reservoir of stores on the public would break the market and push these struggling firms to the wall. Accordingly our commission sells to governments only. In this fashion private industry is protected and may buy from its own government what it needs.

"At the bottom of this whole big, delicate, complicated problem of liquidation of the United States war properties and supplies in France stands one determining factor—time. We have to close out this business in the shortest possible time. Just as we raced against time to assemble the vast plant in order to help win the war, so now also we are racing against time to break it up in order to save the Government untold expense. To continue here indefinitely, hoping for higher prices in this or that particular, means loss of time; and loss of time in this proposition means stupendous overhead expense.

"The Army transacts our business. We plan—it executes. And to hold soldiers over here in any great numbers to guard property would let in the Government for vast expenditure. The overhead expense of the maintenance of the guard would eat up the intrinsic value of the property guarded in just no time at all. It is therefore better, speaking in the large, to wind up the entire affair at once, even selling on a stagnant market, if we must, rather than to hang on, waiting for better days. What we would lose by such a policy would be far in excess of what we gain. This is the big way to solve such a problem as we are confronted with; and it is, moreover, the only businesslike way.

"Let us take, for example, the question of livestock and see how the time element can crowd us there. After the armistice we had on our hands 160,000 head of horses and mules, all more or less in bad condition. Now the daily cost of maintenance of an animal is figured at $2 a head. At that rate it would not take a Missouri mule very long to eat its head off. Here obviously we made by selling at once our surplus animals for whatever they would fetch. As a matter of fact, those sold in Germany for horse meat brought very good prices.

"I have said that it is our intention to wind up the entire situation in the briefest

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possible time. We hope to be cleaned up and out of the country, lock, stock and barrel, by September first of this year. At the same time there are certain properties of sufficient value which it will pay us to retain and guard rather than to sell at a great sacrifice. These consist of twenty-eight large supply depots scattered all over France. The more important ones are situated at Brest, St.-Nazaire, Bordeaux, Montoir, Gievres, Is-sur-Tille, Mehun and Romorantin. These are of such great value and size that it is a good business proposition for America to retain possession of them under guard until we can arrange terms with France.

"To guard these twenty-eight depots, however, it is estimated that it will require a personnel of 491 officers and 17,000 enlisted men. It has been figured by our experts that the cost to the Government of an enlisted man in France is $3 a day. That is a conservative estimate. There you have an expenditure for enlisted men alone—not counting the officers—of $51,000 a day. Figure that in months and see where you come out. That one single item by itself reveals the overwhelming importance of the time element in disposing of these properties.

"This commission, in addition to its work of liquidation, has also another function—that of settling all United States contracts and claims arising out of this war. Breaking off abruptly a gigantic industrial enterprise, such as was in essence the world war, involved us—in common with the rest of the Allies—in a vast tangle of contracts and claims. With France alone these claims and counterclaims amount to several hundred million dollars."

Obliterating the Scars of Mars

"In addition we have claims to be adjusted with Italy—nothing like in value naturally those involved with France. And we have claim adjustments with Spain and with England. Those with England have now been practically all settled—with a balance in our favor of $35,000,000. Throughout the entire transaction the spirit manifested by the British commission was marked by a fine cordiality, a tolerant broadness and a sense of justice and fair play by means of which complications which ordinarily would have consumed weeks to untangle were smoothed out in a few days. The excellent accord of spirit shown in these settlements between two great nations which have the same vision of big business, the same honor for the spoken word, augurs well for their future agreement in matters of finance and trade."

Into this problem of the final disposition of American properties in France entered the very interesting factor of what to do with enemy war material captured by our troops. This material at the time of the armistice was scattered all over the zone of operations in Belgium and France and consisted of every type and description of war property likely to be left behind by an enemy retreating in lively haste. It divided itself into two categories—assets and liabilities. The assets, of course, were objects of commercial value, such as railroads, rolling stock, engineers' materials, certain types of guns and ammunition, together with stores of food and clothes. The liabilities, on the other hand, were the big dumps of deteriorating ammunition, the unexploded shells scattered all over the landscape and huge stores of poisonous gas shells, which—dangerous to begin with—had gone bad with time and could neither be left with safety nor yet blown up or carted away.

"In France," said Mr. Adams, executive secretary of the commission, discussing this phase of the problem, "we have solved the question by delivering this enemy war material over to the French government on receipt for use in reconstruction work in the devasted regions and we are in the midst of negotiations for payment.

"In Belgium we settled the affair in a different fashion. Of course during the war America captured nothing in Belgium by actual combat, but after the armistice our Army took over certain areas and by so doing it acquired the right to all enemy war materials therein exactly as if we had won them by combat. This salvaged war material was of every character, ranging from stolen property of Belgian citizens, which we returned whenever we could find the owners, to entire German-constructed railway systems, engineering-corps material, hospital supplies and immense dumps of poisonous gas shells—these latter extremely pestiferous affairs. Now at the same time that we acquired rights to the assets—that is, to the war material with a definite commercial value—we also acquired the liabilities—these duds and deteriorating gas shells. Every day somebody would ring up our headquarters and say: 'Are you the American Army headquarters?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, come and get a dud out of my back yard.'

"In the case of the big dumps of bad gas shells it was even worse. We could not have cleaned up that area, disposed of the duds and poisonous gas shells without many severe casualties to our men. If we had put in a force of American soldiers to destroy our liabilities and guard our assets until such time as we could dispose of them lot by lot it is possible that in the course of two or three years we might have realized something on the deal. It is possible—but it is not probable, for we had before us the experience of the British in South Africa after the Boer War. Their situation at that time was analogous in many respects to the one we now find ourselves in at the end of this war.

"They were confronted with two alternatives—either simply to walk out of the country, leaving all their property behind them as a dead loss, or to stop on and clean up their financial interests for what they could get. Being a painstaking conscientious race with property, they chose the second course—and lost heavily thereby. With the light of their experience to guide us, we made a deal with Belgium. We agreed to walk out the same door by which we marched in, leaving both our assets and our liabilities behind, and call it square. Belgium was to take on the former and hold herself responsible for the latter. Thus America came out of the affair with a clean-washed slate. Had we, as I said, been willing to occupy the area for an indefinite period of time, the proposition might have netted us something, but the risks were too grave for the doubtful gains involved.

"There is one point," continued Mr. Adams thoughtfully, "that I should like to emphasize, for it seems to me one of the most important commercial results growing out of the occupation of France by the American military forces. That point is this: The missionary work which has been done by American manufactured products used during the war by the A. E. F. in France and now being disposed of by our commission—that missionary work should be worth billions of dollars to our industrial firms in the future. American products could never have permeated France throughout the whole of its social and economic fabric in any other way."

American Products Gained Prestige

"The superiority of American goods in a large number of commodities has been so pronounced and so demonstrated during the war that the effect is bound to be lasting in the demand for American manufactures. For example, American railways, motor transports, engineers' equipment and machinery are in imperative demand by the French. The war revealed our decided superiority along those lines.

"I cannot tell you how many hundreds of letters pass across my desk from private French firms, asking for American transports, engineering equipment and machinery. Of course we cannot handle these private requests—but they show the trend of the stream. The French engineers—as engineers—are among the best of the world. They possess the capacity, said to be the hall mark of genius, for taking infinite pains. But on the other hand their mechanical equipment does not anywhere equal ours—either in variety or quality. And they are wild about our engineering supplies. Here is a demand which it is up to our manufacturers to supply.

"In another department also America distinguished herself during the war and that was in the peculiar excellence of her Signal Corps service—the telegraph and the telephone. Here in this field our equipment, installations and American methods got military results that surprised and delighted the French.

"In still another line the war demonstrated that superior quality of the American-made product, and that was in the line of machinery and tools. Our mobile repair trucks were complete machine shops

(Continued on Page 141)

Columbia Grafonola

They Meet Where There's Music

That's where the young folks flock of an evening. In every neighborhood there's some hospitable home where the Columbia Grafonola attracts guests like a merry musical magnet.

Columbia Grafonolas — Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100.

Right well they know where they'll hear the latest popular songs, and dance to the newest waltzes and jazzes. The pure, brilliant tone of the Grafonola makes it the ideal instrument for the informal dance or party. The best music, the best fun, and the best dancing are always waiting to welcome guests in happy homes made musical by the Columbia Grafonola.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C

Sears Roebuck Tested Elliott-Fisher System

eight months—then bought 900 machines

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO. needed new machines in the order department. It meant hundreds of machines—tens of thousands of dollars. They could afford the best, but they had to be sure of getting the best.

To settle the question, machines of several competing makes entered for an eight-months' service test. Skilled operators, in squads, took shifts on each type of machine; everything was done to secure accurate, fair results.

The Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System won a complete victory.

The order department of Sears, Roebuck and Co. copies orders by hundreds of thousands every day. It is a single order entry proposition, and on that work Elliott-Fisher won, although that is where Elliott-Fisher has the least advantage over other types. The stationary, *flat-writing* surface, permitting forms to lie flat in a natural spread-out position, showed its supremacy even on this elementary billing work.

On more complex work—ledger posting, manifolding, wherever many carbon copies are needed or there is frequent shifting of forms, Elliott-Fisher superiority is not seriously questioned. The Flat-Bed System allows the forms to remain still, securely clamped in place, and ensures perfect registration. The machine moves over the work just as the hand does when writing; it moves easily, and locks safely when in place.

Elliott-Fisher is not one machine, but a system. Here it is used for order writing—but it is adapted to every purpose of accounting, bookkeeping, billing, recording; handles loose-leaf, card, and *bound* ledgers and records with an ease and facility that only actual use can demonstrate.

What is your problem? Cost accounting or sales analysis? Keeping stock records or posting ledgers? Recording deeds, transfers, and contracts? Or do you just want to reorganize, speed up your bookkeeping department, get out statements on the first of the month, know each day the status of active accounts?

Whatever it is, the Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System will fit into your requirements, and give you the greatest known accuracy, speed, and convenience. It is an economic necessity in the modern office. Hundreds of firms have proved this by actual service.

There is a series of booklets describing how Elliott-Fisher is serving every kind of business. Let us send you the one that applies to your problem—or better, have one of our representatives call and show what Elliott-Fisher can do for you. No obligation.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY

Harrisburg, Pa.

Branches in 100 cities

The Merchandise Building of Sears, Roebuck and Co. the gigantic concern that supplies the wants of six million families. At the right—a portion of the order department.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. use nearly a thousand of these Elliott-Fisher machines, most of them for copying orders, the rest for writing shipping labels, bills of lading, etc. Their tests proved that Elliott-Fisher means maximum speed and accuracy, with minimum cost and effort.

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

(Continued from Page 138)

on wheels. We had out and out the best tool equipment of all the Allies. That is, I suppose, because the American has a natural mechanical twist in his make-up. He loves to tinker with machinery and tools. Now the result of this pronounced superiority in this particular line of goods is that the French have bought our machinery and tools—even second-hand tools—for more than we paid for them new. To develop these markets which the war pried wide open, so to speak, is the business of American industry. All the hard missionary work has already been done. The markets are captured. Whether America keeps them or loses them by negligence is her own affair."

It was General Dawes who summed up the responsibilities of the problem thus:

"There are," said he, "two ways of looking at this problem of liquidation. There is the little way and the big way. America may take either one of the two attitudes she prefers. First, she may take the narrow-visioned, purely mercenary, obstinate attitude of requiring a dollar-for-dollar return on the money she invested in war properties in France.

"These properties cost her approximately a billion and a half dollars to lay down. She may require a billion and a half to be handed back to her. But if she has any such hopes or dreams she is riding for a terrific fall. It is humanly impossible that this or any other commission should liquidate this business for anything like its original cost. The economic conditions that control the liquidation process are precisely the reverse of those that controlled the assemblage process.

"During the war we operated day and night at exaggerated cost of production, at tremendous speed, in order to hurl this material into Europe. We had to pay war prices for materials and labor to achieve our end. Now we are faced by an opposite set of conditions. The bottom has dropped out of the market; strong nations are practically bankrupt; each country has its own surplus war supplies to sell; transportation is scarce; the material is in a foreign land, hedged about with all kinds of trade restrictions—and we are asked by those who look at the proposition in a small way to pull out a dollar for every dollar put in. Well, it can't be done—that's flat. And that is the answer to those who, without taking actual conditions into account, demand an impossible thing. The report of this commission is going to disappoint that crowd."

We Win Even in Our Losses

"The second and larger way of regarding the problem of liquidation is to try to see it in relation to the process which directly preceded it—namely, the process of conducting war—and then to see it in relation to the process which we hope will follow—namely, the process of establishing an enduring peace. Let us look at it for a moment in relation to the process which immediately preceded it—that of making war.

"What was the purpose of hurling into Europe this prodigious mass of material at record-breaking speed? Obviously, to help win the war. Well, we achieved that purpose. We achieved it even sooner than we dared to hope. We were prepared as a nation to continue indefinitely until we smashed what we had set out to smash—Germany's military power. Had we gone on a year, two years more, used up all we have now left in stock and twice as much besides, spent several more billions as we planned, we should still have counted the affair a success—had we achieved our end. Very well then. We have accomplished what we set out to do and we have accomplished it, as I said, in a briefer time than we dared to dream. Our mission was a success. And in addition we have some valuable war material left on hand. Those war stocks, did they amount in value to no more than twenty-five cents, must still be set to the credit side of the balance sheet. What we make on them is pure velvet, unexpected gain, for we stood to lose it all and infinitely more besides in the loss of thousands of American lives. So if she did not realize a cent on all of this war stuff America must still regard her investment as a success. That is the only big way of looking at this thing in relation to the past.

"But it is also tied up—and in even more important fashion—with the process of making an enduring peace; with stabilizing national governments and accepting risky obligations in order to set the wheels of normal industrial life revolving once more. Accordingly here, instead of selling our material to the highest bidder, regardless of conditions, regardless of friend or foe, our policy has been to consider the material as a stabilizer—as a plank so to speak—thrown into the water that the newly liberated or sorely pressed nations can hang on to it and keep afloat until they can get their second wind. And in return we take what we can get in the way of government obligations, on the policy that if these nations pull through they will afford us good markets for the future; whereas if they collapse the resultant depression of American markets and prices would be a disaster beside which the loss of a few thousand tons of war supplies is a mere bagatelle. In other words, we risk a small thing—relatively speaking—in order to gain a great end. We risk the value of our surplus war stock, which after all is velvet, on what might be called very shaky security, in order to build up the credit of the world, knowing that in the long run our own markets and our own credit will surely benefit thereby.

"Looked at from this angle, the whole problem of liquidation of our surplus war supplies is much more profound than the mere superficial return to the United States Government of so many dollars and cents by exploitation of the drained markets of Europe after the approved methods of other days. Far from being that, it is part and parcel of the endeavor to rehabilitate the entire big fabric of national credit, of national confidence, which holds together the civilized world. To hold together that fabric is worth practically any risk."

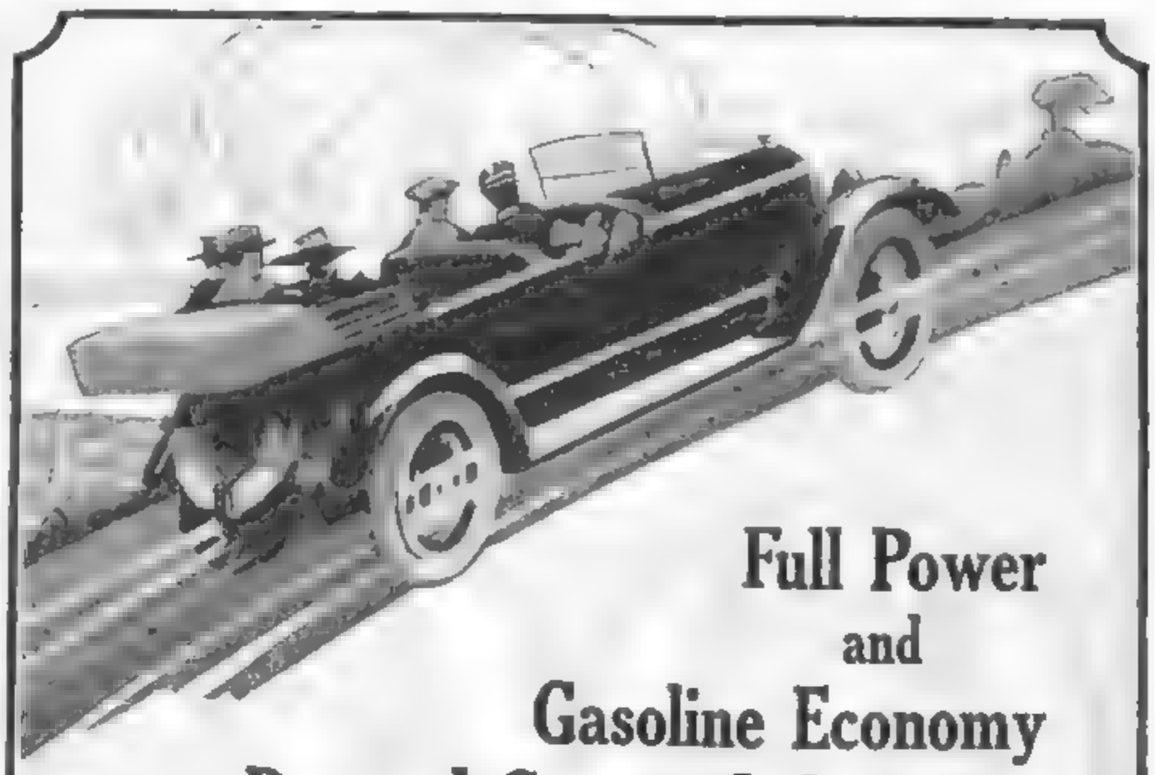
Gangplanks for Mister Doughboy

"And we are not alone in this stand. Great Britain is doing her share. Viewed in that light, our business of liquidation is just one factor in the whole huge enterprise of pulling the world out of the hole created by the war."

The second part of the problem of the final disposition of American military affairs in France—the return of the troops—is not so complicated as the liquidation of properties. The men are going home even faster than they came. They can tell their own stories. They do not need a pen. The big embarkation ports of France, the concentration camps at Le Mans and St. Aignan, huge reservoirs in the center of France in which the troops are collected before their departure to the various ports, cleaned up and their records straightened out—all the mechanical steps through which a soldier passes from the moment his unit is released from permanent duty until the time he steps aboard the outgoing ship are now familiar to the major portion of two million men.

And yet here, too, is a story of big quiet achievement. To begin with, there was the consideration of ships. When, the year before, the troops were rushed into France at the rate of more than 300,000 a month, a feat at which all the world marveled, they sailed for the most part in British bottoms. At that time America was not rich in ships. She had no adequate fleet, so perforce she used British ships. And that was very good before the armistice, when the principle of self-preservation united all the Allies and rendered their interests identical. But afterward England had need of all her ships to retransport her own overseas troops. So America, without anything that could be called a fleet, had to rake and scrape her ships together where and how she could. This was the reason the transportation of troops proceeded so slowly during the months of November, December and January. The Shipping Board was having troubles of its own. But they collected old animal transports—twenty-three of these; fifty converted cargo boats; after that, mine sweepers and whatever else they could lay hands on for a start. Later they came into possession of the big German ships taken over by the Government. And now America has a handsome fleet. She is transporting her troops home even faster than she put them into France and she is, moreover, transporting them practically all in her own bottoms. That end of the problem is solved.

After ships, the second consideration was that of ports. On the coast of France are the big ports of Havre, Brest, St.-Nazaire, Bordeaux and Marseilles. But of these, Havre was used exclusively by the English; and Marseilles, far down on the Mediterranean, necessitated such a long haul that



Full Power and Gasoline Economy Demand Correct Lubrication

DO you realize that when you say to the garage man, "Give me some oil"—meaning "any old oil"—you are probably wasting power and decreasing gasoline mileage because of the oil you get?

It's a fact. Full power and gasoline economy demand a perfect piston ring seal, resulting from the use of an oil of correct body and character for the piston clearance of your engine. Otherwise there is a minute fuel loss on each compression stroke that may amount to several gallons a day—while escape of expanding gases on the power stroke prevents full power.

Only an oil of correct viscosity and "wearing" qualities can effect a perfect piston ring seal. And there is one lubricating oil of correct viscosity, guaranteed uniform in quality, and of low carbon residue—

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM

(the certified oil)

An expert chemist not in the employ of the refiners, tests every run of oil and certifies to the uniformly high quality of Quaker State Medium. The Franklin Automobile Company, which recommends the use of Quaker State Medium to dealers and owners, secures and tests the oil from different parts of the country to insure maintenance of the standard. Thus you are always assured that Quaker State Medium is the finest, most efficient lubricating oil you can buy.

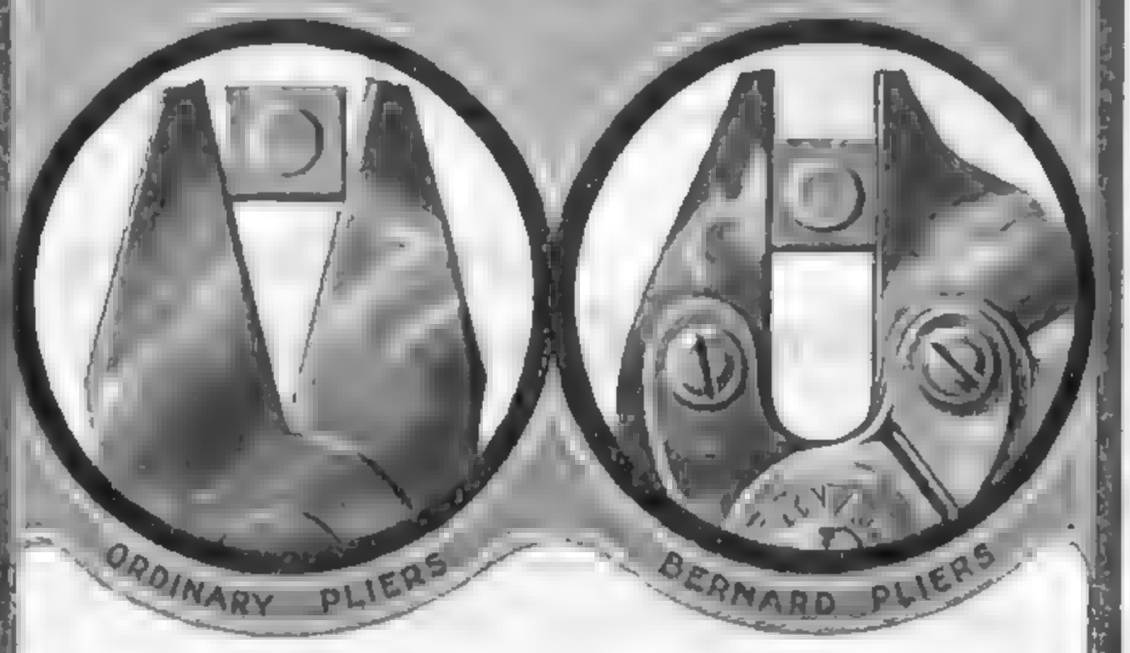
There is no oil superior to genuine Quaker State Medium for preventing friction and engine troubles due to carbon—for perfect lubrication that results in full power and gasoline economy.

Test Quaker State Medium for yourself—today. And write for Booklet "A," telling how to lengthen the life of your car.

Phinny Brothers Co., Oil City, Pa.

(Makers also of Quaker State Transmission Oil; Quaker State Cup Grease; Quaker State Graphite Grease; Quaker State Cold Test Oil; and Quaker State Tractor Oil)

BERNARD PLIERS



The Grip and Cut That Never Quit

When you take hold with Bernard Pliers, you'll have to let go yourself to make them yield their grip. They can't slip and they never quit. Exactly the same when you want to cut. Bernard Pliers go through.

Heavy wire and metal that won't take a nick from ordinary pliers, can't resist Bernards. Snip—and the job is done, like a flash. For both grip and cut, the answer is the simple patented principle of compound leverage. Look at the picture and you'll see why the parallel jaws hang on.

And for workmanship, nothing in metal excels them. They are beautifully finished and nickelled—so rust can't get to them. You'll get long wear and satisfaction in pliers if you'll be sure to buy

Bernard Pliers

Sold by first class hardware dealers and tool houses.

Sizes 4½" 5" 5½" 6" 6½" 7" and 8"

WM. SCHOLLHORN CO. SPECIALISTS IN PLIERS NEW HAVEN, CONN.

if that port were to be used extensively it would cut down the number of men transported by many thousands per month. So, save in incidental instances, when Italian vessels bound for New York have space for a few score American troops, that port is not used at all. That leaves available the three big western ports of Brest, St.-Nazaire and Bordeaux. But of these, Bordeaux is situated sixty miles up a river subject to tides and a vessel of more than twenty-six feet draft cannot enter. St.-Nazaire also is situated on a river, though not so far in, but here vessels of more than thirty-two feet draft cannot enter. Brest is the only point of embarkation that permits the entrance of vessels of heavy draft. Upon making a canvass of the fleet it was revealed that far the major portion of the American ships had too heavy draft for either Bordeaux or St.-Nazaire, and that thus more than half the weight of the entire transportation problem was going to fall upon one port alone. This fact explains to a certain extent the great congestion of home-going troops at Brest.

The Muddy Truth About Brest

But there is also another factor entering into that congestion: Immediately after the armistice, when the tide of troops began to set westward, there was—as has been explained—a great shortage of ships; nor was it always possible to tell exactly beforehand the date of their arrival in port. Consequently the Army had to arrange to have always at Brest a reservoir, or pool, of troops all ready to embark as soon as the ships came in. And here is where the trouble began. It was estimated roughly that there should be on hand a sufficient number of troops in advance for six days' shipping in order that there should be no slack in the big home-going stream. But to hold a pool of men sufficient for six days' embarkation necessitated a camp with facilities for at least 70,000 men. It meant, in short, a young metropolis. And this camp had to be constructed. It had to be constructed while troops were arriving and departing in constantly augmenting numbers. In addition it was winter. It rained ten days out of ten, and Brest was a bottomless sea of slush. The ground had to be artificially built up by means of thousands of wagonloads of gravel—hauled miles. This accounts in part for the flood of newspaper criticism concerning the bad conditions in Brest during the late winter months. And it is true that for several weeks the living conditions were bad. But this was in a large measure due to the fact that the abrupt cessation of hostilities had started a big tide of troops westward before adequate machinery could be devised to handle that tide effectively. It takes time to construct a machine that will shoot a stream of three hundred thousand men out of the country at the rate of ten thousand a day.

It might be asked why barracks were not constructed before at Brest to provide against such a contingency. The reply is, first that no man knew beforehand just when that big machine was going to stop; and second, that all the facilities at Brest were for shooting men and materials as swiftly as possible up to the Front. Consequently, at the time of the armistice, when engineers and construction materials and transportation for the same were needed the worst way at Brest in order to build a camp with a man capacity of 70,000, all the engineers and materials were at the other extreme end of the line—namely, at the Front. And the unfortunate result of this was that the first home-going troops passing through Brest slept and ate and lived up to their thighs in mud. The papers made the most of it. The troops growled. Conditions, in truth, were bad. But they were no worse, it must be said, than they had been in a hundred other spots in France during the war. They were no worse in Brest than they had been in Brest the winter before—when nobody had peeped, or if he did the censor sat down on his head. The news never leaked out. There was, moreover, this amelioration in the case of the home-going troops: They were as hard as nails. The death rate in Brest, even during the worst of last winter, was extremely low. And the reason was that troops who had lived through St.-Mihiel, the Argonne and the Meuse campaigns, who had marched into Germany in bad shoes and with blistered feet, and on top of it all had been set to drill eight hours a day in the wet and snow of the rugged, steep-pitched little valleys of Germany—such veterans were not the metal to be keeled over by more of the same kind of hardship. To them, even though Congress and the newspapers raised such a roar, Brest was nothing new. It was just a continuation of what they'd endured for more than a year. It was—war. Nothing to get excited about.

"Say," said a sergeant to me at Brest, "did you read that piece a lady wrote up about us here at Brest—how she seen all the poor doughboys standing out in the rain and the mud to get their chow—and how it made her cry?"

I admitted I had neglected to read it.

"A senator's wife, wasn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am—that was the lady. My buddy read that piece out loud to about half a dozen of us one night. And say—we nearly laffed an ear off! We felt sorry for that poor lady! If she cried over this we wondered what kind of a fit she'd throw if she could have seen some of the places we've been in in this here man's war. And I'll tell you another thing: When you're fightin' the weather at Brest you're fightin' something!"

"But conditions were bad," I insisted.

"Yes—but no worse than they've been right along. And, moreover, the men now are in fine physical condition."

One good result of the searchlight of publicity cast upon the congested conditions at Brest was that construction materials began to flow in in that direction in large quantities, as well as ample supplies of blankets and food. General Butler, of the Marines, who was in command of the concentration camp at Brest, argued that if he could keep the troops well fed and warm not much harm would come from exposure. Accordingly he ordered four or five blankets to each man and as much chow as he could tuck away. And then he addressed himself to the problem of building a community boarding house ample for about seventy thousand transient guests. The first thing obviously was to get the place out of that bottomless mud pit. That meant duckboards. And those duckboards were at Brest, five kilometers away, along a narrow winding goat path three feet deep in slush. No transportation—and had there been it would have been useless on that road.

"Well," said General Butler, "send in the troops themselves after the duckboards. Let them fetch them out on their heads. Instruct each man to knock out a cleat and put his head through the hole. That leaves his hands free."

The General Dons a Duckboard

"It's a pretty stiff detail, sir," observed an officer, "through all that mud."

"I'll try it myself along with the men," said General Butler, "and see if it can be done."

And that afternoon he brought up the rear of a long toiling column, a length of duckboard over his head. The mud was as deep as in Flanders; the way was narrow and vile; and it was dusk before the procession wound into camp, the general at its tail—walking, his car just behind. An M. P. on post at the entrance of the camp noted the car and grasped rudely by the shoulder the man just in front.

"Hi, there," he yelled, giving the man a whirl. "Stand aside, can't you, and let the general pass!"

"That's all right, son," replied the general mildly. "It's my car."

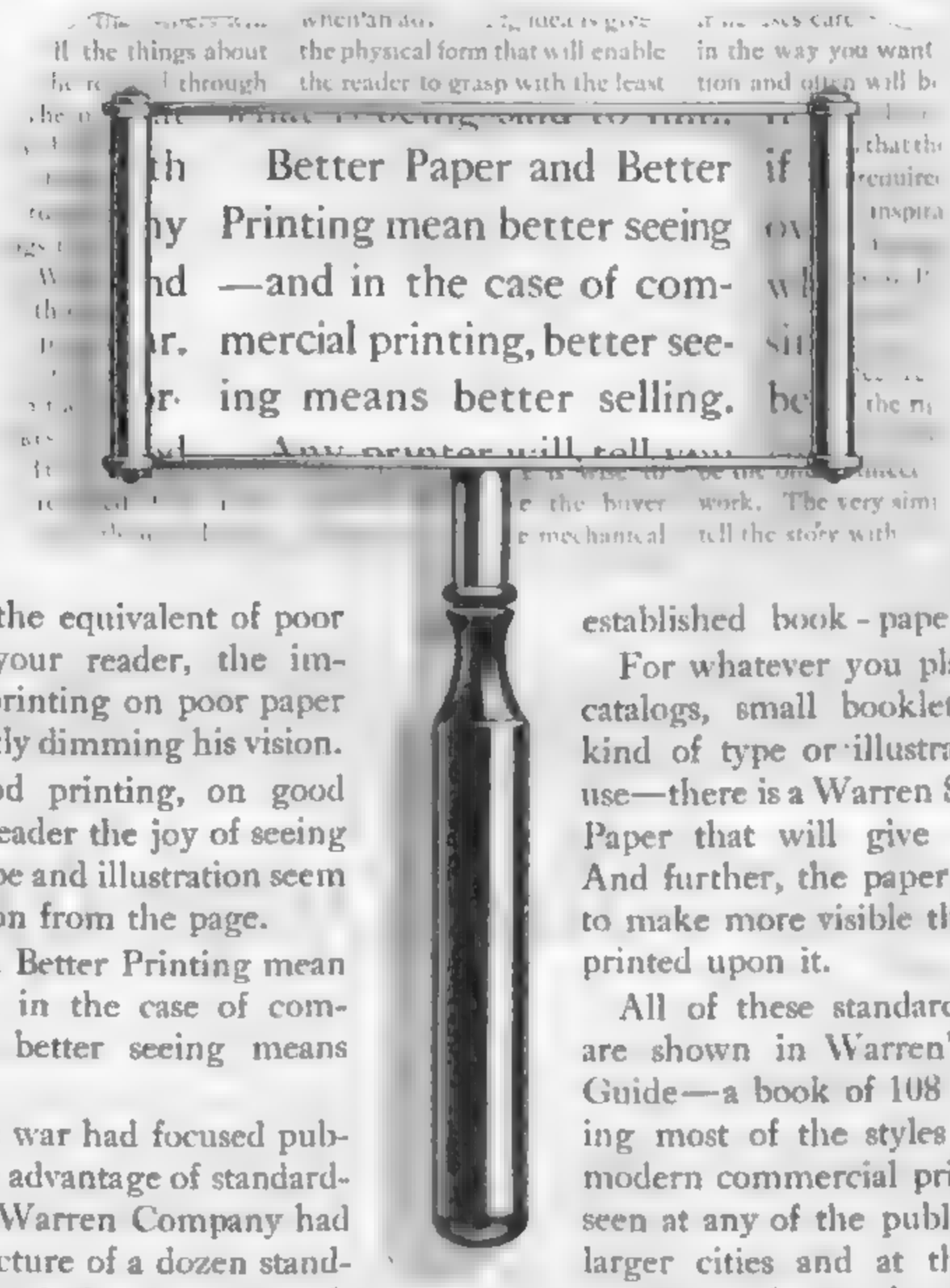
"Say, how do you get that way?" jeered the M. P. "Your car—hey? Why, if it was your car, you poor stiff, you'd be riding in it, wouldn't you, instead of footing it with that piece of duckboard on your head?"

For answer the general flashed the insignia upon his sleeve—and marched on. Thus the duckboards of Camp Pontanezen came to town.

In time Brest conquered its problem of mud and scarcity of building materials and became a model of its kind. It was not so much a camp as a vast community hotel, capable of boarding 70,000 transient guests and with a personnel of 16,000 permanent troops to wait on and provide for the same. Camp Pontanezen is in fact modeled on the plan of a big metropolitan hotel. It is divided into sixteen independent areas, each area capable of caring for five thousand men. Each area has its own distinct organization, its own barracks, community kitchen and rest and amusement centers. The incoming

(Concluded on Page 145)

When Paper is a Lens


Better Paper and Better
Printing mean better seeing
—and in the case of com-
mercial printing, better see-
ing means better selling.

POOR paper is the equivalent of poor eyesight. To your reader, the immediate result of printing on poor paper is the same as slightly dimming his vision.

Conversely, good printing, on good paper, gives your reader the joy of seeing things clearly. Type and illustration seem to draw illumination from the page.

Better Paper and Better Printing mean better *seeing*—and in the case of commercial printing, better seeing means better selling.

Long before the war had focused public attention on the advantage of standardization, the S. D. Warren Company had begun the manufacture of a dozen standardized grades of printing papers, each one of these papers developed to fill an established book-paper printing need.

For whatever you plan to print, large catalogs, small booklets—for whatever kind of type or illustration you plan to use—there is a Warren Standard Printing Paper that will give standard results. And further, the paper will act as a lens to make more visible the thing which is printed upon it.

All of these standard printing papers are shown in Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide—a book of 108 pages exemplifying most of the styles and methods of modern commercial printing. It may be seen at any of the public libraries of the larger cities and at the offices of any paper merchant who sells the Warren Standards.

The Warren Standards are

Glossy Coated—*Lustro, Cumberland Coated, Warrentown*
Dull Coated—*Cameo, Silkote.* Super-calendered—*Printone, Cumberland Super Book*
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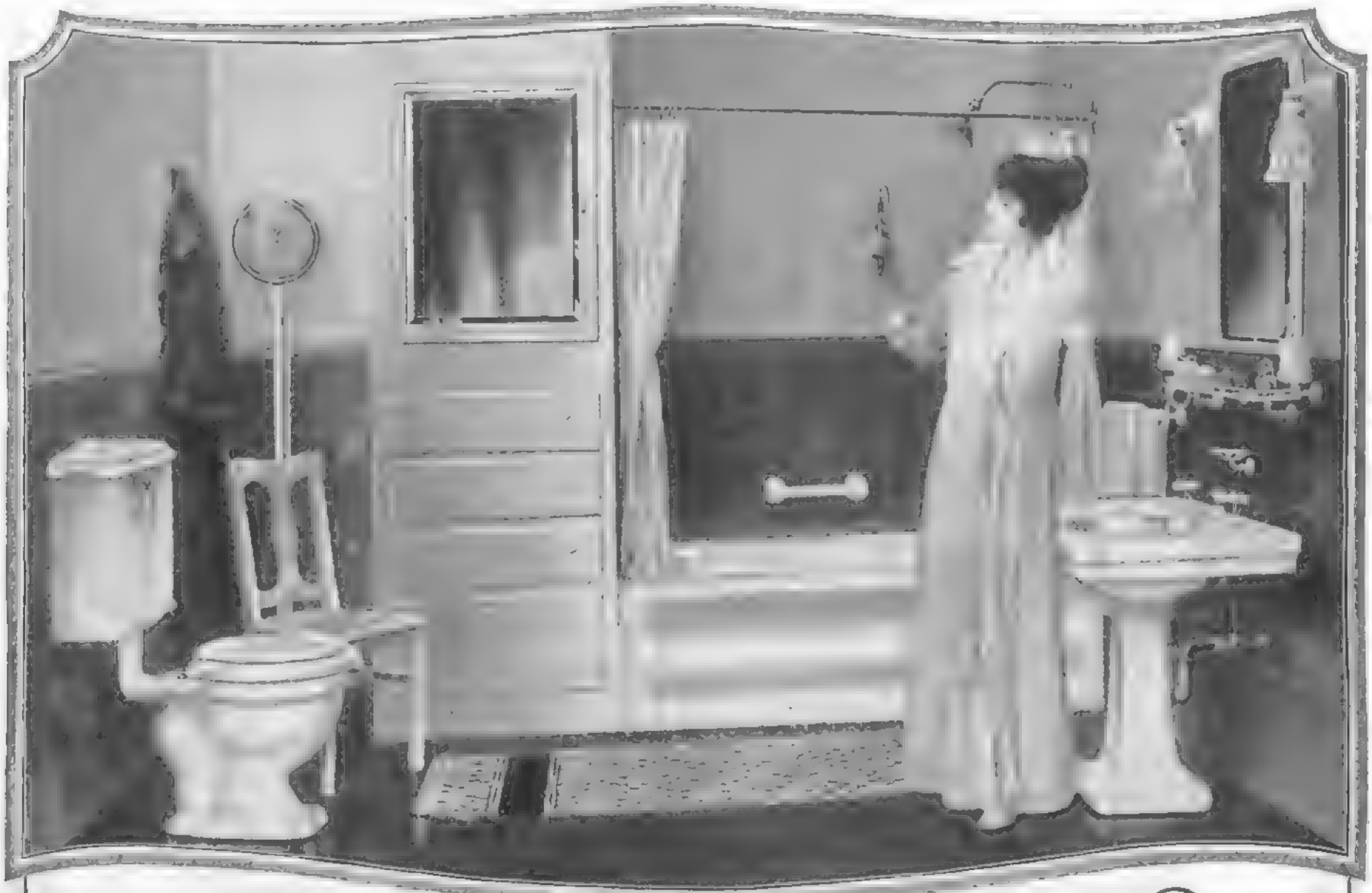
Machine Finish—*Cumberland Machine Book.* India—*Britannica*

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Better Paper **Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers** *Better Printing*



How Long is Plumbing "Up to Date"

GOOD plumbing should have more than a utility value. It should be in keeping with your ideas of refinement. It should harmonize with your other modern home furnishings and equipment.

Fixtures meaning so much in appearance and service naturally are being improved constantly. Styles and designs of years ago may still have a service value, but are being replaced with the more attractive and sanitary fixtures now in vogue.

Is Your Plumbing Ten Years Old?

If so, it is time to remodel; to install new up-to-date fixtures in Bath, Kitchen and Laundry. Why wait until plumbing fixtures become noticeably obsolete or fail to function properly before being replaced? There is hardly any other equipment in your home used so frequently. Your home life is what you make it. Years roll by quickly. Why wait and put off improvements which mean so much day by day? Possibly your home should have more bathrooms, one for at least each two bedrooms.

Picture your bathroom with a "Standard" Built-in Bath. A big one-piece tub, built right into the floor and walls. No open spaces left below and behind the tub, so difficult to keep clean. Unquestionably a more sanitary fixture.

Send for Your Plumber

Do not wait until your present fixtures get out of order. If your plumbing has not been inspected lately it may need attention right now. Weakened joints caused by settling of the building may have developed unseen leaks. Rubber washers deteriorate in time—waste pipes and traps collect sediment and should be inspected from time to time.

Write us for a copy of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home." It describes modern and beautiful fixtures for bathroom, kitchen and laundry.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers in all parts of the country, there are permanent exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	*EAST ST. LOUIS	15 N. COLLINSVILLE	*ERIE	128 W. TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD	*CLEVELAND	6409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	913 11TH	*FORT WORTH	624-630 MONROE
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY	KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	*TOLEDO	315 N. ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	311-313 FIFTH ST.	SAN FRANCISCO	447-55 BRYANT
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	*COLUMBUS	319-25 S. THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	323-325 W. MAIN	*LOS ANGELES	216-221 S. CENTRAL
*PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER	*CANTON	1130 2ND ST. N. E.	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE. S.	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG.
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*YOUNGSTOWN	458 W. FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	946 BARONNE	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 KARPEN BLDG.
*PITTSBURGH	6375 PENN AVE.	*WHEELING	1120-30 JACOB	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AND SMITH	*TORONTO, CAN.	70 E. RICHMOND
*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. & TENTH ST.	*DALLAS	1200-1206 JACKSON	*HAMILTON, CAN.	25 W. JACKSON
*ST. LOUIS	810 N. SECOND						

Service at "Standard" Branches

In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries. Write to or call upon nearest branch.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

"Standard" Fixtures for Factories

Factory efficiency is no less a necessity now that we have turned to the industries of peace. Sanitary plumbing conditions increase the efficiency of every man and woman thus employed. Our booklet on this subject, "Factory Sanitation," sent to manufacturers on request.

(Concluded from Page 142)

troops have nothing to do but eat, wash, shine up their equipment, buy trinkets and lingerie for their girls and lounge away the hours in the amusement huts until they march aboard. The wheels of the big efficient machine turn noiselessly. A division moves in from Le Mans, or perhaps directly from Germany. An officer at the gate, who corresponds to the desk clerk at a hotel, receives them, looks in his little book and asks: "What outfit are you?" The unit is designated.

"Oh, yes! Well, we've been expecting you for two days. We're going to put you over in Area Ten. Sergeant, show the way."

The sergeant shows the way up to Area Ten, where they are met by what might be called the head clerk of that floor, who distributes his guests about. The troops take possession of their quarters, stroll over to chow, which they eat to the lively strains of a band, and then drift over to a show.

Farewell, field kitchens! Farewell, shelter halves—dripping pup tents! All this is a far cry from the brutal rigor of Brest a year ago, when each unit took care of itself, camped down in sloughs of mud and waited round hours in a downpour while the cooks struggled with field kitchens.

The returning troops too are different. They have behind them eighteen months of experience—experience of the French, of the fighting, of the S. O. S., of their officers, the boches and their stay in Germany. What seems to be the biggest common thing they have got out of it all? Perhaps a sense of comradeship. And a sense of duty—done.

That's the brightest part about it—It's done! This sense of duty is well expressed by the poem written by Corporal Harold G. Lee, which appeared in the Decoration Day issue of the Ninth Infantry Cootie, published in occupied Germany.

Thoughts of a Billet Guard

With evening shadows falling, when my duties all are done,
Then I sit alone and wonder of the time that is to come.
All day in my billet I'm stationed to keep a check on the men
All the time I'm answering questions asked over and over again.

At first call in the morning I must use my lungs and throat,
And get my place in order or the C. O. will ride my goat.
The roll is called each morning and each noon and every night,
To see if all are present and my roster too is right.

Each day 'tis the same old story, the same round o'er and o'er.
'Tis a lazy life I'm leading, as I've never had before.
But I didn't come here for pleasure or to work behind the line,
But I came here for the duties that by rights should all be mine.

Of course we must have these billets and classify all the men,
But let those who have been wounded have a chance to get well again.
I want a chance in the fighting with the rest of the boys out there;
I want to get out of the billet from the job which needs a chair.
And when the war is over and the world's at peace again,
I want to be one of the victors; yes, one of the fighting men.
I want to go back to my country with this question answered fit:
"Did you help to lick the Kaiser? Were you there to do your bit?"

To this the editor of The Cootie has added the following footnote:

"The above poem was written by Corporal Harold G. Lee, whose wish was granted, when he was relieved as billet guard and joined the Ninth Infantry at Loconville. He did more than his bit in the attack on Vaux, where he was killed while taking a ration detail to the company's front line."

Buddies of France for All Time

Unless some new conflagration in Europe breaks out unexpectedly, it seems likely that practically all of the American troops in France and Germany will be on their way west before next September—with the possible exception of a small detachment, probably volunteers, left in Germany to hold the colors. France prefers to guard her own frontiers. She does not need—and does not want—America. So by September—unless the unexpected occurs—the big machine which operated first to put two million men into France in record time and then to pull them out again will formally shut down its works. The American Expeditionary Force, as such, will lose its identity. It will merge back into the great sea of American citizenship, of American individual effort and enterprise, out of which it was conjured into existence to play a magnificent rôle. That rôle completed, it is time for the actors to go home.

But there are some 70,000 members of the American Expeditionary Force who will not take part in this final exodus. They are the buddies under the little wooden crosses which dot the pleasant hill slopes of France and Germany. Their living comrades are moving out. They remain behind. And it seems fitting that this description of the wind-up of the activities of the American Expeditionary Force in France should close with the prayer offered by Chaplain Owens in occupied Germany on Memorial Day for the American dead:

"Almighty God, who has given us the good land of America as our heritage: We humbly beseech thee that we may always prove ourselves a people who are mindful of thy love and glad to do thy will. Bless our land with honorable toil, the knowledge of thy truth, and purity of human life. Save us, we beseech thee, from discord and confusion within ourselves. Deliver us from pride and arrogance and guide us in every righteous way. Defend for us our liberties. Preserve our unity; and may the multitudes which have come to our land from all kindreds and all tongues be fashioned into one happy American people; through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"On the fields of Europe may be seen to-day the resting place of thousands of men of this command sleeping their last sleep, in the hope of the resurrection. From such a record of valor on the part of our comrades help us to gain new inspiration for whatever task awaits our hands; through the grace of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Chafing may not be dangerous, but it's all-fired distressing. Takes all the fun out of work and makes play a painful effort.

Here's the preventive—or relief. Dust Kora-Konia on the raw or severely irritated skin. Relief is immediate—the pain goes—the skin becomes normal.

Kora-Konia stays where it is put because it's adhesive and moisture resisting. Perspiration doesn't wash it away. It won't easily rub off. It clings to the flesh for hours—a protective film which prevents friction and which quickly dries up raw spots.

Kora-Konia is antiseptic.

Try Kora-Konia for diaper rash or teething rash and have a happy baby all through the hot weather.

Kora-Konia is great for sunburn and blisters.

MENNEN KORA-KONIA

will bring you blessed relief

Kora-Konia costs 50 cents for a large box. We will send a physician's sample to anyone for 10 cents.

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Use KORA-KONIA for
Chafing Diaper Rash
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Bed Sores, and all skin irritations

19 Flavors
In a Single Soup

A VAN CAMP SOUP requires as high as 19 savory ingredients. And some soups consume up to 23 hours in the making.

Our culinary experts have spent years in perfecting a single Van Camp Soup. Hundreds of blends were compared.

You get more than a ready-made soup in Van Camp's. You get a superlative soup—the best soup of that kind ever served, in homes or hotels, in France or America.

It Won the Prize in Paris

Most Van Camp Soups are based on famous Parisian recipes that won prizes in Paris.

A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens. Then our scientific cooks—men with college training—give them multiplied delights.

They studied ingredients and fixed standards for them. They compared countless blends and methods. Then, when they attained the utmost, every detail of the process was fixed in a formula. And the Van Camp chefs forever follow that formula exactly.

It Is Now the Hostess' Soup

Now hostesses who know them serve Van Camp's Soups at every formal dinner—better soups than Paris ever served.

Van Camp Soups are the guest soups. But they are also the every-day soups. They cost no more than ordinary, ever-ready soups.

You owe yourself a trial of these Van Camp blends.

VAN CAMP'S
Soups—18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

ACES FOR INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 14)

"I'll try to touch only the high points," Haliburton resumed, "but I wish—I wish I could go into the human side of it so you could see just how we found out the truth for ourselves."

In 1902 the Universal plant at Westville, Massachusetts, was turning out some of the highest-priced motors in the market. The price was high because the cost was. The production manager was unhappy. He ranged up and down through the processes of manufacture and tried at every stage to put his finger on the flaw. His success was not notable. Nothing was irregular. All he could do was to curse the luck. He did this with such vigor that the offices heard him and so did the shops. Presently Haliburton heard. Like a man awaiting a signal he headed for the administration building.

"Every machine on motor work turning over regularly," the production manager was explaining to the general manager, "yet something is lacking."

"Three things lacking," amended the voice of the young man who had entered unannounced.

The officials did not resent the intrusion of Alexander Haliburton. He was an American who had carried off honors in European engineering schools and had then done the more unusual thing of carrying off honors in European plants. Officially he was in charge of drafting and designing. Unofficially he seemed to have an eye for everything between the yard gate and the distant back fence. His suggestions had a way of getting themselves adopted.

"Three things lacking? What are you talking about?" Thus the general manager admitted the newcomer to the discussion.

"Industrial intelligence, skill and loyalty."

"Interesting if true," commented the G. M. "How can we get them?"

"Only one way to do it," Haliburton assured: "we must breed them in. Let me start my apprentice school to-day."

The production manager scoffed. The G. M. laughed and said: "Same answer as last time. Appropriations for human experiments are still lacking."

Haliburton was not to be thus forestalled.

"I'm ready to go ahead without an appropriation," he announced. "Give me one of those vacant rooms over my drafting department and let me pick ten boys out of the shops."

Haliburton's Training School

The G. M. studied his man and evinced the quality of decision that had made him head of the plant. "Go to it," he said.

Haliburton returned to his own department and walked among a score of men bending over their drafting tables. The sharp features of Charley Trigger were buried in his work and he was chuckling to himself, which meant that a brand-new design of the highest quality was growing under his hand.

"Charley, would you like to help me develop industrial intelligence in a bunch of boys who will some day run this plant?"

The face that Trigger raised radiated a genial magnetism. "What's industrial intelligence?" he queried.

"The mental ability to grasp the whole process while working on any one of its parts."

"Oh, boss! When do we start?"

Haliburton began at the one point where he could begin without money and without price—at the scrap heap. Under his direction Trigger and ten eager youngsters whom he had called away from tool shop, die shop and foundry dragged out ten discarded machines that were awaiting the junkman and moved them to the room above the drafting department. After much tinkering one old lathe took fresh heart and answered its levers. It was saddled with the job of building the others back to fitness. When the almost miraculous rejuvenation had been accomplished Haliburton stood once more before the general manager.

"We've got ten lathes, shapers and drill presses going," he said. "Give me an order for raw material for all the small pulleys the plant will need in the next six months."

Thus the school began to pay something back from the first day of operation. Two weeks later the production manager exclaimed to the G. M. in the presence of the school's head: "I'm up against it! Got to have two thousand small steel shafts for motors immediately, and the lathes are too busy to get them out."

"Mine are not," suggested Haliburton.

"Yours?" The production manager fixed him with a puzzled glance. "What do you mean?"

"The apprentice school, of course."

"Don't kid a worried man. Do you think I want all my raw stock ruined and my motors held up by your bunch of kids? Why talk about things that can't be done?"

Haliburton held out appealing hands to the G. M. The G. M. looked from one man to the other, then gestured with his cigar. The gesture meant that the apprentice school would get its try at the little steel shafts.

"In heaven's name, Haliburton," cried the outraged production manager, "how are you going to cover me on this?"

"If we fall down," the head of the school promised, "I'll cover you with a silk hat."

Some days ahead of the stipulated time a specimen of shining headgear was purchased—by the production manager for Haliburton's own use. Two thousand little steel shafts, perfect in form and finish, had come out of the rumbling room above the draftsmen and designers. The general manager honored the apprentice school with his first visit just as the boys were romping out at the close of the day. He had one of the little shafts in his hand.

The G. M. Is Convinced

"I just dropped in," said the G. M., curiously embarrassed, "to ask what were the three things you said we lacked in this plant."

"Industrial intelligence, skill and loyalty," Haliburton repeated.

"And that is what you and Trigger are doing in your school, is it—teaching these things?" The G. M. did not appear to be following his usual method of directly expressing what was in his thought.

"We are teaching the first two."

"You aren't teaching loyalty then?"

"You can't teach loyalty; you have to inspire it. What was it you really came to talk about?"

"Why—why—hang it all! Aleck, you've shot me full of holes with your little motor shafts, and you know it. They aren't boys' work—at least this plant never saw such work from its boys before. Just what are you up to and just what is it I've got to give you to put it through?"

Haliburton swallowed his excitement and pushed the G. M.'s generous bulk into the only armchair that had found place among the groups of resurrected presses and lathes.

"Apprentice training in this country has been pretty sad business ever since plants got to believing machinery could do the work," he began. "Where they bother at all to put the apprentice toolmaker, patternmaker or mechanic through the four years that make him a member of his craft, it is done about like this: In the first year he sweeps the floor and wipes machines; in the second year he is allowed to run a drilling machine, set up work in the lathe and do a little benchwork; in the third year he gets vise, bench and floor practice and learns about milling machines, precision measurements and automatic set-ups; in the fourth year he goes on with these same things and learns to read blue prints and drawings. Then he gets through, and what does he really know? Not very much! He hasn't had any proper foundation—hasn't learned to think in industrial terms. Why, even most foremen begin to stutter when they see a little bunch of fractions, and most superintendents can't turn out a mechanical drawing any more than they can turn out an oil painting of Niagara."

"The machinery does most of the thinking," cut in the G. M.

"The biggest lie ever told!" shouted Haliburton. "Iron doesn't do any more thinking when it is harnessed and writhing in a machine than when it lay as undiscovered ore in the ground. Isn't the most refined machinery you can think of just a sublime sort of monkey wrench to put into an intelligent hand? Help me train that hand."

"Help how?"

(Continued on Page 149)

Now You Can Cut Your Tire Cost In Half

When your tire has given you all the mileage you can safely demand of it; when the rubber is worn thin, but the fabric not yet exposed; when your next move seems to be the purchase of a new tire; call up your local Gates Half-Sole Tire Service Station, and learn how to get a complete new tire, with greater than standard mileage guarantee, at **half cost.**

■ ■ ■

This radical reduction in tire expense has been made possible through the research and inventions of Charles C. Gates, E. M., resulting in an entirely new principle of tire construction.

This new principle involves the incorporation of your casing within the new factory-built Gates Half-Sole Tire, making a tire as shown in the cross-section illustration below—a tire with double fabric strength and double cushion resiliency, and in addition to carrying a guarantee of full standard mileage service, is guaranteed to be **puncture-proof.**

■ ■ ■

These exclusive Gates advantages, insuring greater safety and comfort, appeal to every motorist, regardless of cost, yet

GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES

GUARANTEED PUNCTURE-PROOF

COST ONLY HALF AS MUCH AS ORDINARY TIRES OF CORRESPONDING SIZE

The double fabric and cushion, the extra side-walls extending completely over the bead and under the rim, give the Gates Half-Sole Tire a sturdiness in size and design that adds substantial beauty to the car.

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Business men, as well as those who motor for pleasure, have been quick to appreciate the superior features of the Gates principle, and among the thousands of testimonials which we hold, none are more enthusiastic than those from business concerns who are subjecting their Gates Half-Sole Tires to the wear and tear of commercial haulage.

Three-quarters of a million car owners, including the largest business concerns of the country, are now regular and repeated purchasers of Gates Half-Sole Tires.

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More than 1250 Gates Half-Sole Tire Service Stations are located in all parts of the United States, and new ones are being placed as fast as men can be trained to take charge of them.

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There is probably a station in your city, listed in your telephone directory, and plainly pointed out by the Gates Half-Sole Tire signs.

THE GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLO.

Gates Half-Sole Tires *Gates Fabric Tires* *Gates Tested Inner Tubes*

Loafing Saws Cost Money

YOU can't afford to have any machines loafing about your plant any more than the men who operate them, for it is machine capacity far more than man capacity that determines your output.

Power Saws are often operated far below their capacity because hack sawing efficiency has been such a neglected field both in blade selection and saw operation.

That is why Star Blades and Star Service mean so much to every plant that saws metal. If you aren't using the Star we can show you a better blade and the chances are we can help you get better operating efficiency as well. Strange if we couldn't—for both the Star Blade and the Star Service have more than thirty-five years of hack saw knowledge and experience behind them.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

made of Tungsten Steel

Machine and Hand

Star Standardized Blades naturally cut more metal at a lower cost because they have the big mechanical advantage of a more acute cutting angle and a more effective clearance to the saw teeth.

This is the same reason that Star Blades can standardize on such few sizes—that a 10-tooth, 18 gauge Star power blade, for instance, can cut everything except the very thinnest work and do it at a lower cutting cost.

Flexible and All Hard

And Star Standardization with its fewer sizes is just as big an advantage to the manufacturer who uses blades as to the supply house that carries them in stock.

Star Service men are in all chief cities. Address our Service Department at Millers Falls, Mass.

Star Hack Saws are sold by leading supply houses, hardware jobbers and retailers everywhere.

Write for our free book "Hack Saw Efficiency." A valuable handbook for everyone who saws metal

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

(Continued from Page 146)

"Help me set up an apprentice course that shall be a trade school and training room combined, one that shall teach industry's highest principles in industry's very atmosphere. The foremen will tell you most of our boys ran away from school to get into the plant because school was just drudgery to them. We'll show them a school they'll be crazy to attend. We'll knock the notion that they are simply having knowledge poured in, by paying them as much an hour while they are in the schoolroom as when they are turning out usable pieces in the training shop. We'll give boys the fun of their lives while they are mastering mathematics, physics, technology and mechanical drawing. We'll put up a job on them. We'll let them believe we are simply turning them into crackajack mechanics, patternmakers, molders and instrument makers, with never an inkling that they can hardly avoid becoming masters, foremen, superintendents and managers. We'll lay the foundation of industrial leadership and give them an outlook, and then let Nature take its course."

Alexander Haliburton was talking the things that had formed in the breast of one with whom industry was the great passion. He looked out the window of the now silent room a while, then said in a quieter tone:

"We must not go on in this country wasting people. No nation can ever know true greatness until it learns superior conservation of the human factor in production. Let's begin to do something with the most promising raw material in existence—the kind that can think. We've got millions of automatons following along in the worn wasteful ruts; what do you say to developing a few polished producers who may add something to the standards of civilization?"

Learning by Teaching

The G. M. worked himself out of the clutch of his chair. It was a little uncertain whether several staccato squeaks emanated from straining chair rungs or from his own straining throat. When he had got to his feet he said nothing at all. He merely bobbed his head in a way that was plainly and vigorously affirmative, and went out, carrying with him a perfect little steel shaft that would find its place not in a motor but in the treasure drawer of the G. M.'s office safe.

Scotty, gangling, half-formed, nearing seventeen, came along when the school had been running four years. Haliburton and Charlie Trigger, looking through the glass wall of the latter's office, saw the boy swinging up the training room. Trigger was superintendent of the school now. Haliburton, with vast engineering responsibilities in the expanding plant, found time to drop in every day. The school was still the apple of his eye.

"Small-town boy?" asked Haliburton.

"Yes," Trigger answered. "I give the small towner the preference because he nearly always makes good, though I don't know why he should."

"I've figured it," said the engineer. "The small-town boy has neither the unconscious inertness of many farm lads nor the over-assurance of the city boy. He realizes that about everything worth while lies outside his town. If he has the strength to turn his back on the clerkship in the village grocery he is good material for us."

Haliburton fell back and watched while Trigger completed the enrollment of Scotty, which had begun by mail. The graduate manager of the training floor was leading the newcomer away when the superintendent recalled him.

"One more question. Do you dance?"

The small-town boy stared at him hard and shook his head.

"Better learn," the superintendent suggested. "It will help you with those legs."

"Gee," cried the boy, "then I'll have to forget my church raising and go to it!"

Scotty found himself on a grinder. Another boy was there to show him how to do simple shaft work—how to grind down straight little parts for a turbine. At the outset the strain was terrible, but after two hours Scotty was able to look up long enough to see that he was far from being alone. More than one hundred boys worked in couples at machines of different kinds. Lordy, what a world! He spat on the floor as an expression of exuberance. The other boy was calling him back to the job, the other boy who handled the little shafts with such bewildering facility. And then Scotty learned that the other fellow had been as ignorant as he three days before. His spirits rose. Trigger was to dash them.

"Got a parlor in your home?" The superintendent had paused beside him.

"Yes, sir; a daisy."

"Nice carpets and everything?"

"Yes, and a piano."

"Ever spit on that carpet?"

"No, sir; of course not."

"We haven't any carpet here," said the superintendent, "but this big room is our parlor just the same."

Scotty was crushed. Three days later he had revived. He was spending his mornings under a more advanced boy in learning to cut threads, and his afternoons in teaching a brand-new boy to do simple shaft work. He had caught the first great idea of the school. He was boy pupil and boy teacher too. Everything he was taught he was to make his own by teaching it immediately to somebody else.

Scotty had learned other things besides machine processes in the three days. He had learned that his grammar-school graduation certificate, which he had regarded as meaning much the same as a certificate of vaccination from the family doctor, was his most precious possession. Without it he never could have entered this wonderful world of the apprentice school. He would have to go over a lot of the mathematics he had had, to get a better foundation for more mathematics he had never had. But just the same the apprentice school, with all its patience, had no time to spend on boys who had not finished the grammar grades. In two months he would begin to spend an hour and a half a day in the classrooms. He even looked forward with eagerness to this, for of course it would not be like school. How could it be when a fellow would get his twelve cents an hour just the same? In the sudden revolution of his thought Scotty even wished he had a high-school diploma too, for that would let a fellow into the engineering course, and an engineer apparently was the greatest man in the world.

Here was Scotty, least among several hundred boys who knew more than he did, yet with an individuality. He did not guess it; he could not have guessed it; but the circumstances rubbed it in. When he moved along from planer to press, a card bearing his name went with him and slipped into the card holder on the new machine. More glorious still, Mr. Haliburton himself, on his frequent rounds, stopped and talked with him. By name! This was inexpressibly stimulating to one who had never once seen Haliburton glance toward the name card, who had observed that the great man was near-sighted, and who knew nothing at all of the magnifying powers of a proper lens.

Scotty Signs On

In two weeks Scotty knew what a chuck was; in six weeks he could tell whether a Jacob chuck or an almond chuck was to be used, and why. Hammer and chisel were once definite terms to him, but not now. Ball peen, cross peen and straight peen were members of the hammer family of which he spoke with accuracy, and he did not ask for a chisel without specifying whether he meant cold, diamond point or cape. And common tools had changed as much in function as in name. He no longer picked them up as crutches, but as means to an end. Then Trigger called Scotty and three other boys who had entered the school on the same day he did into the glass-walled office.

"Go home, you fellows," the superintendent said to two of them. "You mean well, but it isn't in you to handle tools. Be lawyers or something." And to Scotty and the other he said: "You two manage to get by. Here are your apprentice papers ready for signing if you are sure you want to stick for four years."

"How do you know we'll be any good in the classroom?" Scotty asked respectfully.

"Because boys who are good in the training room always are," was Trigger's reply.

Scotty set his rambling signature to the document, which specified that he should serve the apprentice school faithfully and that the apprentice school faithfully should serve him.

"You understand this contract to be legally binding on the apprentice, do you?" the superintendent asked.

Scotty drew a solemn breath. "I do," he replied.

The Cost of Building Bodies

Protein is the body-builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

That's one reason why oats dominate as food for growing children. They excel all other grains in this body-building element.

Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein
Per Pound

In Quaker Oats	$ .63
In White Bread	1.30
In Potatoes	1.48
In Beef, about	2.00
In Ham	3.63
In Eggs	2.32

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it.

Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and 11 times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

Cost of Energy
Per 1000 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$ .05
In Round Steak	.41
In Veal Cutlets	.57
In Average Fish	.60
In Chipped Beef	.75
In Hubbard Squash	.75

Thus meat and fish foods average ten times Quaker Oats cost for the same energy value.

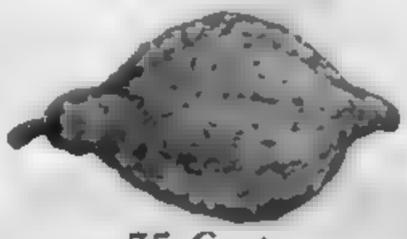
This doesn't suggest an exclusive oat diet. Other foods are necessary. But this food of foods—the greatest food that grows—should form your basic breakfast.

It means supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up your costlier foods for dinner.

5 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



75 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

9 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats

The Delicious Flakes

Get Quaker Oats because of their matchless flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such extra flavor costs no extra price you should get it.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

The "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill

"If we could only get in there with a drill——"

has marked the waste of countless hours a "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill would have saved! For the "YANKEE" works perfectly in space so cramped that other drills cannot be used at all. With DOUBLE Ratchet Adjustment it is unnecessary to *turn* the crank; the slightest movement to and fro gives the drill continuous forward motion.

The "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill has two speeds. Speed-shifter is shown at hub of crank.

Ratchet-shifter, shown between small gears, gives five adjustments.

1. Plain Drill 2. Left-hand Ratchet
3. Right-hand Ratchet 4. DOUBLE Ratchet
5. Gears locked

Shifters are operated at a finger touch, and without removing drill from work.

Every "YANKEE" Tool is an instrument of precision, with a beautiful finish that delights the mechanic who loves fine tools. They cost but little more than other tools, and are really worth *much* more.

"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill
Price, $8.75

Your Dealer can Supply You

No. 1555. Length 17 in. 3-jaw chuck for round-shank drills up to 1-2 in. diameter.

No. 555. Length 17 1-2 in. 2-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares.

Write for free "YANKEE" Tool Book showing "YANKEE" Tools in action, doing work that cannot be done with other tools; illustrating better ways of drilling, boring, tapping and driving and drawing screws.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

"Well, it is not!" denied Trigger. "It wouldn't hold you ten seconds in any court. We are going to do everything in our power for you not because of any law but solely and simply because we have your word that you will do the right thing."

Thus was Scotty bound. Entirely apart from the fact that every tentacle of inclination was anchoring his soul to this grand undertaking he knew he would never allow himself to vary one hair's breadth from the pact, for a twenty-million-dollar corporation was banking on his word!

In another month Scotty longed for a few days off so that he might hurry back to Jordan's Corners and halt the outrage being carried on in the grammar school in the name of mathematics. He had tolerated fractions and decimals as taught out there because at that stage of his youth he knew no better; but why in the name of Sam Hill couldn't they have let a fellow know what fractions and decimals were really about—how they would help you figure the right size of everything in the world you wanted to make!

And wasn't it bully to have schoolteachers who could skin out of their coats and do anything in the plant! The classroom work linked to the practice of the training room had whisked the bushel off the candle of education and sent Scotty's nose into his arithmetic in a way that would have set his mother frantic with alarm. An hour and a half a day he spent in the classroom, and across the back of his arithmetic he glimpsed geometry, trigonometry and elementary electricity as shining worlds held squarely in the path of his conquering feet.

Trigger came to him in the training room when he was working a lathe to produce a steel circlet in accordance with a pattern.

"What you making?" the superintendent wanted to know.

"A turbine ring."

"What is a turbine?"

"It's a motor, but I never saw one."

"Like to see one? I just happen to be going over to the turbine shop now."

"Oh, say, Mr. Trigger!"

The superintendent led him down the three flights of stairs, across the yard and into a building a thousand feet long. For an hour—it might have been a year for all Scotty knew—the one inducted the other into the mysteries of big and little steam turbines. They came out with the boy in something of a daze.

"Honest," he asked, "do you think I can ever learn enough to do what those men in there are doing?"

"I wouldn't dare make a guess." The superintendent rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "But we'll help you, and you keep on seeing the thing as straight as you can while you study and work."

Haliburton was waiting in the office.

"Been over shooting a little vision into the boy Scotty," the superintendent explained.

"How does he get it, Charlie?" asked the engineer with unfeigned solicitude.

"Like a poet. I'm not going to be satisfied with a common crackajack out of this piece of material," answered Trigger in unblushing contradiction of his very recent remark to the boy; "I'm looking for a star."

Trigger Gets a Jolt

Stars, it appears, must be forged and tempered. There were certain little flaws in Scotty that forced Trigger to burrow persistently into the boy, and sometimes when the superintendent was weary, to doubt for a moment the quality of the material. For one thing, Scotty was slow to see the importance of the thorough mastery of intermediate steps, too eager to see pieces of metal begin to take on the ultimate shape. Trigger got at this by doubling the boy back again and again over things he hated to do. Scotty, mad as hornets, shut his mouth and obediently followed the order. Trigger himself learned several things while machining the bump of overeagerness out of his pupil.

The superintendent was to get his first jolt about the boy near the end of his first year in the school. It was the more unexpected because recent examinations had shown that Scotty's progress was increasingly thorough. Here was his name suddenly appearing four times on the delinquent list for a single week. The list was drawn for purposes of the pay roll from the time clock on which the apprentices registered their coming and going. On Tuesday, said the record, Scotty had not rung in until nearly noon. He had done as badly on Wednesday. There was nothing to show that on the following two days he had returned to the school after the noon recess. The usual footnotes on delinquents recorded the night watchman's statement that the boy had been hanging round a couple of evenings until put out at ten o'clock.

Trigger was sad. He remembered that Scotty had come to him on Monday when boring holes in the bearing of a grinder and said he needed a reamer so that the holes might be set in with absolute accuracy. The answer given the boy was that a reamer could not be had on account of the cost. It would cost sixty dollars. Had the denial of his request made the boy sullen or reckless? Or what was the explanation of his strange course? The boy must be brought up with a sharp turn and then investigated.

The superintendent was about to go out and set the machinery of discipline in motion when Haliburton came in. He was smiling like a new father.

"Every time I find some real evidence that we are developing initiative on the part of the boys," he exclaimed, "I feel that this school is paying dividends on all the sweat and patience it takes to run it."

"Tell me your good story and I'll tell you my bad one," suggested Trigger.

How Scotty Spent His Time

"I'll try to make you forget yours," Haliburton promised, ignoring the proffered chair. "Coming down the training room just now I found the boy Scotty working on a job that did not look like anything you would give a first-year man. I asked what he was doing. He said he needed a reamer pretty badly, so he had dug up a chunk of steel and was making one on his own time. My voice seemed to get lost for a minute, but luckily I found it in time to tell him I had intended adding a new reamer to the equipment and that you would hand him sixty dollars as soon as he had his in operation."

In the classroom course for machinists, tool and die makers, Scotty advanced upon power transmission, chemistry of common metals and mechanical and free-hand drawing with the same determination that he used in mastering one lathe after another. Every six months his rating raised and his pay per hour increased. The day came when he knew he was no bumpkin any longer; he stood well in the eyes of the other apprentices too; but Trigger felt that the boy was slow to measure himself against the world that lay outside the school. Trigger expressed his feeling to Haliburton, and that ingenious developer of human material began to plan an experiment of the kind that delighted his soul.

Scotty was encouraged into an extraordinary affection for turbines. He taxed the equipment of the training room in producing many of the parts. He longed to be shaping the remaining parts and to see all go together in readiness to function. Was it ever possible, he wondered, in a conversation with Trigger, for a fellow to be assigned for a few days to straight work over in that magical zone known as the turbine shop? The kind superintendent agreed to use his influence.

The lad was assigned as helper to Beaney Johnson. Old Beaney knew his business from A to Z. He had been machining steam turbines forever—that was what he told Scotty. He was glad to get hold of a boy from Haliburton's parlor nursery so he could learn him something practical. Scotty, dumb with admiration and with the thrill of contact with actual production, gazed on the hairy arms of his new master as on the capable shapers of a universe.

They were working on steam-expansion nozzles—cutting expanding holes through a thick circle of steel called the nozzle head. Beaney directed the boy to set up the head in the drill press, and when this had been done with nimble preciseness he ordered:

"Now, kid, stand aside and watch with all the eyes in your head. You'll see the hole come, but whether you see anything more or not all depends. Some boys git onto what's happening and some never could in a thousand years. Some might even be able to tell all about how it is done but never could learn to tackle the job themselves. Whether you'll ever be able to do it depends on how hard you watch now and how good a man you are when you grow up."

(Continued on Page 153)

HARTFORD service adds a great benefit to sure indemnity

Your property is at the mercy of the public conscience in your neighborhood. Any man who feels that he would just as lieve have the insurance money as his property, is lowering the standard of the public conscience.

Any man who feels that a fire insurance policy releases him from eternal vigilance against fire is losing the value of something he has paid for.

The money he pays for his policy buys not only indemnity in case of fire, but especially it buys assistance in preventing fire.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company realized long ago that every fire is a setback; that after a fire no man can begin where he left off; that some part of his life's work must be done over again; that the money he receives for his loss is only a part of the real loss.

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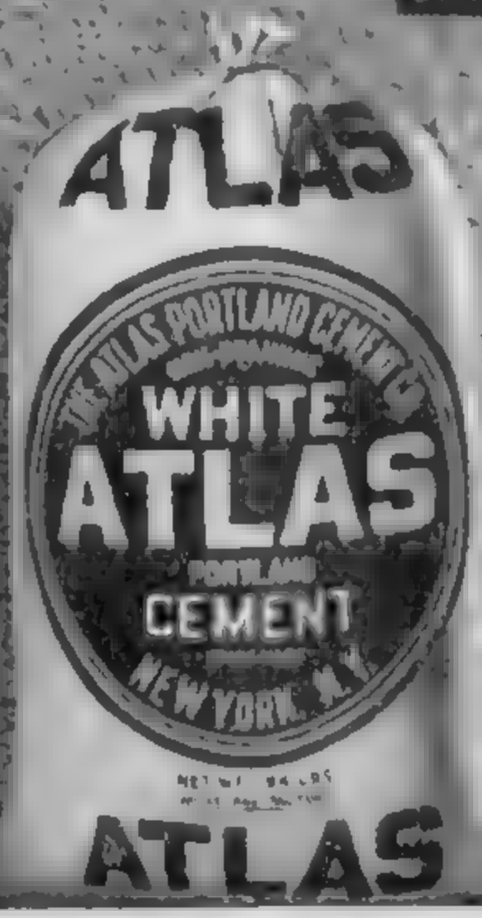

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(Continued from Page 150)

The hole must have a sharp slant. Beaney made a horizontal attack upon the metal, and when the drill had bit in he stopped the machine and reset the drill to the correct slant as nearly as he could figure it, and then starting up once more he drove through the band.

"I guess you saw it all, but it was too deep for you," Beaney said as he examined the hole.

Scotty nodded but said nothing. He was disappointed with himself. He had not expected the thing to puzzle him, but it did. He swung the nozzle head round for the next hole when Beaney commanded, and watched as before. He was still denied the thrill of comprehension. Beaney seemed to derive a certain pleasure from the boy's continued bewilderment and scolded and twitted him by turns as the morning wore along. At length the perplexity within Scotty articulated itself in a question.

"Mr. Johnson," he asked, "isn't there some way of drilling the slanting hole with a single operation instead of having to stop and reset the drill and make two operations of it?"

Old Beaney let go the drill to look him over with infinite scorn. "What kind of nerve food does this Haliburton feed you up there," he demanded, "that makes you waste your time wondering if a man who was doing this before you was born knows his trade?"

By midafternoon Scotty was in a frame of mind that frightened him. He was still bowing in deference to every act of this old master of the craft, yet some imp rose up within him and kept whispering that the drilling should be simplified by one-half and that Johnson's method of figuring the slant was so inaccurate that it was outrageous. He held his tongue in his teeth for hours, but at last the imp managed to jerk it loose.

"Say now," he blurted, "let's figure that slant to a one-thousandth of an inch and find a way to drill the hole through at a single clip!"

The old journeyman contracted like a porcupine and then expanded in a shower of vituperative quills that were intended to perforate his youthful helper past all power to make a further insulting suggestion. But the helper was not perforated. He was merely set to smarting beyond all desire to sleep. He spent half the night at a lathe in the apprentice school beveling little triangular blocks of steel.

When Beaney Johnson ambled into the turbine shop next morning with the deliberate movements of an old grizzly bear Scotty was already present. That was not all. The helper had presumed to set up a nozzle head in the drill press without waiting for the command, and above the place indicated for the first slanting hole he had clamped a beveled steel block, thus presenting a horizontal surface to the drill.

A New Executive Born

"Throw that fool thing off the machine!" roared the outraged old machinist as he looked from the nozzle head to the boy.

"Start the drill; she's all set," said Scotty in reply.

Beaney pushed back his sleeves, crooked his fingers and advanced threateningly toward his helper. Scotty's face went very white, but he did not offer to throw the piece off the machine and he did not retreat. He picked up a hammer and indicated that he would use it to supplement his physical disadvantage. Beaney hesitated.

"Aw, watch now. Watch just once!" the boy pleaded.

Scotty set the drill to spinning. It bit into the metal. When it should have stopped in order to be given the slant it went on. It was already aslant. The old machinist saw, and his mouth went open like that of a fish. He forgot everything but the wonder. As for Scotty, he went on drilling away, and the growing hole in the nozzle head was as nothing to a growing hole in his consciousness through which the light of understanding was flooding his soul. More and more clearly an immutable truth stood revealed. Knowledge, he was perceiving, is power.

It was knowledge that had stripped him ribbed and rounded out of the husks of adolescence. It was knowledge that had anchored his feet to the ground when an angry mountain of muscle was advancing upon him. It was knowledge that had enabled an apprentice to make conquest of a veteran of the shops—of an old giant who in all his blustering years had never enjoyed any measure of vision and accuracy in his undertakings or any measure of assurance in his famished and longing soul.

Scotty, a craftsman among craftsmen, pulled the drill clear of the perfect new hole. There was a moment's pause and then the great hairy arms of Beaney Johnson reached over and swung the steel band round to where another beveled block was clamped in readiness for the second shot.

The foreman of turbines, an instructed witness, went skipping to headquarters and reeled off the story.

"It's in him!" squeaked Trigger, wrapping gleeful arms about himself. "I've known it a year!"

"An industrial executive," said Haliburton, "has been born."

While the superintendent and the foreman chattered the man out of whose vision the apprentice school had come sat looking out the window with unseeing eyes. For the moment he was permitting himself the luxury of dreams. An engineer who could make spiritual appraisals, he surveyed the future, and then and there foresaw things which the inevitable years did bring to pass. He saw this apprentice finishing the machinists' course and eagerly going in for the two years' course that would enable him to set down the things he was thinking with a draftsman's sure line and curve. He saw him rise in a day to foreman of a shop after he had given logical arrangement to the tools of that shop and caused the cost of production to tumble. He saw him while still under thirty as superintendent of a modest plant, a definite and potential figure in industry, superbly justifying his training, and drawing his five thousand dollars a year.

"I never told you, chief," Trigger broke the reverie, "but once old Scotty confessed to me why he was a week getting here after we had sent word he could have his try at the school. It seems there was a vacant clerkship in the village grocery and Scotty's mother and a couple of long-whiskered uncles came mighty near hanging the lobster sign on him for life."

Larry's Apprenticeship

All one spring the school was under surveillance by a pair of brown eyes peering out through a dust-covered pane in the foundry. Larry Lukens, the watcher, followed the coming and going of the apprentices with a natural yearning to know what wonders were being unfolded on the top floor of the grim red building to those boys of his own age. Upon the spark of his eagerness husky Dave Womble, with the seasoned wisdom of one who had put in eight years in the foundry, dashed the quenching waters of suspicion.

"You forget those boobs, Larry," Dave would admonish. "They don't even know they're just being hammered by the company into tools to bust the union."

"But listen, Dave," Larry would say, loath to give up his cheerful fancies; "all the wonderful things they are being taught up there, if they can only get over being wrong about the union, ought to make them all-fired good men at their trade."

"Boy, you listen to me," Dave would end and clinch the argument: "I'm a molder and I know. The only thing for a fellow in a plant is to get himself slammed onto the best job possible and then to stay put."

Of course Dave Womble knew. He was more than mentor to the fatherless boy. He could remember when Larry was born in the house next door he was getting ready to celebrate his own ninth birthday at the time. He had been climbing monkeylike in the steel frame of the new business block the day Larry's father had lost his footing in reaching too far out for a tossed rivet and had been carried home silent and still. Dave had told Larry he ought not to live off his mother's needle forever, and the day after the boy graduated from the grammar school he had led him to the foundry. A good-natured foreman looking into the frank eager eyes had scrawled the lad's name on the pay roll and told him he was now apprentice and helper to Dave.

Dave Womble worked in sand. While he fingered and considered the wooden pattern Larry would fetch the two empty frames, which, in spite of appearances, Dave assured him were the cope and bottom of a flask, and Larry would shovel sand into the frames while Dave poked and jabbed and smashed with his wooden tamper until a firm if brittle mold had formed about the

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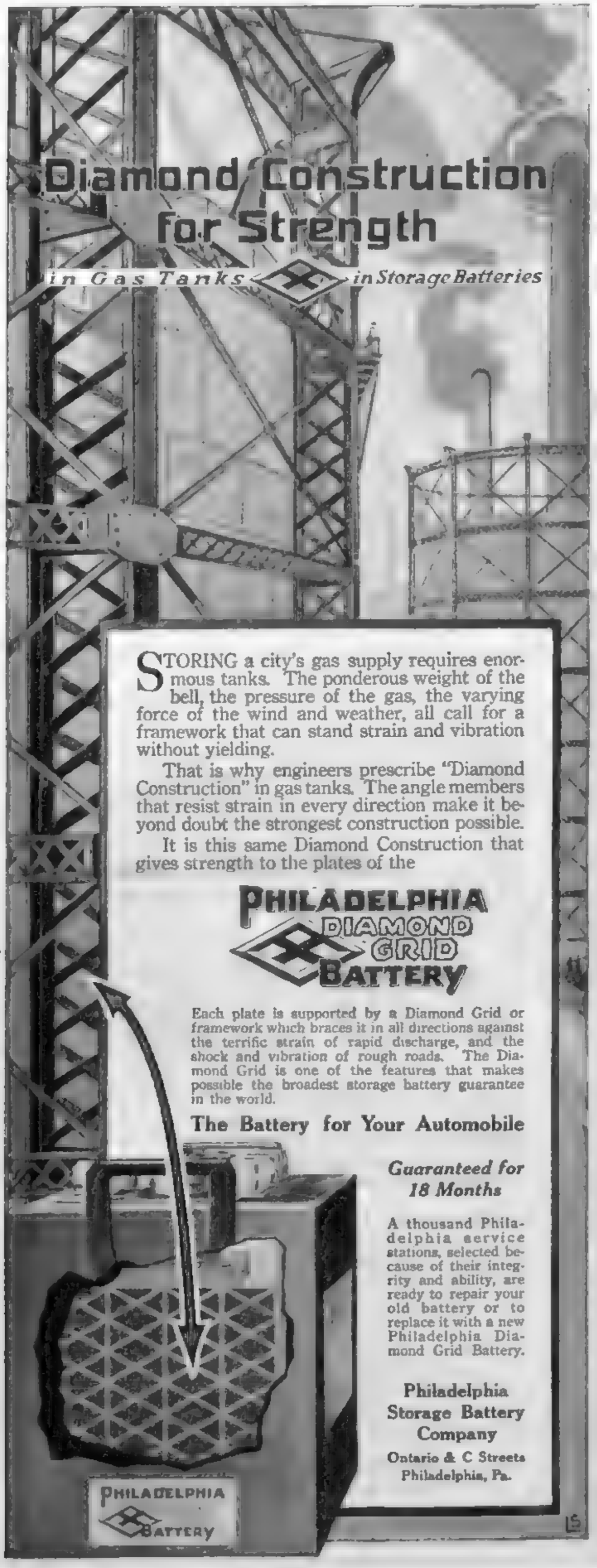

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pattern. It was in making the simple cores that the boy's spirits rose. Dave never deigned to lay hand on anything as puny as a core box; thus the job was Larry's own.

"You make good hard cores, kid," Dave complimented him. "You could shoot a hole through a elephant with one and have it still true on the edges. If you quit ruining your eyes rubbering through that dirty window at Haliburton's boobs some day you'll be a molder like me. But remember, sand's your bread and butter now, and you want to cut out the dreaming."

So Larry watched through his clouded pane, envying and pitying those boys between whom and himself was a great gulf fixed.

"Go up to the pattern room on the top floor of this building," Womble commanded one day, "and ask old Washburn to give you the core box for this new motor head."

The boy climbed the three flights, got what he was sent for and came back to the head of the stairs. He glanced out through an open ventilator, and the core box almost fell out of his grasp. He found himself gazing across a few rods of space into the wide windows of a new world. This world was filled with all the kinds of marvelous machines and big and little tools that one dreamed of sometime or other knowing how to use. But that was not the best part. The new world was peopled entirely by boys—boys of his own age and a little older—who moved about with joy and airy freedom, making the machines hum and go, and giving no sign whatever that they were being cramped and hammered into tools to bust the union!

Young Christopher Columbus kept his discovery to himself. In the weeks following he told Dave that he had heard this and that of the things that went on in the apprentice school—he was repeating what he had seen through the ventilator in precious stolen moments on the fourth floor—and the husky molder tamped the sand viciously and assured him that one and all these things were lies. Thus the chain by which Dave Womble held the youngster wore thin in one iron link.

One day Charley Trigger, engrossed and detained in laying out the work for tomorrow, stumbled down the school stairs in the twilight an hour or two after the plant workers had stampeded out the gate. Outside the door a boy lying in wait plucked his sleeve.

"Why is it, please Mr. Trigger, you use the wonderful school just to train up boys to break the union?"

Dave in a Rage

The lad's voice shook: there was no doubt that he was going straight to the bottom of something that was agitating his soul. Trigger studied his strange questioner hard.

"We don't." The superintendent laid a sure hand on one well-developed young shoulder. "We train up boys and urge them to go into the union. With the knowledge and skill they acquire in the school they can do wonders to make the union strong and helpful and fine."

"Honest to God?"

Trigger rested his other hand on the other shoulder.

"Yes, honest to God," he replied.

"Then, Mr. Trigger, how—how does a boy begin to do something to get in?"

Larry Lukens had completed his enrollment in the apprentice school before he dared breathe a word of it to Dave. Then he got it all out in a sentence:

"I'm in the apprentice school, Dave; going to spend four years there and learn to be a crackajack tool-maker, and then come out to be head of the union or bust."

But Dave could not get it so fast as that, and as the boy gave the news to him in bits he accepted each as a fagot to fire his powder barrel in a fresh place.

"The rotten, lying schemers!" he exploded. "To think they could slip you out from under my nose and me having never a chance to save you from signing your liberty away! I'll get all the men in the foundry to stand together and we'll make 'em let you go."

"But I don't want them to let me go! Can't you see?" pleaded the boy. "I'm going to stick to the school and the school is going to stick to me, and by and by all of us and you too will be proud because I saw my chance and took it."

"You're a kid. You don't know what you are talking about," the molder declared. "Apprentice schools are just traps of the bosses to make prisoners and slaves of fool boys. I know; I've watched. What's any workingman got to-day but his right to be free to go on with his work just as his father did and to tell the rotten scheming bosses to stay where they belong?"

"But, oh, Dave," the helper protested, "what they are going to teach me will do me ten times more good than ever it will them. It's all right. Keep your hands off!"

"And I—and I," stammered the molder, hardly more than a youngster himself, and yet with all the fierce doggedness of one in whom prejudice had obliterated vision—"I have been everything but a father to you. For my sake now, will you tear up those papers and tell them to go to hell?"

The boy shook his head. "You dirty little traitor!" was Dave's good-by.

Larry Lukens began life anew with the customary lessons on a grinder, and knew that the world was moving when, a few days later, he was as busily teaching the grinding operation to one far greener than he. He moved from machine to machine, and one night he and his mother went over to call on Dave Womble's mother, so that the apprentice might explain to the incredulous and snorting molder that his soul was still his own and that the school was a mighty funny place; that several hundred boys were busy in it, and yet somehow, so far as he could see, just about everything and everybody there seemed to be for the purpose of helping him to learn.

How Larry Got On

Yet Larry did not always reach out to help himself.

"Lukens," Trigger asked him one day, "why do I have trouble in getting you to use fixtures when they would hold the piece you are working on better than one of these loose sliding jigs?"

"Because I don't like fixtures."

"Lukens," the superintendent whispered, "I'm going to tell you a secret. When I was your age I saw big ugly lobsters for the first time and I said, 'I'll never eat those things.' But I learned to do it, and would you believe it, now I can't ever get enough of them?"

The confidential little story straightened out the boy on fixtures.

Larry had more than a few weeks of smooth running to his credit, in the classrooms as well as in the training shop, when he was able to pop into the foundry one day while the work was under way. Dave Womble was tamping sand and scolding a youthful helper—the second boy he had had since Larry forsook him.

"Gee, it's nice to see the old sand boxes again," the apprentice said, embarrassed by the silent and motionless attitude the molder assumed as soon as he saw him.

"Has it happened?" Dave demanded.

"Has what happened?"

"Has it happened that you've found out their game and are ready to beg back unto your job with me?"

"Oh, Dave, if you could only understand!" sighed the boy.

The husky molder set a harsh grasp on the apprentice's shoulder. "Kid," he hissed, "I've felt sort of responsible for you since you were born. I keep changing boys on your job here so none can get anchored and so you can come back if you ain't too big a fool, when you do get onto the game that's being run on you. You are mighty lucky to have it this way, but don't you try my patience too long!"

The day came when Trigger asked a group of boys to spend an hour trying to imagine the kind of tool that would set a row of holes uniformly into a piece of metal of given shape and then for each to express his idea in a drawing. That evening Haliburton joined the superintendent and they studied the drawings with an eagerness that would have dumfounded the crude young draftsmen. The engineer and Trigger loved nothing better than testing for flashes of quality in the human material that was molding in their hands.

"Look, chief," Trigger chuckled, and handed over one of the sheets. "The boy, Lukens, did this. We're building him into a tool-maker, you know."

Haliburton studied the indefinite expression of a perfectly definite idea.

"What we'll get," he predicted, "is a tool designer."

At the end of the first year Dave Womble delivered himself thus to Larry:

"You're lucky, kid, as I've said before; but they'll bust you—just you wait!" At

(Continued on Page 157)

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe

Beats Them All! The New "TEA-FOIL" PACKAGE

It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now, don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial?—Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—

10c

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Mellow-aged till perfect
Plus a dash of *Chocolate*

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Guaranteed by
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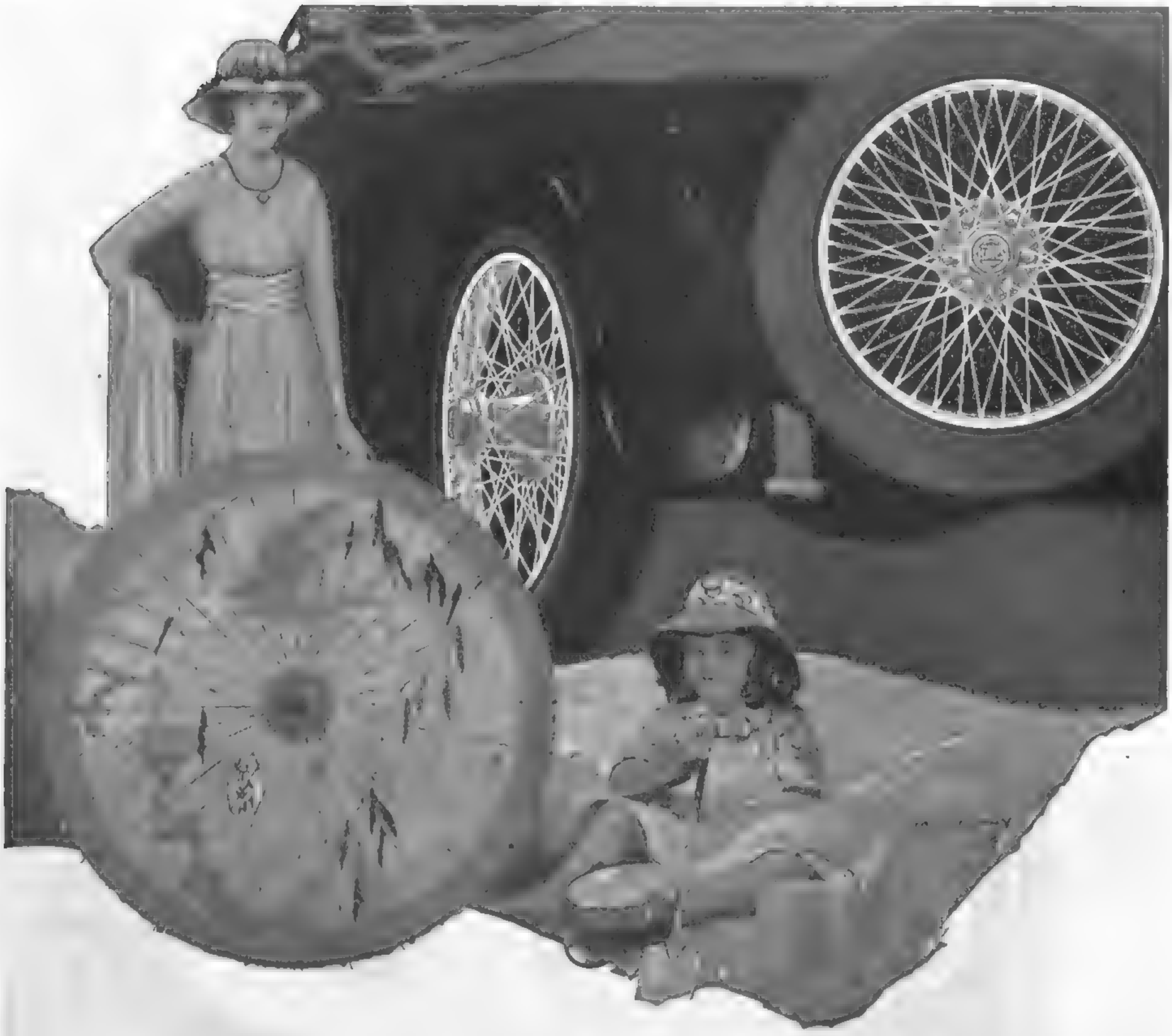

IT is very evident to any observer that more and more people, everywhere, are now turning to wire wheels.

But you may not be in position to know that the greater number of them are specifying the Hayes.

This is a very real preference, based on something more than the added style and social distinction which are usually associated with wire wheels.

The fact that the Hayes does add much in style and individuality to any car is important.

It is important also to know that this wheel, in particular, is lighter and therefore more economical; that it rides easier; that it is safer; that it is much easier to handle in changing a tire.

Motor car manufacturers themselves indicate the breadth and depth of the Hayes preference, since a great majority of them use Hayes as their standard wire wheel.

In almost every locality you will find somewhat of the same proportion among wire-wheel-equipped cars.

The dealer who sold you your car, or the Hayes sales and service station, can install Hayes Wire Wheels on your old or new car.

Wire Wheel Division

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World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

DEALERS:—

If there is not a Sales and Service Station for Hayes Wire Wheels in your city, ask us to tell you about the extraordinary opportunities in Hayes Distribution.

Licensed Manufacturers
HAYES
Wire Wheels

(Continued from Page 154)

the end of the second year he confided: "They're moving, kid; your big bump is due pretty soon. I'll tell you how I know they are getting ready to spring things. Yesterday they asked if I wouldn't like to go on one of those crazy new electric tampers down in the other end of the foundry, and I told them 'Not much!' so quick it made their heads swim. They were thinking of the pay roll of course. I know just where I'm going to hit the roll every week, but those electric-tamper fellers have got to go in and find out."

Larry Lukens was entering his final year when Haliburton observed him watching a new boy induct a newer boy into the use of the grinder. As Larry's eyes took in the boys and their ponderous machine he started suddenly and his mouth opened. Haliburton moved noiselessly to his side.

"What's in your mind, Larry?" earnestly begged the engineer. "Tell me exactly what is in your mind."

"It's funny I never noticed before," replied the boy, "but I was just thinking that grinder is an awfully big and clumsy machine for the simple work it has to do."

Haliburton fairly pounced on his pupil. "It is!" he exclaimed. "You bet it is! It's a bad machine. A grinder has no right to take up so much room and to require so much gear, now has it? I wish I had time to work out a much better machine. Say, Larry, can't—why can't you work one out yourself?"

Larry Lukens looked hard at Haliburton. Illumination swept the daze out of his eyes.

"I wouldn't have thought of tackling such a thing," he answered, "but—but why shouldn't I have my try?"

In the engineering department of the school were boys whose high-school diplomas had qualified them for that course. Larry had always regarded them with reverence. Now he began to look on one of them with design. A week after he began day-and-night wrestling with his problem he had that embryo engineer eating lunch at his expense. With the pie he unfolded the plan for a new type of machine that had formed in his thought—a plan which needed engineering wisdom in the figuring of proportions and stress.

"Say, boy!" the listener ejaculated. "You've gone and thought something, haven't you?"

A little later the daily lunch-time conference had enlarged to include an apprentice from the draftsman's course, who drew lines so rapidly under a double flow of inspiration that none of them had time for the trifling item of food.

Larry's Hour of Triumph

When his plans and specifications were ready Larry was allowed to gather a construction crew of twenty from among the boys. Skill and enthusiasm for the undertaking were the necessary qualifications. Before manufacture had passed the first stage the entire school was behind the project and the twenty builders found themselves marked and envied men. The various parts seemed almost to leap into existence. When the assembling of them began the school was fairly aquiver. In the midst of the machinery that filled the great room there grew into being a new grinder, capable, complete, compact, an ingenious simplification of the machine which up to that moment the machinery world had accepted as the best.

A gong sounded at midafternoon and two hundred boys laid down their tools, brushed their hair and assembled about the machine. They were near to bursting with excitement and silence. Superintendent Trigger handed a blank to Larry Lukens and the embarrassed hero set it against the emery wheel and gave his levers a pull. The wail of yielding steel was instantly drowned in a wordless roar. Pandemonium reigned uninterruptedly for half an hour. Since time began a spasm of exultation has seized the human whenever inspiration has uplifted vision to lay hold upon some eternal how and why. Moreover, it was a boy's triumphant vision this time, and it was boys who were hailing it with maddened tongues.

There is some doubt as to whether Haliburton slept at all that night. He is suspected of having sat until dawn beside the new machine. It was something to be able at last to lay one's hand on concrete confirmation of a gospel one had preached so long. It was something to feel that throughout the years to come there would be found here a fount of assurance for every halting apprentice who took measure of the school—a magic talisman forever whispering that boys who put their hearts into developing their wings might hope to fly among the stars.

Larry Lukens graduated and went hopping up the rungs of the ladder in a branch plant. To-day he is a general manager in a neighboring state. Every year he revisits the school—has his big car swing in off the highway that leads to his summer camp in Maine. He greets Haliburton and Trigger and looks into their understanding eyes. Then he steps across to the foundry to visit one who was once almost a father to him. Dave Womble is still a hard-headed builder in sand. The old friends talk and then the molder follows the other man out to his waiting car. But Dave never sets foot on the running board, never lays a confident hand on the car's glistening door. There isn't a thing in his plant Lawrence W. Lukens wouldn't give Dave Womble for the asking, and there isn't a thing in the plant Dave Womble will ever ask him to give. Lukens might force matters, but he knows it would do no good. The reason is psychological. It is geometrical too. A round hole can afford no comfort to a peg or a head that glories in being square.

How Liabilities Become Assets

The school was a developer of stars; yet stars, Haliburton kept insisting, were the things that interested him least. Real star stuff would move upward naturally; it was the school's business to refine away the clods from prospects who seemed less certain to rise. His passion was turning out stars in the humble magnitudes. Great machinists were as essential as great managers in pointing their fellows the way. He was developing vision and skill to go into the head and chest of the plant, and vision and skill to go into the organs too.

The theory on which Haliburton built up the school was simple and comprehensive. First of all he recognized the impressive value on raw and plastic human material of utmost neatness, good order, dispatch and discipline. He knew that atmosphere was a primary element in any scheme of creation. He dwelt on method and process in an effort to cultivate the creative point of view, teaching the use of tools in every detail, but keeping tools in their proper place as means to an end. He kept the apprentice's attention elevated beyond the thing immediately in hand to the point at which results were to be harvested. He sought to inspire the love of difficulty.

Above everything else he wanted to see the youngster breaking original trails while working out his own salvation.

Half a dozen years from the day the school started the Universal had begun to feel its influence throughout the plant. Young men by the score and then by the hundred, trained as these had been trained, could not take their places in the shops without their presence becoming felt in an ever-increasing measure. First of all there was an incredible saving on the wear and tear of machines. Then production leaped ahead in the immediate neighborhood of every man from the school. It was the quick response to leadership. There was no more effort than before, just more intelligence. In spots, then throughout the plant, and finally throughout its country-wide business it brought home to the company that the apprentice school was an investment that paid immeasurable dividends.

The flight of the years brought nothing to suggest any correction in Haliburton's diagnosis of the three things which the plant—and the whole of American industry—needed and must achieve. Industrial intelligence, skill and loyalty were rock-bottom fundamentals. He developed the first two—and then he challenged the worker who had become truly intelligent and skilled to be disloyal if he could to his boss, to his fellow workers or to his job!

Four distinct phases made up the school's effort—to train young men for engineering and administrative efficiency and leadership, for semiprofessional service, for work demanding specialized mechanical skill, and for all-round manual proficiency. No matter which course an apprentice followed he passed from liability to asset on the books of the company before he reached his graduation. He might or might not remain with the company after that time.

"Look here!" cried the general manager one day, when the school's graduates had

Smooth as her hands!

Do you enjoy every day the pride of a Smoother Face;—the comfort of a refreshed and silken skin;—the satisfaction of time saved;—the absolute content of a perfect shave?

You should;—you can;—with a Gem.

Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—are extraordinarily keen, tough, durable. They *do* give a silken skin, a happy shave,—the shave you have always wanted.

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Patented processes developed during 39 years' study of the shaving problem have greatly improved the hardening, tempering and grinding processes of manufacture. These blades,—keen as Damascus steel—are keen-*plus*, tough-*plus*, vitality-*plus*.

And the Gem frame, which holds the blade against your face at the Universal Angle, that too is a vital factor in your shaving satisfaction. No adjustment is necessary to get a perfect shave.

Fit a Gem blade in a Gem frame and learn—today—the shaving content that millions of Gem users know. You will get the full service you can ask from *any* razor. You will get a Smoother Face.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The plain facts about shaving and the recipe for the perfect shave are told in "Smoother Faces and How to Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case. Other Gem Sets up to $10.

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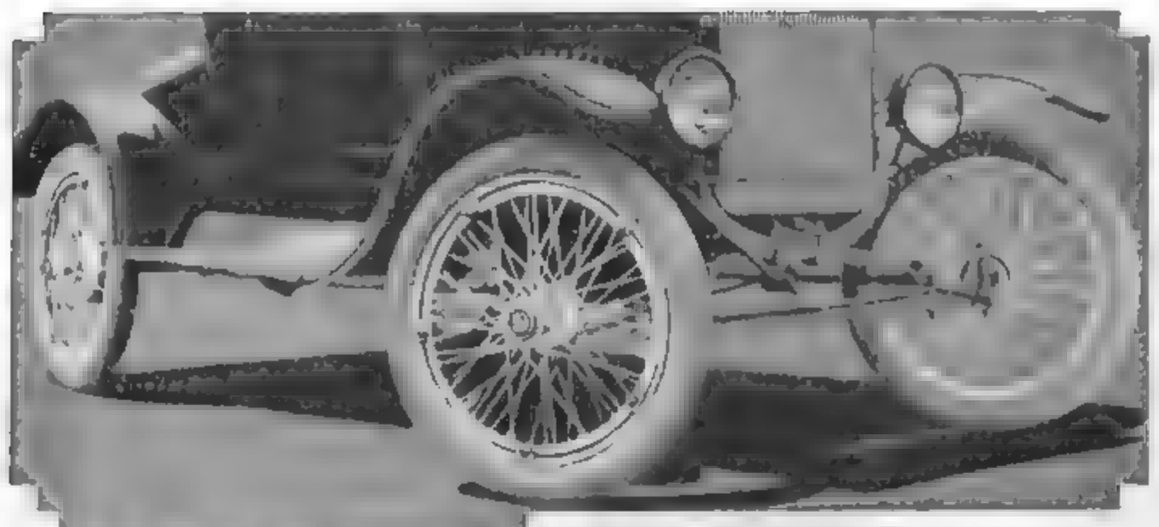

MOTT Demountable Rim Wire Wheels for Fords

Add Strength and Beauty

There are four wheels and five rims to a set. All rims carry the same sized tire and are interchangeable.

They differ from ordinary wire wheels—the MOTT Rim is removable.

This feature eliminates wheel wobble. It saves the weight of a fifth extra wire wheel and permits the carrying of a number of inflated spare tires on MOTT Rims, carried in your regular tire carrier. The MOTT Demountable Rim will save the rim of the MOTT Wire Wheel, should a rim ride be necessary.

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It is less work to change a MOTT Rim than a whole heavy wheel. MOTTS save fuel and tires, and are more resilient. They are stronger; protect themselves; cost less.

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¶ Orders come quickly. Every order brings you a generous cash commission. And in addition we pay regular salaries monthly or weekly—as you prefer.

¶ No experience is necessary. You make no investment, except for a two cent stamp to mail in the coupon.

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begun to attract the covetous eyes of other employers. "Don't you see that these other plants are stealing our young crackajacks away?"

"Let 'em!" was Haliburton's far-seeing reply. "Please observe that nearly every plant in the country has to have the kinds of goods we manufacture, and if our graduates are working in other plants, which brand of equipment are they going to demand shall be ordered for their use? Why, the brand they have been trained to work with in the school—our brand, that they know all about!"

So it proved. Whether a graduate went into the plant or went to work elsewhere, directly or indirectly he sent coin into the coffers of the company that had trained him.

"I've been looking over the records of the past ten years," Trigger said to his chief one day, "to see what characteristics are common to the boys according to their nationalities."

"What do you find?" Haliburton asked.

"Generally speaking," Trigger answered, "it is about like this: The Jewish boy is a wonder in mathematics. He can calculate anything, but he lacks precision and he lacks art. With him anything is O. K. if it shines. The German boy is good in mathematics and fairly accurate, but he is slow and he seldom has any initiative at all. The Irish boy has no great mechanical ability except in rare cases, but he is a great boss—especially when given the driving power over a bunch of his fellow Irish. The Swedish boy has the natural huskiness that makes him a good machine operator, but he won't think things out for himself—not if you will let him follow the leader. The English boy and the Scotch boy make good mechanics because they are resourceful and steady. The American lad is the king-pin. You can drop him out of a window head down and he will land on his feet. He has more than resourcefulness: he has ingenuity. You can flop him into the middle of any problem and he can work out of it if he will. The only thing against our native boy is that he is too likely to believe the world owes him a living."

Haliburton laughed. "I follow you," he said; "but I accept no limitations on the score of birth. I want to give every boy an opportunity to be better than his kind."

The school came to be copied in other plants of the company and by outside concerns that longed for similar human fruitage of their own. The general manager made no secret of his tremendous pride. He called the school the best of its kind in the country. One day—it was in 1910—he sat down on Haliburton's desk.

"Aleck," he said, "we owe you something and you are going to get it. I want you to take a couple of months off and go breezing round Europe. Can you guess what I want you to do? They have been in the business of training apprentices a mighty long time over there, and I want you to absorb any great ideas they have so we can add them to our school. England and France have some schools of their own, but I suppose it is in efficient old Germany that you will find things to make your eyes shine."

In England Haliburton was received with interest. They made him lecture many times on the things they knew his school had done. It was lucky he spoke French because when he went to Lyons he had countless questions to answer. He went into Germany and for a while he seemed to have been swallowed up.

It was two months later that a bulky form burst into Trigger's glass-walled room.

"Good Lord, what do you think has happened?" cried the G. M., his eyes popping and a letter fluttering in his hand. "Those efficiency sharps are holding Haliburton in Germany until he sets up schools just like this one in three of their biggest plants!"

"Gentlemen, the man problem is the main problem in the United States to-day."

Alexander Haliburton was to have talked to the twelve manufacturers about the mahogany table for thirty minutes, and now they had kept him talking on and on for an even two hours. Haliburton was no orator, but he was an engineer with a knack for rearing imposing structures upon a substantial foundation of facts. The dozen big men were not looking at Haliburton particularly but they were missing nothing of the things he set irresistibly before their kindling eyes.

"Three hundred thousand manufacturing establishments in the United States," the speaker continued. "This means that the great mass of America's youth is and must be absorbed into our industrial plants. It is the best mind and the best muscle in existence. What are you going to do to fit it to answer the imperative demand of a world?"

There was a sudden shuffling of mahogany chair legs upon the polished floor. Shetling, the impromptu chairman, came staunchly to his feet.

"Mr. Haliburton," he rumbled, "you've shattered all our precious theories with the thunder and lightning of your experience. We have fewer problems than when you began this memorable illumination; but you, sir, have more. I take it that in the next ten minutes you will be called upon to establish twelve apprentice schools in twelve plants simultaneously, and before very long perhaps much of manufacturing America will have opened its eyes and will be shouting desperately for your help."

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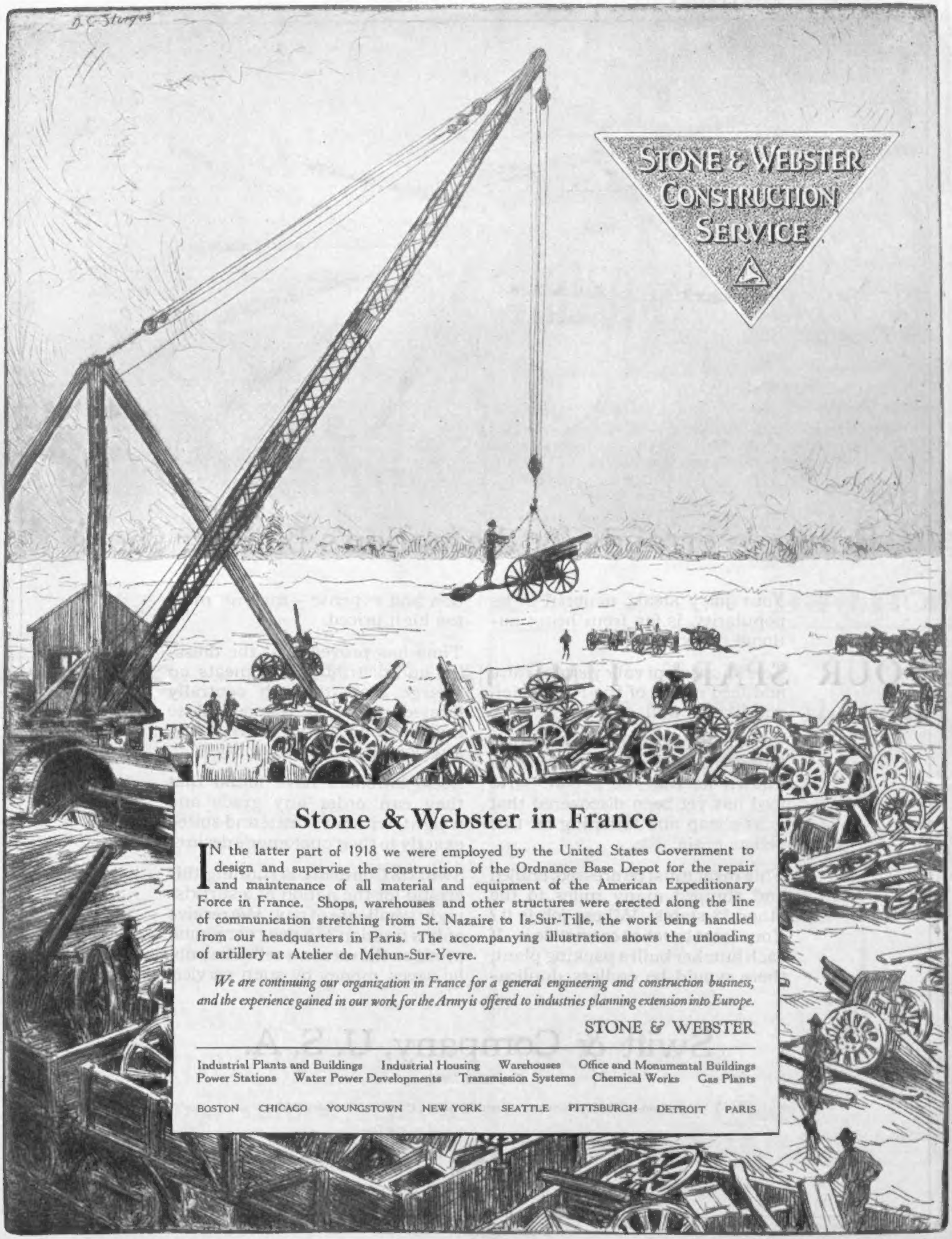

Stone & Webster in France

IN the latter part of 1918 we were employed by the United States Government to design and supervise the construction of the Ordnance Base Depot for the repair and maintenance of all material and equipment of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Shops, warehouses and other structures were erected along the line of communication stretching from St. Nazaire to Is-Sur-Tille, the work being handled from our headquarters in Paris. The accompanying illustration shows the unloading of artillery at Atelier de Mehun-Sur-Yevre.

We are continuing our organization in France for a general engineering and construction business, and the experience gained in our work for the Army is offered to industries planning extension into Europe.

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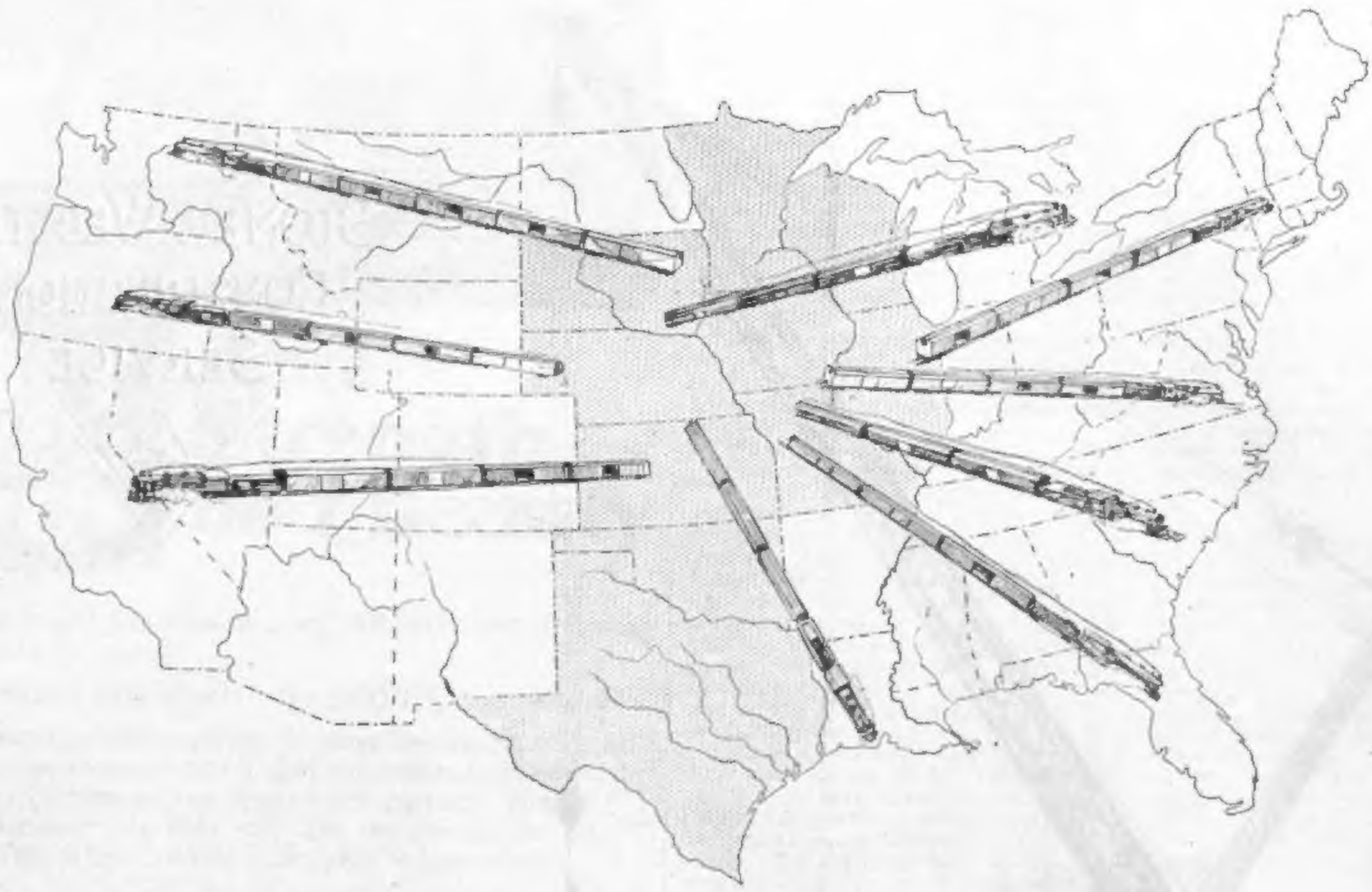

Running errands for the nation's butcher shops

Your juicy steak, national in its popularity, is far from being national in its origin.

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This meat must be dressed, chilled and shipped many miles to the other 38 states. Whose job is it? Your local butcher cannot do it. If each butcher built a packing plant, there would be endless duplication and expense—making meat too high priced.

Time has proved that the dressing and distribution of meats on a large scale through centrally located plants is economical to the consumer and has given him a wider choice as to quality.

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